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A CENTURY OF GROWTH

OR THE CHURCH IN WESTERN MARYLAND.

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A CENTURY OF GROWTH:

OR,

THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH

IN

WESTERN MARYLAND.

By Rev. THOMAS J. STANTON, M. A.

VOLUME I.

BALTIMORE:
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1900.

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TO

MARY IMMACULATE

VIRGIN AND MOTHER,

—"Our Life, our Sweetness and our Hope"—

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

WITH LOVE AND GRATITUDE.

"Neath thy guidance tranquilly reposing
Now I face life's toils and cares anew.
All through life and at its awful closing,
Mother, tell me. What am I to do?"

PREFACE.

The desire to know the lives of our fellow-men, who have been successful in the battle of life, is natural to man; and the records of human events and transactions are so obviously pleasing and profitable that our minds naturally love to dwell on historical pictures. A praiseworthy curiosity impels us to know what is going on in the world, far and near; and to gratify this curiosity we have recourse, day after day, to our newspapers. The same longing for knowledge makes us strive to ascertain what happened long ago here where we live, and elsewhere the world over. We stand in imagination with the warrior by the camp-fire. With delight we read of wars and battles, conquests and treaties, dynasties and revolutions, diplomatic intrigues and political defeats; and in all we find a fascinating interest. We are aware, however, that "peace hath her victories no less renowned than those of war," and, consequently, equally interesting, we may suppose, to the Catholic reader is the history of the Church. The husbandman is interested in his fields, because they are his; the shepherd, in his flocks, because they are his; the father loves his family, because they are his own, and he experiences as much delight in the prattling of his youngest child as in the wisdom of his eldest. Just so we find an especial interest in the simple, local events of our parishes, because they are our own or nearly related to our own efforts and our own achievements. Add to this that in the early ages of the Church persons were set apart to collect and preserve the authentic acts of the saints and martyrs, that the memory of their virtues, their sufferings and their triumphs might be transmitted to future generations. It is, therefore, in conformity with the natural promptings of the human heart and the spirit of the holy Church that the author of the following crude

pages has made an effort to "gather up the fragments lest they be lost," to sketch, as fully as the spare moments snatched from a busy life would allow, the holy priests and faithful people who have "borne the burden of the day and the heat," in planting the first seeds, and reaping, to some extent, the first harvests of Catholicity in Western Maryland.

There is nothing strange, nothing startling in the lives here depicted. They were lives hidden from the gaze of the great outside world, lives spent in the discharge of ordinary duties; yet they gave glory to God, became instruments in His hands for the saving of souls, and therefore they are worthy objects for our admiration and imitation.

So conscious is the author of the many defects in his work, such as awkward phrases, inaccurate dates, and stray quotation points, that he cannot help feeling like the old painter of Sienna, who after standing for a long time in silent meditation before his canvas, with hands crossed meekly on his breast and head bent reverently low, turned away, saying: "May God forgive me for doing it so badly." He takes this opportunity, however, to thank the reverend clergy, without whose help and sympathy the work might have been worse than it is.

"Go, little book, from out our solitude,
We cast thee on the waters. Go thy ways!
And if, as I believe, thy vein is good,
The world may find thee after many days."

LONACONING, MD., *August* 15, 1900.

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A CENTURY OF GROWTH.

CHAPTER I.

WESTERN MARYLAND.

WESTERN Maryland includes Garrett, Allegany, Washington and Frederick Counties, and, as the name denotes, is the extreme western portion of the State. It is a land of much beauty and remarkable fertility. The mountain scenery is singularly grand, ranging in variety from the soft lines of the picturesque Blue Ridge to the rugged ramparts of the lofty Alleghanies.

No great stretch of imagination is required to take the mind back two hundred years, when Western Maryland was little else than a magnificent forest, with here and there a small cultivated patch, imparting a rare charm to the wild landscape. Bird and animal held almost undisputed sway, rarely disturbed by intrusion of the white man. The mountain streams flowed pure and limpid, gracefully winding onward in cascades and cataracts, from the little fountain on the

mountain's summit, to the mighty Potomac in the lower valley. All was peace and quiet. But a great change was in store.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, the long-standing animosities between France and England, which had asserted themselves on many a field of battle in the Old World, began to manifest themselves in the New World; and the rivalries and jealousies of those two great nations have left their imprint on the fair face of Western Maryland. In the historic French and Indian wars this section of the State was brought into marked prominence, and has since remained an important and interesting portion of American history. In the year 1753, the youthful George Washington, at that time a comparatively unknown surveyor, made a journey through Western Maryland, being on his way from Alexandria, Virginia, to Lake Erie, as the bearer of important diplomatic papers.

But it is only in connection with the famous Braddock road that Western Maryland really finds a place in early American history. This road takes its name from General Edward Braddock, an officer of the British army, "a man of more vices than virtues." He arrived at Alexandria with a small army early in the spring of the year 1755. From there he took up his line of march north-westward along the Potomac, reaching Fort Cumberland towards the end of the following May. Here, at the confluence of Wills Creek and the Potomac River, he rested with about fourteen hundred soldiers. On the tenth day of June, General

Braddock and his army left Fort Cumberland, on the ill-fated or ill-managed expedition to capture Fort Du Quesne, located where now stands the great city of Pittsburg. Progress was necessarily slow, as the army was obliged to march in Roman fashion, making a road as they went along. The soldiers, encumbered by a train of artillery, were able to advance over the rough country at the slow rate of about two miles a day; while the Indian auxiliaries of the French, who needed no roads, were quick in action, harassing the English army on the march, and occasionally swooping down on the unhappy settlers, who sympathized with the English, burning their homes, scalping, slaughtering and carrying off the unfortunate inhabitants. In starting from Cumberland, General Braddock seems to have ignored the natural route, up Wills Creek through the Narrows, and to have taken a more westerly route by Wills Mountain and Jenning's Run.

All the road from Alexandria to Fort Cumberland had been surveyed by George Washington, so that comparatively little or no credit is due to General Braddock, as there was practically no original engineering done by him, at least, east of Cumberland. The expedition was undertaken by Braddock with full confidence of success. On the ninth day of July, the British army marched down the left bank of the Monongahela river; at noon, Braddock crossed the stream near the confluence with Turtle Creek. The country was uneven and thickly wooded; on both sides could be seen dense undergrowth of bramble and thicket.

All at once a quick and heavy firing was heard in front. It became evident to Braddock that the French had left Fort Du Quesne and laid an ambuscade for the English; and the unsuspecting army had marched straight into the net. In a short time twenty-six officers were killed and seven hundred and fourteen private soldiers. General Braddock himself fell mortally wounded, and died soon afterwards. Lieutenant George Washington rallied the remains of the army, and retreated to Fort Cumberland, where he rested a short time, and then moved by Braddock's road to Fort Frederick, a substantial stone fort, which had been built by Governor Sharpe, near the site of the present town of Hancock.

The Braddock road was famous in its day, and was an important factor in the making of Western Maryland. It is hardly remembered now, because in many places full-grown trees bear delicious cherries, plums, pears and apples in the centre of the road, which, one hundred years ago, was the celebrated highway between the East and West.

So numerous and marvellous are the romantic and tragical stories told of happenings along this thoroughfare in the dim and dreamy past, that we are inclined to believe

> "They wove bright fables in the days of old,
> When reason borrowed fancy's painted wings,
> When truth's clear river flowed o'er sands of gold,
> And spoke in song of strange and mystic things."

Western Maryland again finds a place in colonial history in connection with the famous Mason and Dixon's line, which has come to be considered the separating line between the Northern and Southern States. Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, two English surveyors, of eminent reputation as mathematicians, were employed by the Proprietaries of Maryland to determine the parts of the boundaries that had not yet been completed. They began their survey in the year 1763, "and having determined the starting point, or the north-eastern angle of Maryland, proceeded to run the parallel westward. By 1767 they had carried it two hundred and forty-four miles from the Delaware river, when they were stopped from further advance by the hostility of the Indians." These boundaries were marked by mile-stones, every fifth stone bearing the arms of Baltimore on the one side, and those of the Penns on the other.

After the organization of the general government in the year 1789, the tide of immigration from East to West increased rapidly, and, accordingly, the need of a great national road across the country became more and more evident to many of the clear-headed statesmen in Congress. The renowned orator, Henry Clay, fathered the undertaking, and, as a consequence, his name is irrevocably linked with the growth of Western Maryland. On account of the earnestness with which Senator Clay labored to promote the grand project, he came to be affectionately known as "The Father of the Cumberland Road." During the forty-

five years of his public life, the great Southerner pleaded untiringly for the National Pike. In the year 1806, Congress appropriated thirty thousand dollars to open and make the National Road from Cumberland to the Ohio River. This appropriation was followed by others more and more generous, until, altogether, Congress had appropriated at different times more than three millions of dollars for the building and improving of this national thoroughfare. When completed the road extended from Baltimore to St. Louis. It has appropriately been called the Appian Way of America; and, when we consider its great length, it is no exaggeration to say that it was probably the finest road in the world. It would be simply impossible to estimate the value of the National Pike in the development of Western Maryland. It was wisely and judiciously located. It passed through Frederick City, Hagerstown, Cumberland, and a great number of our large and small towns. Many distinguished travellers passed over it, among the most renowned of whom must be mentioned Henry Clay, and at least four of the Presidents of the United States—Messrs. Andrew Jackson, William H. Harrison, James K. Polk and Zachary Taylor.

An old stage driver used to relate that Mr. Clay, "who was courteous, but not familiar," was once coming East on the mail-coach, which was suddenly upset on a pile of limestone on the streets of Uniontown. The distinguished senator re-lighted his cigar, looked after the comfort of the other passengers, and remarked,

"This, gentlemen, is undoubtedly mixing the Clay of Kentucky with the limestone of Pennsylvania."

President Jackson's journey over the Old Road is well remembered. He was honored by delegations all along. When he came near Hancock some excavations were being made in the neighborhood, and several blasts were fired in honor of the occasion as "Old Hickory" approached. "Didn't the detonations alarm your horse, General?" inquired a solicitous committeeman. "No, sir," said the President, emphatically, "my horse and I have heard a similar sort of music before."

Various other agents and influences have been of assistance in the growth of Western Maryland, until to-day the hand of progress is visible on all sides; and the changed scene presents to the observer's view, in place of the wild forest of two centuries ago, telegraphs, railroads, canals, magnificent cities, luxurious homes, beautiful churches, romantic groves, together with dingy factories and gloomy mines. The population of Western Maryland is at least one hundred and fifty thousand souls, scattered over an area of about two thousand three hundred square miles.

CHAPTER II.

ALLEGANY COUNTY.

ALLEGANY County has been called "the flower garden of Catholicity in Western Maryland." The title is well merited, because, in the number of parishes and in the rapidity of the Church's growth, she easily surpasses her sister counties. Allegany lies between Garrett and Washington Counties; the Potomac river separates it from West Virginia on the south, and on the north it is bounded by Pennsylvania. The name is derived from the great Indian tribe of Allegewi. It was formed into a separate county in the year 1789. Tradition says that the first white man that penetrated the wilds of Allegany was an Englishman named Evart. The time of his coming is not exactly known, but it is more than probable it was prior to 1740. He built a log cabin on the top of Evart's Mountain, about seven miles east of Cumberland, where he led the life of a hermit until his death in 1749. Evits Creek and Evits Mountain have taken their names from this first settler.

Cumberland, the County Seat, known as "the Metropolis of Western Maryland," also called the "Queen

City of the Alleganies," is a city of about twenty thousand population and the business centre of a wide region, embracing not only the territory of Maryland, but also West Virginia and Pennsylvania.

ARTICLE I.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

St. Mary's Church of Cumberland may truthfully be called the mother of all the Churches of Allegany County. It is historically certain that Catholicity had an existence in Cumberland, although very shadowy at the beginning, as far back as the French and Indian War. John Mattingly is entitled to the distinction of being the first Catholic immigrant to what is now the City of Cumberland. The time of his coming was probably anterior to the close of the French and Indian War. Patrick Burns, Peter Dugan and Gabriel McKenzie had settled on land west of Fort Cumberland soon after the close of the war. As far back as 1770, Joseph Frost must be added to the pioneer Catholics; and ten years later, the Arnolds, the Porters and Logistons were dwelling at what became Arnold's settlement. The first Catholic death recorded is that of John Arnold, April 26, 1791. His last will and testament is the third filed for record in the Orphans' Court of Allegany County. Naturally, in those days, Catholics in Western Maryland were

few and far between. When Bishop Carroll was consecrated the first Bishop of the United States, August 15, 1790, according to the Bishop's own statement, the total number of Catholics in the United States was only thirty thousand: of this number, sixteen thousand resided in Maryland: but it would be impossible to say just how many of them resided in and around Cumberland.

The first priest, of whose visits to Cumberland we have any authentic records, was an Irish priest named Dennis Cahill. This Rev. Father is with great respect mentioned in John O'Kane Murray's History of the Church. We find him again referred to in Father Heyden's life of the Reverend Prince Galitzin. All that we can glean from history in regard to Father Cahill is that he was a fearless Irishman, a zealous priest of remarkably strong faith. Here is a copy of a letter from him to Rt. Rev. Bishop John Carroll, dated 1791:

"I have been successful since I came to these parts. The congregations are growing numerous and the members of each mostly exemplary and pious. I attend at Elizabeth Town, Hagerstown, Martinsburg, Shepherdstown, Winchester, *Fort Cumberland* and Chambers Town, (Chambersburg, Penn.,) the four former more frequently than the latter. Mr. Hager has given land for a burying-ground. Mr. Shepherd has also given a lot and ten pounds towards a Chapel at Shepherdstown. Mr. Maguire a lot at Winchester, Va. Mr. Bell one at Fort Cumberland, and Mr. Logsdon another at said place. Mr. Hartley one at Chambers Town, (Chambersburg, Pa.). I expect to have four chapels within the next 12 months. I may have a few other items scattered through my notes but cannot place my hand on them just now."

(Signed) DENNIS CAHILL.

We infer from this letter that about the year 1792, Father Cahill built in Cumberland the old log church, which stood on the site of the present Carroll Hall.

What a joy to the Catholic heart that this first humble little Chapel was dedicated to God under the sweet name of Mary! Those poor children of Mary away off in the barren wilderness anticipated the beautiful thoughts of Father Faber:

"We have none but thee to love us,
With a Mother's fondling care;
And our Father, God above us,
Bids us fly for refuge there.

All the world is dark before us,
We must out into the strife;
If thy fondness watch not o'er us,
Oh, how sad will be our life."

From 1795 to 1799, the only priest that visited Cumberland, in fact, the only one that could have conveniently visited Cumberland, was the illustrious missionary, Rev. Prince Galitzin, whose parish extended from the Susquehanna to the Potomac. According to his biographer, Father Heyden, the Rev. Prince first exercised the ministry in the time-honored settlement of Conewago. He subsequently made missionary excursions to Upper Maryland and Virginia, where, we learn from one of his letters, "he had to ride forty or fifty miles a day, and undergo difficulties and dangers of every description." According to the records of the Allegany County Courthouse, the following marriage

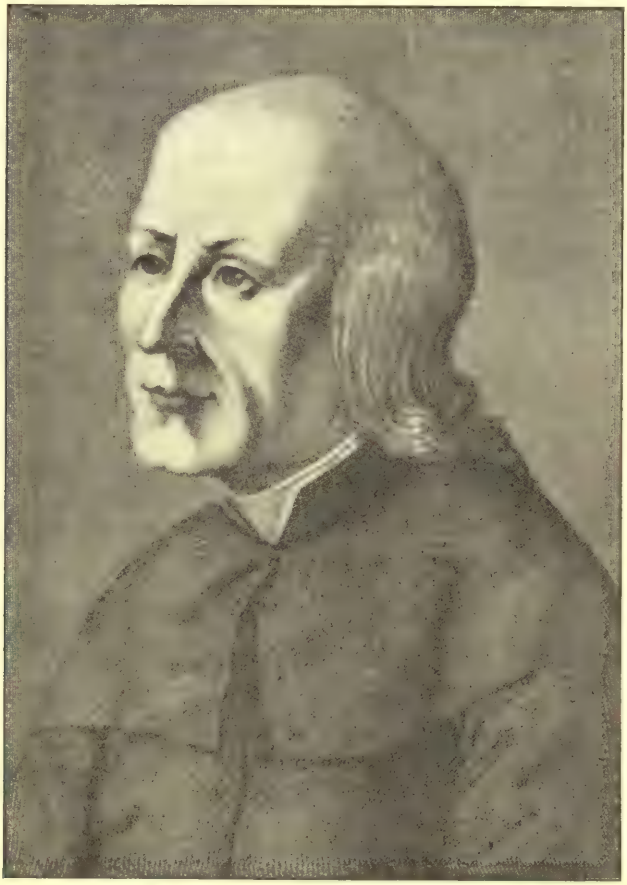
licenses were issued to Catholics: October 31, 1795, Ralph Logisdon and Margaret Arnold; Sept. 11, 1796, John Mattingly and Onea Arnold; May 10, 1797, Gabriel Porter and Rebecca Frost; Nov. 11, 1799, John Logisdon and Patience Arnold: all of whom were married by "D. A. Galitzin, Catholic priest."

Demetrius Augustine Galitzin was born at The Hague, Holland, December 22, 1770. His father, Prince Demetrius Galitzin, was at the time Russian ambassador at the court of Holland. His mother was Countess Amelia von Schmettau, whose brother was the Prussian field marshal.

Young Galitzin's studies were made principally in the city of Muenster, Westphalia At the age of 17 he was received into the Catholic Church. In 1792, at the age of 22, he undertook a voyage to the young republic of the United States, in order to complete his education and to see the New World. He was given letters of introduction to President George Washington, Bishop Carroll and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, and was accompanied by Reverend Felix Brosius, an exemplary priest.

On arriving at Baltimore and seeing the state of the country, he resolved to devote his life to a missionary career. He was one of the first students of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and was ordained to the priesthood, March 18, 1795. He was the second priest ordained in the United States, but the first to receive all the orders up to the priesthood.

On account of his becoming a Catholic, and especially a priest, Father Galitzin was disinherited by the Russian government and declared incapable of succeeding



Rev. Demetrius A. Galitzin.

to his parental estates. But after the death of his parents, his sister Mariana promised to divide with him the income from the patrimony. Occasionally he would receive remittances from Europe, and cal-

culating on these, he contracted debts, which he found great difficulty in paying. He spent very little, if any, on himself, but with it he bought land, which he sold to new settlers on easy payments, and built up industries for the welfare of his people. During his whole missionary life he lived in poverty that he might benefit others. In all he must have spent $150,000 of his own in building up the Loretto community. This was but a small portion of what he should have received from his patrimony, and he would have spent a great deal more, but his sister, unfortunately, late in life, married Prince Salm-Salm, a dissipated character, who wasted his wife's and Father Galitzin's substance in riotous living.

In 1827 his debts were so pressing that he issued an appeal to the public for assistance. In the book in which his appeal was inscribed, Charles Carroll of Carrollton wrote a recommendatory letter, and started the subscription by writing his name for $100. The Russian and Spanish ministers at Washington subscribed $100 each. Cardinal Capellari, afterwards Pope Gregory XVI, sent $200. The Irish laborers along the canal gave fifty cents or a dollar each. On one occasion the Russian minister in Washington invited him to dinner, after which he lit his cigar with Father Galitzin's note for $5,000, thus cancelling the debt. The amount of labor and fatigue that he underwent during his pastorate of forty-one years on the rugged Alleghanies cannot be comprehended in our day. He was of a frail physique, yet his energy was enormous. He

was a strict teetotaller, drinking nothing, as he himself wrote, but water or milk. Living simply and frugally and mostly in the open air, he hardened his constitution and prolonged his life. His immediate parish comprised what are now Cambria and Blair Counties, Pennsylvania, but his jurisdiction extended much farther.

A spiritual empire, a Catholic colony of vast dimensions, was the bright vision that dazzled the ardent imagination and filled the whole life of the prince priest. And, to carry out his desire, Father Galitzin literally spent himself and all that he possessed. He died May 6, 1840, in the 70th year of his age. A grateful people recently honored themselves by honoring their great pastor with a becoming monument.

Murray's Church History informs us that when Father Galitzin established his permanent colony in Cambria County, Pennsylvania, several poor Maryland families, whose affection he had won, determined to follow him, and in the summer of the year 1799 they took up their line of march. At least two Catholics, Peter Dugan and Patrick Burns, left Cumberland at this time and settled at Loretto with the colony of the prince priest.

Those who remained were visited occasionally by Rev. Felix Brosius, the priest who had come to America as the travelling companion of young Galitzin, and who afterwards became a renowned missionary of Maryland and Pennsylvania. Father Brosius was stationed at Taneytown, in Carroll County, at the time he visited

Cumberland. All the efforts, however, that were made up to this time were at best only isolated, or a kind of desultory warfare, in planting the cross. The few Catholics were scattered, ill-instructed in their religious duties, and more or less tainted by the non-Catholic atmosphere around them. Here is a picture of life in those days painted by a literary artist: "Beyond the Blue Ridge everything was most primitive. More than half the houses were log cabins. When a stranger came the men built him a cabin and made the building an occasion for sport. The trees felled, four corner men were elected to notch the logs, and while they were busy the others ran races, wrestled, played leap frog, fought, gambled, drank and did everything then considered amusement. After the notching was finished, the raising took but a few hours. The chinks were stopped with chips and smeared with mud. The table, benches and bedsteads were such as could be made with an ax, an auger and a saw. A rest for the rifle, and some pegs for clothes, completed the fittings."

It was not until the year 1819 that Archbishop Marechal was able to appoint in Cumberland the first resident pastor. This was the Rev. James Redmond, who for over two years labored in cultivating this vineyard. He organized the few Catholics into a permanent congregation, and faithfully administered to their spiritual wants. He was called away in June of the year 1821 to labor in other fields. Immediately after the departure of Father Redmond, we find the name of Rev. Michael D. Young, a Dominican priest,

inscribed in the church records. He came from St. Joseph, Ohio, and remained three months.

Murray's Church History informs us "that in 1805 four English Dominicans arrived in the United States." Two of them were afterwards deputed for missionary work along the old National Pike; they accomplished much good by their zeal, eloquence and learning.

Rev. Henry Myers.

For eight years Rev. Timothy Ryan had charge as pastor of St. Mary's Church; although he resided so long in Cumberland, he is almost forgotten by the people. He is well remembered in Hagerstown, where he died, 1837.

After the departure of Father Ryan, an ex-Jesuit, by name Rev. Francis Xavier Marshall, came to Cumberland and remained for five years. He is said to have been one of the most forcible speakers of his day, possessing all the command and dignity of an orator. Rev. Henry Myers was appointed pastor of the congregation in the year 1836. He at once began the erection of a brick church, instead of the small

log structure, which had served the pioneer Catholics so long and so well. He also built a small but comfortable pastoral residence.

Father Myers was born in Conawago, Pa., in the year 1806. He studied theology at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, where he was ordained priest by Archbishop Whitfield in 1832. After leaving Cumberland he was stationed at Hagerstown, Pikesville, and St. Vincent's Church, Baltimore, where he died in July, 1873. His reputation was as pure as burnished gold.

Here ends what must be considered the period of struggle for existence of Cumberland's first church. We cannot refrain from sincere admiration for the self-sacrificing pioneer priests, who, in poverty and suffering, planted the first seeds of Catholicity in the wilderness of Western Maryland. May their names live in hallowed and everlasting remembrance!

"For us the long past ages have not flown;
Like our own deeds, they travel with us still,
Reviling them we but ourselves disown;
We are the stream their many currents fill;
From their rich youth our manhood has upgrown,
And in our hearts their hopes and loves yet thrill."

ARTICLE II.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

Among the many distinguished priests whose virtues and ability have adorned the Church of Western Maryland, a high place must ever be given to the Reverend Leonard A. Obermeyer, a strong man of upright character, highest integrity, holiest aspirations and unimpeachable honor. He was ordained priest in Baltimore by Archbishop Eccleston, in the year 1837, and four years later he was sent to take charge of Cumberland.

His pastorate of ten years was distinguished by the Church's marvellous growth and gigantic strides forward. Many causes, it is true, combined to bring about this advance. It had long been known that Allegany County was rich in coal and ore deposits, and that her future prospects were bright.

The George's Creek Coal Basin lies directly west of Cumberland. But even aside from coal, the county was known to be wealthy in fire-clay, cement, iron ore and sandstone, which is excellent material for the manufacture of the finest glass.

Mining companies had been organized as far back as the year 1828, but no extensive developments had taken place. The long-felt want was transportation facilities. It is true that a small quantity of coal had been mined and shipped in flat boats, with the aid

of spring freshets, on the Potomac river; but the method was slow, expensive, hazardous and disappointing. About the year 1840, Cumberland began to fore-

Rev. Leonard A. Obermeyer.

see the dawn of a brighter day, and to anticipate a long season of prosperity.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was moving westward; in the year 1842 it reached Cumberland. The majority of the railroad builders were young Irish-

men, and their coming was the coming of Catholic prosperity. The Irish were not the only Catholic immigrants; but Father Obermeyer found them the most active, energetic and devoted portion of his congregation, and by far the most liberal in supporting himself and his undertakings. Eight years after this first flood of prosperity had inundated Cumberland, another wave of good fortune came in the completion of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. With the opening of the canal more Catholics came, and, naturally, what had been a little flock, rapidly increased into a large and flourishing congregation. Father Obermeyer was a providential man for his position; a man of zeal, prudence and foresight. His eagle eye took in at a glance the whole state of affairs—the present and even the future—and he proceeded to lay his plans accordingly. He first enlarged the church sufficiently to accommodate for the time his growing congregation. The work was hurriedly and roughly executed. He then unfolded to His Grace, Archbishop Eccleston, the plans which he had conceived, and afterwards, with His Grace's approbation, he laid them before the congregation. It was evident to the clear mind of Father Obermeyer that Cumberland had a brilliant future before her, and that one church would be unable to accommodate all of the Catholics. He pointed out, therefore, not only the propriety, but the unspeakable benefits of a separate congregation for the German Catholics; and, as a mark of appreciation of his Irish supporters, he changed the name of the church's pa-

tron, placing his congregation under the patronage of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland. He at once had the plans drawn for the present commodious and magnificent edifice. The style is Ionic, perfectly planned and faultlessly executed. The greatness of the pastor may be seen in every line of the noble and imposing structure.

In the year 1851, almost immediately after the completion of St. Patrick's Church, Father Obermeyer was changed to St. Vincent's Church, Baltimore. He afterwards became professor of chemistry at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, where he died March 16, 1865. Father Obermeyer was in his day one of the great priests of the Archdiocese of Baltimore. He was a man of profound and exact learning. His personal characteristics were eminently social. He was a high-toned, courteous gentleman; learned rather than refined; admired rather than loved; popular, in a sense, with those who were not afraid of him; reverenced as a good priest by all. He was very firm, and stood like a rock against every form of levity, and every encroachment of the spirit of the world on his congregation. Like most of the priests of his day, Father Obermeyer was a controversialist, manifesting at times great ability in argument. The people were delighted when he took up an objection against Catholic doctrine, "and then came down on it like a sledge-hammer and pulverized it."

His remains rest in the cemetery at Emmitsburg, among some of the most illustrious dead that have honored the American Church.

Father John Byrne succeeded to the pastorate of St. Patrick's after the departure of Father Obermeyer. He had been only a short time in Cumberland, when he was appointed to St. Matthew's Church, Washington. Father Byrne is remembered as a priest, pious and "scholarly almost to pedantry." But the whole truth is that very few remembered him at all.

The year 1852 finds that remarkable man, Father Matthew O'Keefe, holding the position of assistant pastor at St. Patrick's. He was then, as now, a hard worker. His working motto is "*per aspera ad astra*," and he would probably translate it with the Texas editor: "The hustler gets to heaven."

Father O'Keefe is now pastor of the flourishing parish of Towson, editor of the *Catholic Mirror*, and superintendent of the parochial schools of Baltimore. His life has been most picturesque and varied. He has gone through epidemics of contagious and infectious disease; built churches and schools; delivered hundreds of lectures; in controversy, like Saul, "he has slain his thousands," and it is a debatable question as to whether he has yet overtaken David in "slaying his tens of thousands." He has written books, one at least of which, "*The Christian Sabbath*," has reached a phenomenal circulation; and the wonder in Father O'Keefe's life is, not that he has been able to perform so many good works for God's glory and man's betterment, but that he has performed them all so well! The century will close finding Father O'Keefe strong and active, and, in appearance at least, a comparatively

young man; his eyes are as bright and his disposition as sunshiny as fifty years ago.

An interesting and lovable character is the Reverend Peter B Lenaghan, who was pastor of St. Patrick's Church from the year 1853 to 1855. The old people of Cumberland, many of whom are now grandparents, very kindly remember Father Lenaghan as "a sweet singer, a good preacher, and a very charitable priest." During his pastorate this good priest saw his beloved flock decimated by a frightful epidemic of cholera. Unusually heavy rains of many days' duration caused Wills Creek to overflow its banks, inundating all the low lands of the city. The rains were immediately followed by extreme heat, which generated poisonous exhalations. The cholera became epidemic at once in Cumberland, and quickly spread to the suburbs and surrounding neighborhood. Whole families were stricken, and Cumberland mourned as many as eight or nine funerals a day. Faithfully and unsparingly did Father Lenaghan minister to the wants of his stricken

Rev. Peter B. Lenaghan.

people. As a martyr of charity, he exposed his life to every danger, until he actually fell a victim to the dire contagion. For many a weary week he hovered between life and death. For nearly two years he was confined to a hospital in Georgetown; and when he had sufficiently recovered to renew the work of the missions, his health was so impaired that his superiors deemed it prudent to appoint him to a mission in the more salubrious climate of Southern Maryland. There for nineteen years, he labored assiduously in preaching the gospel; and afterwards for twenty years he evangelized the neighborhood of Texas, in Baltimore County. He died while in charge of this latter mission, in the year 1896.

Father Lenaghan was born in Ireland, and unto his death, retained many of the sweet social traits of the Irish character. When he was pastor of St. Patrick's, he was quite young and of impressive personality; he had at least a fair share of talent and administrative ability. He was not an orator in the strict sense; but he possessed much of the Irish oratorical temperament, with an ever-ready command of simple, clear, precise, idiomatic English. Those who knew him best and admired him most, say that "Father Lenaghan was never the same man after he had the cholera."

His remains rest in the cemetery of Texas, beneath a pretty monument, affectionately erected to his memory by a grateful congregation. But the worthiest monument, one more lasting than marble, to perpetuate the

honored name of Father Lenaghan, will ever be his own fidelity to duty, when as a strong young priest he offered himself to God and his people, as a noble martyr to Christian charity.

"Servant of God! Well done!
Rest from thy loved employ!
The battle fought, the victory won!
Enter thy Master's joy!"

During Father Lenaghan's absence at the hospital the parish was attended by Reverend Fathers Slattery, Carney and McNally. During the years sketched we find the names of Reverend Bertrand S. Piot and Reverend John P. Donlon registered as assistants at St. Patrick's.

Reverend Charles W. O'Reilly was in Cumberland for nearly two years. He is remembered as a man of many eccentricities, free in expressing his views, fearless in denouncing sin, even bitter in attacking heresy. Opinions savoring of the neutral tint, or even nicely graded expressions, were to Father O'Reilly an abomination. In speech he was dramatic, emotional, often abusive, sometimes very abusive. He seemed unable to realize that there may be honest error or invincible ignorance. Every non-Catholic was to him an insincere fiend; and all heresy was a notorious, scandalous, diabolical, infamous and infernal lie, and as such he continually pictured it and relentlessly denounced it. From St. Patrick's he was transferred to St. Bridget's Church, Baltimore.

It would be hard to find two men more unlike than Father O'Reilly and his immediate successor, the plain, pious, benign George Flaut. This good priest was born in Pennsylvania. He had been, like St. Joseph, a carpenter by trade. He labored for a number of years in that capacity at Mt. St. Mary's College. The venerable Abbé du Bois noticed the sterling virtue of the young man, and recognized in him unmistakable evidence of a vocation to the religious life. Mr. Flaut accordingly entered the seminary, pursued the studies of philosophy and theology with success, and after his ordination did very good work on the Maryland Missions. He died soon after leaving Cumberland.

Father Edward Brennan! The most beloved name in the history of St. Patrick's parish! Other pastors wrought earnestly and faithfully; he threw his whole heart and soul, his very life, into the building up and maintaining of St. Patrick's congregation. Cumberland had just gone beyond ten thousand in population, and had been incorporated into a city; the people were rejoicing in all the pride of youth and progress; the railroads, canal and rolling mills were so many pulsating arteries of prosperity, when His Grace, Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, appointed young Father Brennan pastor of St. Patrick's. It is one of the glories of human nature that heroism is as contagious as evil, that good example is copied almost as eagerly as bad example; accordingly, the enthusiasm of the young pastor soon began to glow in the members of his congregation. The kind disposition of Father Bren-

nan quickly won the admiration and affection of his people; greater union, and its consequent greater strength, began to show themselves. The congregation became more and more closely united in the bonds of Christian charity, and more and more eager to promote religious interests. Father Brennan paid off the remaining debt of $4,000, built a magnificent pastoral residence, constructed the graceful church spire, purchased and dedicated the cemetery, erected St. Edward's Academy, brought the Sisters of Mercy to Cumberland to take charge of the girls' schools, and the Brothers of Mary to conduct the boys' schools. He had the church solemnly consecrated with all the gorgeousness and pomp of the ritual. But this was, after all, only the material side of his work: this, grand as it may seem, was only a means to the end. The great work, the ultimate end of the priest's life, is to save souls. Twenty-six years, with sleepless energy, he watched and prayed and labored for the salvation of souls. All classes found a place in his zeal. The children loved him as a father; the parents, as a hero; the poor, as a protector; the sinner, as a guide; and all, as a friend.

Edward Brennan was born in the County of Kilkenny, Ireland, April 19, 1827. He studied his classics at St. Charles' College, and philosophy and theology at St. Mary's Seminary of Baltimore. He was ordained priest in June, 1858. He became pastor of Cumberland the following July, and died in Baltimore in the 58th year of his age. In person Father Brennan was

tall, graceful and of a commanding appearance, a little nervous in movement, self-possessed in repose; his face was delicate in outline, thoughtful and serious in expression; humorous in social moments, dreamy and

Very Rev. Edward Brennan.

often sad. There was nothing in his countenance to indicate the hard, calculating business man of affairs, yet he was very successful as parish administrator and financier. He had a rich, melodious voice, which at times was so plaintive that he moved the congregation to tears. He sang well; his preaching was always

interesting, on some occasions, as at funerals, really eloquent. As a scholar, he had more than an ordinary knowledge of books, and he knew men well. He was was appointed dean of Allegany, Garrett and part of Washington Counties, by Archbishop Spalding. This honor made him *ex officio* president of the clerical conferences, in which position he gave proofs that he was at least well informed in dogmatic and moral theology, and all other branches of ecclesiastical learning.

During the Civil War Father Brennan had a number of painful experiences, the most painful of which was the execution of a young soldier with whom he became acquainted in his capacity of spiritual director. In July, 1864, Francis Gillespie, of the Fifteenth New York Regiment, was hanged near Rose Hill Cemetery, after trial by court-martial. The circumstances in the case were such as to excite sympathy for the soldier, but not sufficient to excuse or extenuate the horrible deed of which he had been guilty Gillespie had been charged with violating some army regulation, and his lieutenant, William Shearer, had given orders to "hang him up by the thumbs." The soldier was left hanging in excruciating torture until he was almost dead. He swore vengeance on the lieutenant; and when the regiment was travelling from Parkersburg to Cumberland, Gillespie deliberately shot Shearer dead. Father Brennan was summoned to prepare the young man for death. It is said that Gillespie ascended the scaffold without the twitching of a muscle, whilst Father Brennan was in a state of total collapse.

The condemned soldier had intrusted to Father Brennan tokens of affection to be delivered to near relatives; and "there is a tradition among the Cumberland people that the night after the execution Father Brennan heard the military tread of a soldier in the hall, and opening the door, he was confronted by his dead penitent, who rebuked him for being too slow in carrying out his promise."

There is one trait in the character of Father Brennan which we must not overlook, because not to notice that trait would mean to miss much of the beauty and grandeur of his whole character; as an Irishman he had an innate love for Ireland, for her greatness and for her glory. Like all other Irish patriots, he hoped to go home some day and see Ireland free and prosperous. His friend, the late Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Sullivan, told an interesting incident, which illustrates this characteristic of Father Brennan. When Father O'Sullivan was pastor of Westernport, when visiting Cumberland, on a certain occasion, and hearing that the Dean was ill, called to see him.

"I was sitting by his bedside," the bishop said; "we were conversing about general topics, when my eyes fell upon an unopened newspaper lying on the floor. I picked it up, and opening it, I noticed the headline, 'Dawn on the Coast of Ireland,' by John Locke." The good bishop then explained the circumstances of the poem: A poor Irishman, who had been roaming through the West for thirty years, was

returning to the land of his birth. As he stood on the deck of the ship, the sun broke in splendor over the hills of Kerry, and with its first morning rays illuminating and transfiguring the tear-stained face, the old man advanced to the rail with outstretched arms, exclaiming:

"*Oh, m'anam le Dia!* but there it is,
The dawn on the coast of Ireland!
God's angels lifting the night's black veil
From the fair, sweet face of my sireland.
Oh, Ireland, isn't it grand you look,
Like a bride in your rich adorning,
And with all the pent-up love of my heart
I bid you the top of the morning.

"See, see! upon Cleenar's shelving strand
The surges are grandly beating;
And Kerry is pushing her headlands out
To give us the kindly greeting.
Into the shore the sea-birds fly
On pinions that know no drooping,
And out from the cliffs a million of waves
With welcomes charged come trooping.

"And I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells;
Ah! maybe their chiming's over,
For 'tis many a year since I began
The life of a Western rover.
For thirty years, *a stor me chree*,
Those hills I now feast my eyes on
Ne'er met my vision save when they rose
Over memory's dim horizon.

"Now fuller and truer the shore line shows;
Was ever a scene more splendid!
I feel the breath of the Munster breeze,
Thank God that my exile's ended!
Old scenes, old home, old friends again!
The vale, the cot I was born in!
Oh, Ireland, up from my heart of hearts,
I bid you the top of the morning!"

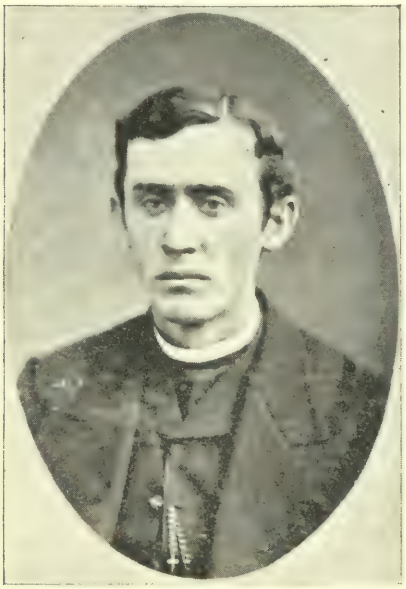
"While I was reading it," said the bishop, "Father Brennan made several outcries of admiration. Again and again he interrupted me with his commendations; and when I left him, he had the paper grasped tightly in his hand as if endeavoring to memorize every word of it." Then the good bishop added: "Poor man, he was a strange mixture of fervor and frailty. May God rest his soul."

On account of Father Brennan's long residence in Cumberland, his priestly bearing, his patriarchal appearance, his universal kindness and charity to all classes, Catholic and non-Catholic, he became well known and actually venerated, not only by the people of Cumberland, but by all Western Maryland; and when the sad and unexpected news came from Baltimore that Father Brennan was dead, all felt "that they had lost something rare and sweet."

"The heavens will still be bright with stars, and younger men will never miss the radiance, which they never saw. But for those who once watched for his light, there will always be a spot of special darkness

in the heavens, where a star of special beauty went out when Edward Brennan died."

During Father Brennan's pastorate he had as assistants Fathers Didier, Dolan, Barry, Rabbia, Hendricks, Carey, Damer, Ryan, Sartori, Mattingly, Stanton and Wunder. Of his many assistants, Father Stanislaus Ryan is the best remembered. He was stationed at St. Patrick's from October, 1871, to 1878. He is now pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Washington City.



Rev. Stanislaus Ryan.

Reverend James McDevitt was appointed pastor of St. Patrick's in 1884. He remained in Cumberland a very short time; his congregation were only becoming well acquainted with him when he was removed to St. John's Church, Baltimore. Rev. Joseph S. Gallen was assistant to Father McDevitt.

By a fortunate accident or providential design, Cumberland was destined to be blest for twelve years by another Father Brennan. His Grace, Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, appointed Rev. Michael J. Brennan successor to Father McDevitt. The selection was

a wise one, not only because the very name of Brennan had become a venerated word in Cumberland, but also because the young Father Brennan was a man of known ability. He had already given evidence of great steadiness of purpose and discreet zeal, which foreshadowed much for the advancement of God's Church. Father Brennan was a native of Allegany County, having first seen the light of day in Mt. Savage. He grew up in Frostburg. Early in life, young Brennan was enrolled at St. Charles' College, from which institution he graduated with high honors. He studied philosophy and theology in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, where he was ordained by Rt. Rev. Dr. Becker in the year 1875. His first appointment was in Southern Maryland; here he contracted typhoid fever. After his recovery, he was stationed at St. Patrick's Church, Baltimore, in the capacity of assistant priest, but was soon promoted to the pastorate of St. Peter's Church, Westernport. While attending a sick call on the mountains he contracted a severe cold, which developed into pneumonia and rheumatism. Father Brennan took charge of his Cumberland congregation in October, 1886. During the twelve years of his administration he was assisted by Fathers Wunder, Elbert, Stanton, Johnston, Duszinski and Gallagher. In the summer of 1888, the Brothers of Mary, who had charge of the boys' schools, and the Sisters of Mercy, who instructed the girls in St. Edward's Academy and the parochial school, returned to their respective homes; and in the following September, the Sisters of

St. Joseph, of Ebensburg, Cambria County, Pa., on the invitation of Father Brennan, came to Cumberland, and took charge of both boys' and girls' schools. This move on the part of Father Brennan was not deemed expedient by some of the most influential members of his congregation. It was with much reluctance they allowed the Brothers to leave Cumberland; but when they saw the Sisters of Mercy going away, feeling ran high in the parish; many openly expressed their disapproval, and some few denounced the move with bitter censure. It required no ordinary degree of prudence and firmness in the young dean to successfully execute his contemplated plans. Here is the state of affairs as Father Brennan saw them. The parish could not support two schools; the rolling mills had shut down; hard times were threatening Cumberland; many of the most generous contributors to his parish were moving to Homestead, McKeesport and Pittsburg; therefore Father Brennan wisely decided to lessen the running expenses of the parish by dismissing the Brothers and putting both schools under charge of the Sisters. He had no thought of dismissing the Sisters of Mercy from the parochial schools; on the contrary, his intention was to have the Sisters take charge of the boys as well as the girls. Here came the clash. The Superior of the Sisters informed the Rev. Pastor that their rule did not permit the Sisters to teach in boys' schools, and that they could not deviate from the established order of their community. As a consequence of this decision, it became necessary

for Father Brennan to call to Cumberland a community of teachers who were willing to take charge of all the parochial schools. These facts were not known to the congregation; or, if known, were not fully understood by

VERY REV. M. J. BRENNAN.

many. Time, which touches all things with mellowing hand, has softened the bitterness of this conflict; the erroneous impressions and misunderstandings have gradually given place to peace and tranquillity. The whole affair, therefore, began and ended without any-

body's fault, or, at all events, without any grave or intentional fault.

In 1892, Father Brennan had the interior of the church frescoed, the exterior painted, and the new heating apparatus installed. He had many improvements in contemplation, his parish being in excellent financial condition, when he was suddenly, and all too soon, stricken down by his old enemy, pneumonia. He died July 2, 1898, in the forty-ninth year of his age and the twenty-fourth of his priesthood.

"Brief, brave and glorious was his young career,
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes;
And fitly may the stranger, lingering here,
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose."

Father Michael Brennan was a man of great prudence and marked ability. He thought long and carefully before acting, and throughout his whole career he relied on his own taste and judgment, imitating no one and employing no advisers; putting his own ideas into practice with an unconquerable firmness bordering on stubbornness. Though dignified and reserved, he was easily approached, and always affable; an absolutely punctual man in business relations, stern and inflexible in official relations. He possessed very little of the magnetism required for popularity, though he had a really good, kind heart, to which thousands did honor after it had ceased to beat.

Naturally, many comparisons have been drawn between the two Fathers Brennan. Much may be learned by contrasts; and it does not necessarily follow that the comparison of these two excellent priests must be injurious to either, as the strong points of each character may thereby be brought out more clearly. What a singular contrast they present! They were alike in this—that both were zealous, holy priests, cultivating at different times the same spiritual vineyard; both equally earnest in endeavoring to save souls. But the elder Father Brennan had more heart, the younger, more head; the elder, more tact; the younger, more talent; the elder was a fair type of the old Irish priest: the younger, a sturdy type of the American priest. In personal appearance they were strangely unlike: Father Edward Brennan, slender and active; Father Michael Brennan, corpulent and rheumatic; the countenance of Father Edward Brennan, kind almost to weakness; the countenance of Father Michael Brennan, strong almost to fierceness. The former, though in appearance a delicate man, was in reality comparatively healthy; the latter, though in appearance a robust man, was in truth always delicate; the former was constantly receiving sympathy because he looked weak; the latter never received sympathy because he looked strong. Father Edward Brennan, on account of his kind heart, was impulsive, and often made mistakes; Father Michael Brennan, on account of his clear head, acted with cool deliberation and never made a mistake; Edward Brennan was kinder, but

Michael Brennan was a safer man. While the former was more loved in his day, the latter will in all probability be longer remembered.

The century closes with Very Rev. Edward J. Wunder as pastor of St. Patrick's and dean of Western Maryland. Father Wunder was born in Baltimore, January 22, 1852, and thirty years afterwards he was ordained priest in the Cathedral of his native city. He came to Cumberland as pastor of St. Patrick's in September, 1898; he had formerly been assistant in the same parish during the administration of both Fathers Brennan. During the interval he had been pastor of St. Bernard's Church of Baltimore, which had been erected through his zeal and labor. Since his arrival in Cumberland, Father Wunder has had the church so beautified that for general attractiveness it probably has no superior in the State, and few in the country. It is regarded by very competent critics as an artistic triumph. The improvements are after plans formulated by Father Wunder himself, and include a more commodious sacristy, which may be used by acolytes and clergy, a baptistry, marble altar-rail, three new marble altars, two side chapels, the tiling of the aisles, vestibule and sanctuary, and the general re-decoration of the walls and ceiling. The sacristies on either side of the sanctuary were removed, and the entire space across the church was thrown into a sanctuary. The main altar was moved slightly forward, so as to permit processions of clergy and acolytes to pass to the rear of the altar, when expedient in solemn ceremonies.

ST. BASIL'S SEMINARY LIBRARY

The floor has been entirely renewed; the baptistry is a handsome one, supplying convenience, space, beauty and privacy. A feature of the improvement is the highly decorated panel ceiling. In the circular centre

VERY REV. E. J. WUNDER.

is a painting of Christ descending in a cloud, and on the four corners are the pictures of the evangelists. New pews of the latest pattern have been put in, and new, imposing windows, models of art and richness, are a climax to the many pretty effects that Father

Wunder's renovation has made. The exterior of the church has been repainted in tints of terra cotta and yellow. With its massive columns, it retains many of the imposing effects of the best architecture of a half a century ago. The school buildings and St. Edward's Convent have also been renovated and enlarged with exquisite taste and sound judgment.

During the present administration a sodality of the Blessed Virgin has been established. It has already become a great power for good among the members of the congregation.

Father Wunder is a pious, prayerful, spiritual priest; an earnest, business-like administrator; a cultured gentleman, venerated by his own congregation, and highly respected by all denominations. He is a very worthy successor to the great pastors who have gone before him, none of whom could say more truthfully than Father Wunder: "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth."

ARTICLE III.

STS. PETER AND PAUL'S CHURCH.

The Catholic Church is remarkable for her wonderful adaptability to every age and every country; her very Catholicity implies that she must be capable of fitting herself to all circumstances in which she may find herself, no matter how extraordinary they may be. This truth is beautifully exemplified in the founding and growth of Sts. Peter and Paul's German congregation. In the year 1732, a pious Italian bishop, St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori, a man renowned for his sanctity and learning, established the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. He impressed on his priests as their chief work the preaching of missions, in order that they might save the souls of the most neglected and destitute of God's poor children. St. Alphonsus himself was an indefatigable worker, having made the almost unheard-of and most-difficult-to-be-observed vow "never to waste a moment of time." He was a profound theologian, whose specialty was moral theology; and the dominant characteristic of his moral theology was kindness towards the sinner. The words of St. Paul to the Corinthians, "Charity is patient, charity is kind," may be said to be an epitome of the life and theology of St. Alphonsus. "For my part," he used to say, "it gives me ten times

more pain to refuse absolution than to give it." Again, "I think I can never show kindness and gentleness enough to the sinner." This is the man whose spirit dominates the Redemptorist Fathers.

Exactly one century after the establishment of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, in the year 1832, three Redemptorist Fathers landed on the shores of the New World, and soon afterwards began their apostolic labors in the city of Baltimore. The German Catholics, who were rapidly increasing in America, were sadly in need of priests of their own nationality. Archbishop Whitfield saw this and deplored it: he accordingly received the three strangers, Father Tschenhens and his two companions, with open arms. Here was a grand field for the Sons of St. Alphonsus, and in it they labored with most assiduous zeal. The day the Redemptorist Fathers set foot on American soil was a blessed day for Catholicity in Western Maryland. As early as 1840 German Redemptorists began to visit Cumberland to attend the spiritual wants of the German-speaking Catholics, not only of the little city, but also of the whole neighborhood.

Their journeys to the mountains were made three or four times a year. Leaving Baltimore on Friday, they drove in their own carriages along the National Pike, remaining in Cumberland over Sunday, and starting homeward again on Monday morning. Each trip consumed at least five or six days, was necessarily expensive, and fraught with many dangers. This inconvenient mode of travel was naturally abandoned

after the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was built and passenger trains were running on reasonably regular

Most Rev. Samuel Eccleston.

time. As the number of German Catholics increased, the desire of having their own priest grew stronger and stronger. Mr. Michael Wiesel, a prominent Catho-

lic gentleman, was deputed by the Germans to go to Baltimore and explain their wishes to His Grace, Archbishop Eccleston. Mr. Wiesel made known the meaning of his errand, told His Grace that it was the intention of the German Catholics to erect a church

Mr. Michael Wiesel.

and pastoral residence for one priest. The Archbishop answered: "I think you Germans will prosper better with several Redemptorists than with one secular priest," a most happy inspiration of the Holy Ghost. At once Archbishop Eccleston acted on his decision, and penned the following letter to Rev. Leonard Obermeyer, pastor of St. Patrick's Church:

BALTIMORE, MD., *June* 18, 1847.

Rev. and Dear Sir: —

Have the kindness to read and deliver the enclosed letter.

It is my wish to place all the German congregations in my diocese under the charge of the Redemptorists. There may be some little inconveniences in the employment of regulars, but, situated as the Germans are, a religious order offers to them and to me advantages that cannot be expected from other sources.

The "Visitor" of the Redemptorists has just arrived in Baltimore. I know not what course he may take in this affair. I pledge myself, however, most cheerfully to do my best to obtain for your good Germans either a regular or a secular priest.

Meanwhile I leave it to your discretion whether they should commence building a church or not. The deed must be made to me and my successors in our corporate capacity. I would transfer to the Redemptorists only the use of the property, in case they take charge of the congregation.

Wishing you and your flock every blessing, I am, devotedly,

Yours in Christ,

✝ SAMUEL, *Abp. Baltimore.*

REV. L. M. OBERMEYER,
Cumberland, Md.

Inclosed in the same envelope was another letter, addressed to Messrs. Wiesel and Gramlick, in which Archbishop Eccleston said:

Gentlemen:

I deem it a duty to you and to religion to use my best exertions to comply with your edifying petition to have a German priest for the spiritual wants of the Germans at Cumberland and in its vicinity. Should not the Redemptorists be enabled to place one at my disposal,

I will look elsewhere. As soon as I receive a definite answer from the Superior of the Society above mentioned, I will apprise you of such measures as may promote your pious purpose.

I wrote to Rev. Obermeyer on this subject.

Wishing you, gentlemen, every blessing, I am,

Your faithful servant in Christ,

✝ SAMUEL, *Abp. Baltimore.*

June 8, 1847.

Affairs moved satisfactorily. Father Obermeyer acted as chairman of a committee of German Catholics, who were formulating plans and arranging the preliminaries for the new parish. When the time was ripe for the coming of the Redemptorists, Father Obermeyer informed His Grace, the Archbishop. He received, in return, the following letter:

BALTIMORE, MD., *Dec.* 4, 1847.

Rev. and Dear Sir:—

I have delayed answering your letter in consequence of the absence of the Rev. J. Neumann, Superior of the Redemptorists.

I had yesterday an interview with him. He cannot, at this moment, station a German priest at Cumberland, but he expects to be able to do so in a short time. He will visit you after the Christmas holidays and have a further understanding.

Meanwhile let the good Germans go on with their church, if practicable. The deed must be made in the name of the Archbishop and his successors. If the Redemptorists cannot furnish a pastor, I will do my best to get one from some other quarter.

Wishing you every blessing, I am,

Respectfully and truly your servant,

✝ SAMUEL, *Abp. Baltimore.*

REV. MR. OBERMEYER.

After the Christmas holidays Cumberland was visited by two illustrious Redemptorist Fathers, Hafkensheid and Neumann. The selection of the site for the new church was left to Father Neumann, who seems to have been charmed with the location of what had been Fort Cumberland in the French and Indian wars. The thought of turning this scene of battle into a peaceful home of religion so delighted the saintly Neumann that he managed to purchase the plat of ground overlooking Wills Creek and the Potomac River. The plat is a little more elevated than old Fort Cumberland, and only a short distance from it. The deed was drawn in the name of His Grace, the Archbishop of Baltimore. At once the good Germans began the foundations of their new church. Urged on by motives of religion, they labored valiantly, and as they wished to have the corner-stone solemnly laid on the Fourth of July, patriotism for their adopted country gave an additional stimulus to their labor. Their efforts were crowned with success, and, accordingly, on July 4, 1848, Archbishop Eccleston laid, with

Rt. Rev. John N. Neumann.

solemn ceremonies, the corner-stone of Sts. Peter and Paul's German Church. His Grace preached the English sermon, and Rev. Joseph Helmpreacht, C. SS. R., delivered an address in German. It is a fact worthy of note, and one to which Western Maryland Catholics can always point with a pardonable pride, that it was among the mountains of Allegany County the saintly Father John Nepomucene Neumann exercised his zeal when in his first fervor as a Redemptorist priest. This venerable servant of God was born in Bohemia, March 28, 1811. He came to America when he was twenty-five years of age, having finished at home his preparatory studies for the priesthood, and was ordained on the year of his arrival in St. Patrick's Cathedral of New York. For four years he labored as a diocesan priest in the New York diocese, but feeling called to a life of more rigorous rule, he entered the Redemptorist Novitiate at Pittsburg in the year 1840. Father Neumann was the first Redemptorist that made profession in this country. Two years afterwards he was made Superior at Pittsburg. In February, 1847, he was appointed Superior of all the Redemptorists of America. He had previously visited Cumberland and other missions of Western Maryland, often making the long and tiresome journey over the old National Road. Father Neumann was practically the first pastor of Sts. Peter and Paul's congregation. He planned both the church and the monastery. On March 28, 1852, he was consecrated Bishop of Philadelphia, in St. Alphonsus' Church of

Baltimore. As bishop he was humble, zealous, successful. He governed his diocese during the stormy days of Know-Nothingism, that period of sectarian ignorance and bigotry, when "the Gentiles raged and the people devised vain things, the kings of the earth stood up, and the princes met together against God and against his Christ; but He that dwelleth in heaven laughed at them." January 5, 1860, Bishop Neumann, without any forewarning of illness, experienced a peculiar weakness; he hoped, however, to recover his wonted strength by taking a brisk walk in the open air. The venerable apostle had gone only a short distance, when he was so overcome that he fell fainting on the pavement. Tenderly he was raised and gently carried into the house before which he had fallen. Every effort was made to resuscitate him, but the light slowly receded from his eyes and his great soul was gone.

The fame of Bishop Neumann's wonderful sanctity, and the report of many petitions granted through his intercession, proved that he had the virtues of a saint and that he deserved the glory of a saint. Proceedings have been begun for his canonization; depositions of many witnesses, distinguished for probity, learning and character, have been taken, forwarded to Rome and laid before the Congregation of Rites. It is probable that, before another century has passed away, Western Maryland will have a canonized saint, and some of the children of the present generation may appeal, in the authorized language of the Church, "St. John Neumann, pray for us." O blessed day, speed on!

The good Germans had their new church well under roof before the end of 1848, but new difficulties were to be encountered and overcome. There was among them a "free church party," who wished no pew rents, but wanted the church supported by voluntary contributions. Archbishop Eccleston, hearing of the novel departure, settled the dispute by the following letter, addressed to the Very Rev. Provincial Hafkensheid:

BALTIMORE, MD., *March* 16, 1849.

Very Rev. and Dear Father:—

For reasons which I have frequently weighed, I cannot consent that the new German Church at Cumberland shall be organized and conducted on the principle of what is called "free church."

Very respectfully, your servant in Christ,

✝ SAMUEL, *Abp. Baltimore.*

The first resident pastor of Sts. Peter and Paul's Church was Rev. Father Anthony Urbanszeck. He is remembered by the congregation under the abbreviated name of Father Urban. From 1849 to 1851 he had charge of the congregation. His companion was the plain, pious Brother Adam Parr. These two good Redemptorists not only were bound by the vow of poverty, but, if we can trust parish traditions, they sometimes felt the sting of actual want. Their monastery was the basement of the church, which served as school-room, residence, refectory and kitchen. Father Urban is still very well remembered as a man of piety

and mortification, endowed with no ordinary ability as an organizer and an all-around excellent manager of a parish. When he arrived there was a debt of $5,600 on the church property. He set about the payment of the debt with courage and determination. Words of flattery were strangers to his lips, and he simply told the people in plain German that unless they went to work earnestly to assist him in his efforts and sacrifices, he would "shake off the dust from his feet" and let them take care of their debt and their church. This had the desired effect and the debt was paid. Father Urban built a comfortable dwelling in the form of a small brick monastery. As soon as the new monastery was completed, Redemptorist students began to make their appearance in Cumberland. The good priest made arrangements for the purchase of the new cemetery. In April, 1851, Father Louis Dold became pastor. He paid for the cemetery, built the fine Gothic church tower, assisted the good Brothers in carving and erecting three magnificent Gothic altars. Father Dold established a parochial school, under charge of a lay teacher, as the parish was too poor to engage a teaching order. He also purchased the chime of bells, in which the new congregation naturally took a praiseworthy pride when first it rang in the resurrection on Easter morning.

Father Fridolin Luette came to take charge in 1853. He was pastor during the cholera epidemic which scourged Cumberland that summer. Father Luette, of Sts. Peter and Paul's, and Father Lenaghan, of St.

Patrick's, were devoted friends; they were drawn together from that truest and deepest sympathy, the love of God and his suffering children. Father Luette, being a strong man, went through the epidemic with his robust constitution unharmed and his excellent health unimpaired; while Father Lenaghan, as has been observed, succumbed to the disease and was a delicate man ever afterwards. When Father Lenaghan went to the hospital, Father Luette, as the true priest of God, attended for a time to both congregations. Like Timothy, he was an example to all the faithful "in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith, in chastity."

Rev. Father Van de Braak held the pastorate of the parish from 1854 to 1857. His administration was remarkably successful. He made an addition to the monastery at an expense of twenty thousand dollars. The students had by this time increased to thirty-five in number: theology and philosophy were both being taught in the monastery; and on all extraordinary occasions the students took part in the singing and church ceremonies. The community, at the close of Father Van de Braak's administration, numbered seventy members, including professors, superiors, pastor, assistants, students and lay Brothers. The spiritual condition of the parish was also excellent, as the church records show an average of about ten thousand communions received yearly. The closing year of Father Van de Braak's pastorate was blessed by a visit from Rt. Rev. Bishop Neumann, of Phila-

delphia. The venerable bishop was on his way to Cincinnati to attend the consecration of his coadjutor, Dr. James Frederick Wood. It was no doubt a great pleasure to Bishop Neumann to visit again the scene of his early labors. He expressed himself as surprised and delighted with the marvellous strides forward made by the parish in so short a time.

Rev. Francis Xavier Seelos became successor to Father Van de Braak, and governed the parish until 1863. "Sing ye to the Lord a new canticle: let His praise be in the church of the saints. For the Lord is well pleased with His people, and He will exalt the meek to salvation." Father Seelos was a great and good man; a saint burning with ardent charity, whose eloquent tongue spoke out of the abundance of his heart, and whose example was a perpetual edification. In appearance Father Seelos was a tall, slender, dignified man, with a kind, open, innocent face. He was by birth a Bavarian, and, although a foreigner, spoke English elegantly and fluently. He was remarkable as a most lucid catechist and a pulpit orator of great force. During his pastorate he delivered a series of lectures on "Revelation" and "The True Church," which were listened to by the most cultured people of Cumberland and the vicinity.

During the pastorate of Father Seelos the church was solemnly consecrated, August 1, 1858, by Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore. On the following day, the Feast of St. Alphonsus, His Grace confirmed

102 persons, among whom were five colored slaves, "property of the Jamison family."

During the Civil War the good Redemptorist Fathers had a number of disagreeable experiences. On one occasion, when the Indiana Zouaves were encamped around Cumberland, they were informed by some miscreant bent on mischief that weapons of war were concealed in the monastery; a young and bigoted captain took upon himself to storm the building, which he entered with armed men. The good Fathers peacefully permitted the soldiers to search the whole house; they, of course, found "nothing contraband of war." When the colonel heard of this outrage he apologized to the Redemptorists, stating that the captain had acted in the case without authority.

Soon after this occurrence the students were "on the walk," and being mistaken for Virginians, the city militia marched out against them Three shots were fired, but happily no one was injured. Henceforth the students were excused from going on long walks.

The Fathers of the monastery, realizing that the laws which permitted the drafting of all strong citizens might, if taken literally, compel their students to bear arms or procure substitutes, delegated Father Seelos to visit the War Department and place a petition in the hands of President Lincoln. The President graciously received the good priest and practically granted his request.

The Civil War greatly increased the work of the good Fathers. They were obliged to visit the hospi-

tals and camps, catechising and instructing the soldiers, and administering the sacraments to them. Father Anwander visited Colonel Mulligan's men, when the regiment was encamped at New Creek, now Keyser, and zealously administered to their spiritual needs. His charity was highly appreciated by the "boys in blue," who presented him with a purse of $200. Father Van de Braak, in one week, instructed and baptized fourteen soldiers, all of whom, it is said, happily persevered in the practice of the Christian life.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor, of Pittsburg, wished Father Seelos to be his successor. The good Redemptorist naturally dreaded so great a responsibility, and positively refused to permit the use of his name in this connection, even when he was requested to become the Rt. Rev. Bishop's coadjutor, or auxiliary bishop. The friendship between these two great men was warm and confidential; and one of the severest trials of Father Seelos' life came upon him when Bishop O'Connor began to show unmistakable indications of softening of the brain, on account of which affliction Pope Pius IX permitted him to resign the See of Pittsburg. Father Seelos was sent to New Orleans in 1866, where, one year later, he fell a victim to the yellow fever contagion.

"Then there rushed, with lightning quickness,
O'er his face a mortal sickness,
And the dew, in fearful thickness,
Gathered o'er his temples fair;

"And there swept a dying murmur
Through the lovely Southern summer
As the beauteous angel-comer
Perished by that city there."

An edifying life of Father Seelos has been published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

Rev. Michael Muller was pastor from 1862 to 1866. During his administration the students were transferred from Cumberland to Annapolis. It had become evident to the Superiors of the Congregation that the high altitude of Cumberland and the rigor of the mountain winters were injurious to the health of their students, many of whom were suffering from weak lungs. Pulmonary consumption had already carried to the grave some of their brightest and most promising novices. The students were accordingly transferred to the more salubrious air of Annapolis. It was with deep regret that the Congregation saw them depart, and thenceforward the ceremonies of the Church were shorn of much of their pomp and grandeur. The old people say that "the church has never been the same to them since the students went away." Father Michael Muller is one of the best known American Redemptorists. He was a scholar, preacher and writer of ability.

The Provincial of the Redemptorists had his residence in Baltimore, and wishing to have the Novitiate nearer to himself, made arrangements to sell the Cumberland monastery. The Carmelite Fathers were at

that time desirous of securing a convenient home in America, and, accordingly, they purchased the Redemptorist property for $20,000.

Rev. Nicholas Joeckel, C. SS. R.

Father Nicholas Joeckel was pastor in Cumberland at the time the property was transferred to the Carmelites. He is often called the "last of the Redemptorists." On the morning of October 17, 1866, the work of the Redemptorists was over in Cumberland and the last Redemptorist was gone. Naturally there were many tear-dimmed eyes and many heavy hearts among the people; because, coming, the good Fathers brought sunshine, and, going, they took a great deal of sunshine away.

Origin of the Paulist Congregation.

Far-reaching and momentous, beyond the power of human intellect to reckon, have become the consequences of an evening's conversation which took place in the humble Redemptorist monastery in Cumberland nearly fifty years ago. Fathers Clarence Walworth, Isaac Hecker, Augustine Hewitt and George Deshon were then four young priests burning with zeal for the conversion of America. They were joined

by Father Baker in their evening walk. There they stood, five converts to Catholicity; five English-speaking priests, young, strong and hopeful. They were Americans, all, and prided themselves on knowing America and knowing their American fellow-citizens. They were living, as Redemptorist priests, in a com-

Rev. Isaac Hecker.

munity the majority of whose members were foreigners and speaking a foreign language. They, no doubt, hoped for great things from the Congregation to which they had bound themselves; they thought, nevertheless, that their beloved society could be a little better adapted to their age and country. This thought they discussed, debated, deliberated on, and, finally, they resolved to make a request to their Superior that a

novitiate be established for English-speaking novices. The proposal was neither received nor encouraged by the Superiors. Other quiet talks took place, new resolutions were adopted, the effect of which has been heard around the globe. Father Hecker took the matter in his own hands and, in the name of his associates, started for Rome. He left the monastery on August 5, 1857. His departure was considered a violation of the vow of obedience, and he was dismissed from the Congregation August 29. The remaining four, desiring to vindicate their cause, urged Father Hecker to appeal to the Propaganda and the Holy Father. They were released from all connections with the Redemptorist Congregation March 16, 1858, and, at once, with the approbation of Archbishop Hughes, of New York, they began the organization of a new society. Father Walworth, not agreeing with the others in all their views, withdrew and devoted himself to pastoral work as a diocesan priest of Albany. Father Hecker was chosen Superior. He and his three companions compiled a rule of life, which Archbishop Hughes approved "as thoroughly adapted to the circumstances of time and place, to the United States and the present century."

June 19, 1859, the corner-stone of their church was laid and dedicated to St. Paul the Apostle. The Congregation has done excellent work in America, especially among Protestants. They have been recently preaching missions to non-Catholics in various dioceses of the country. They have also done wonder-

ful work along the lines of the "apostolate of the press." Their publications are a quarterly magazine called the *Missionary* and the *Catholic World.* They have done a great deal of good in the cause of temperance and Catholic sobriety. Their community has

Rev. Augustine Hewitt.

increased rapidly, so that at present it numbers many learned priests.

Father Walworth, who left the Paulists very soon after their organization, has written, as his chief work, "The Gentle Skeptic." The *Catholic World* says of his book: "It has the solidity and elaborate finish of a work executed with care and diligence by one who is both a strong thinker and a sound scholar."

Father Hecker, the first Superior of the Paulists, is the author of "The Aspirations of Nature" and "Questions of the Soul." He is an original thinker, a strong writer, a ripe scholar, a diligent and fearless searcher after truth, and, having found it, he embraced it with all the fervor of his manly soul.

Father Hewitt, the second Superior of the Paulists, holds a high place in the Catholic literature of America as an editor, biographer, reviewer and controversialist. He has written "Problems of the Age," "The King's Highway" and "Light in Darkness." He has also edited the "Works of Bishop England." His lighter and more popular books are "The Life of Father Baker" and "The Life of the Egyptian Aloysius." Father Hewitt is always of a philosophical turn of mind, generally deep; sometimes, owing to the depth of his thoughts, he seems a little heavy, but he always shows good taste and sound judgment.

Father Elliott, another distinguished Paulist, a missioner of national reputation for his eloquence, learning and zeal, has written "The Life of Father Hecker." This work, or the French translation of it, has stirred up so much controversy that the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII, in his wisdom as chief Pastor of all the Churches, has deigned to address a most kind, paternal letter to his American children "on true and false Americanism." How strange and providential! The dream of the great, earnest Father Hecker, in his quiet monastery at Cumberland fifty years ago, was "Americanism." He knew America well and he knew

God's Church well, and the one longing of his great soul was to bring them closer together. Fifty years have passed away; the century in which Father Isaac Hecker wrought so potently is closing. Rome has spoken. Americanism, in its true sense, has been defined and approved; Americanism, in its false sense, has been defined and repudiated. Father Hecker, like the prophet and law-giver of old, has led a great nation within sight of the Promised Land, and though, from the high mountain of his own gigantic intellect and strong faith, "he saw all the land," he died before the people "crossed over" to enjoy its blessings.

"O the depth of the riches, of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are His judgments and how unsearchable His ways!"

The Carmelite Fathers at Sts. Peter and Paul's.

From the year 1866 to 1875 the Rev. Fathers of the Carmelite Order had charge of the German Catholics. The word Carmelite is evidently derived from Mount Carmel, referred to in the Holy Scripture in connection with the life of the holy prophet, Elias. We learn, from Church history, that during the Crusades, those religious wars waged by Christian Europe to recover the Holy Land from Moslem desecration, a pious Crusader named Berthold, on the eve of an important battle, made a vow that if God, in His mercy, kindly permitted him to come forth from the battle victorious, he would consecrate the remainder

of his life to penance as a hermit. The victory was won, and Berthold became a monk in Calabria. It is said that, soon afterwards, the prophet Elias appeared and made certain revelations to him, in consequence of which he moved to Mt. Carmel and took up his abode there. This holy hermit is therefore said to be, in a sense, the founder of the Order of Carmelites. It seems certain, however, that when Berthold went to Mt. Carmel he found other hermits already living there. This has given rise to the assumption that holy men had continued to live on Mt. Carmel, in an unbroken chain of succession, since the time of Elias, and that, as a consequence, the prophet Elias may be considered the real founder of the Carmelite Order. Be this as it may, the assertion can neither be successfully substantiated nor successfully refuted. It is certain that St. Simon Stock was elected Superior of the Order in the year 1245, and it is said that our Blessed Mother appeared to the saint and gave him, in his vision, the scapular of Mt. Carmel. Thenceforward the Carmelite Fathers wore the brown habit, with white scapular and cloak. Many distinguished men have worn this holy habit, and have adorned it by their sanctity and learning. There are not many communities of this Order in the United States. In the year 1864, a small community of Bavarian Carmelites, with the Very Rev. Cyril Knoll as their Superior, came to America and took up their abode at Leavenworth, Kansas. Two years later they moved to Cumberland, and the same Father Cyril became

pastor of Sts. Peter and Paul's Church, and continued in the position for nine years.

During his pastorate he built the present comfortable school, erected the convent, and brought the Ursuline Sisters to Cumberland to take charge of the parochial schools. He next built the large sacristies, and embellished the whole church property, thoroughly renovating and improving the monastery, at a total expense of more than $20,000.

The material improvement of the parish did not exhaust the zeal or consume all of Father Cyril's time. He introduced a number of excellent devotions, and fostered them with all the energy of his own fervent soul. Among the most noticeable of these devotions was the novena to St. Joseph, as patron of a happy death. This consisted of the consecration of nine successive Wednesdays to the foster father of our Blessed Saviour. Solemn High Mass was chanted in the morning, at which time every opportunity was given to the faithful to receive Holy Communion. In the evening an edifying and fervent instruction was delivered on St. Joseph as a model of all the virtues, and the day was fittingly closed by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Very naturally, devotion to the Scapular of Our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel held a conspicuous place among the spiritual exercises of the Congregation during the Carmelite administration. The feast of that name was celebrated with all the pomp and splendor of the highest class feasts. The whole octave

was observed with all possible solemnity, High Masses, sermons, prayers, hymns and acts of consecration taking a prominent place in the exercises. It must be said, to the praise of the good Carmelites, that their devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary was lucid, earnest, childlike. In the instructions given the theology of the devotion was clearly explained to the people. Father Cyril himself was a good instructor, not merely possessing learning, but endowed with that still more blessed gift, the power of imparting his knowledge to others.

Very Rev. Cyril Knoll.

Another intensely Catholic devotion on which great stress was laid by the good Carmelite Fathers is the practice of praying for the dead. The pious custom of visiting the graveyard on the afternoon of All Saints was introduced in the year 1867. It was an edifying spectacle to see the whole congregation journeying to the cemetery, chanting and reciting fervent prayers for the repose of the souls of the faithful departed. At the head of the procession was their devoted pastor,

fervently praying that eternal rest and perpetual light might be granted to all the deceased.

Father Cyril was born near Ratisbon in 1813. Our present Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII, was just three years old when our venerable Carmelite was born; and Father Cyril, although approaching his ninetieth year, is still in the harness, laboring in the hard missions of Kansas.

"Jesus crucified before him;
True zeal burning in his breast;
For a moment let the noisy turmoil cease;
As the century is closing, he is drawing near his rest.
Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant go in peace."

Of Father Cyril we may say: "Amiable, he won all; intelligent, he charmed all; zealous, he loved all; and going away, he saddened all."

Sts. Peter and Paul's Under the Capuchin Fathers.

The monks of the Capuchin branch of the Franciscan Order came to Cumberland in June, 1875, to take charge of the German Catholics, and have since remained there, successfully laboring for God's glory and man's salvation. Their coming recalls stormy days in Europe and the bitter struggle known in history as the "Kultur-Kampf," or the battle in the Germanic empire between the Church and State on the question of education. The Franco-Prussian war was over, and France lay practically prostrate at the

feet of Germany. Prince Bismarck, "the Iron Chancellor," the "man of iron and blood," was of opinion, or at any rate pretended to be of opinion, that all the sympathies of the Vatican were with France, that the Vatican was the most powerful enemy existing against the empire, and that it was the part of prudence to protect the empire against the supposed encroachments of the Pope. The great idea in the mind of Bismarck was to bring the education of the German Catholics under the control of the State, and to make the State supreme over every form of religious teaching in Germany. Bismarck was a wily, subtle statesman, with a capacity which has hardly ever been surpassed. It has been said that "no other man of the century had the art of uttering striking truths with such a degree of appropriateness and artistic perfection as Bismarck." His attack on the Church was vehement. It is true that he was magnificently opposed by strong men on the other side. Windthorst, the leader of the Catholic party, was one of the ablest debaters in any European parliament. His ability was acknowledged by the "Iron Chancellor;" but, whilst Windthorst had the arguments, Bismarck had the guns, and the oppressive May laws were passed. Many of the Capuchin monasteries were dissolved as a consequence. The monks were not exiled, but priestly functions were forbidden, and monastic privileges were so restricted by legislation that prosperity could hardly be expected, and even bare existence threatened to become living martyrdom. In view of this deplorable

state of affairs, two Capuchin monks of the Westphalian Province of Muenster turned their face towards America. The two monks were Fathers Anthony Maria Schuermann and Francis Wolf. When the wandering Capuchins arrived in New York, hearing that the Carmelite Fathers, on account of their growing missions in the West, were willing to vacate the Cumberland monastery, they immediately set out for the hills of Western Maryland. In consideration of $21,000, the Carmelite Fathers deeded the monastery to the Capuchins, the latter taking possession of the parish July 17, 1875. The venerable strangers, finding themselves blessed at last with a comfortable retreat, began to welcome to their new home as many holy monks of their Order as desired to cast their lot in America. The community increased rapidly, and the Church services were again rendered solemn by the sonorous strains of the liturgical "plain chant." The offices were again sung in choir, and, as in the days of the Redemptorist Fathers, the people of Cumberland heard the midnight musical chants floating out from the old monastery, "*Ad te clamamus exules filii Evae.*" During the twenty-five years of Capuchin administration the parish has been governed by eight pastors: Fathers Anthony Maria, Francis, Felix, Hyacinth, Herman, Didacus, Charles and Peter.

Pope Pius IX "kindly granted, December 12, 1875, permission for the canonical erection of a monastery and novitiate at Cumberland, Md., under the immediate dependency of the Provincial of the Province of Westphalia."

The Rev. Capuchin Fathers very wisely avoided changes in the running regulations of the parish; the novena in honor of St. Joseph, which the Carmelites had introduced, was continued, as also was the visitation to the cemetery on All Saints afternoon.

The "Third Order of St. Francis" was early established at the monastery under the Capuchin administration. The status of the "tertians" was established by St. Francis as a sort of middle way between the world and the cloister. The members, both men and women, "bound themselves to dress more soberly, fast more strictly, pray more regularly, hear Mass more frequently, and practice works of mercy more systematically than ordinary persons living in the world." This is about the meaning of the Society as it exists to-day. In the past the Third Order has numbered in its ranks many great saints, conspicuous among whom may be mentioned St. Louis of France and St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

The Capuchins introduced the solemn celebration of the Feast of Portiuncula. That we may not be misunderstood in relation to this exercise, it may be proper here to give a brief explanation. It must be borne in mind that the Capuchin Fathers are a branch of the great Franciscan Order. The name comes from the word "capuche," or cowl, often called a hood, worn by this special branch. In the sixteenth century a dispute arose in a few monasteries of the Observantine Franciscans concerning the shape of the cowl worn by St. Francis of Assisi, some asserting that the original

cowl was long and pointed, others claiming that it was exactly conformed to the shape of cowl worn in their day. Being unable to settle the question, they agreed to differ, and both shapes of cowl were permitted. Those who adopted the brown habit, with "capuche," or pointed hood, soon began to be known as Capuchin Franciscans, and gradually the name was shortened into Capuchins. The variety of names, however, did not interfere with the privileges granted by the Church to the Franciscan Order, and, as a consequence, the Franciscan "devotion of Portiuncula" was introduced in Sts. Peter and Paul's congregation. This devotion takes its origin and its name from the Church of Portiuncula, one of the churches of Assisi, with which the seraphic St. Francis was connected. Tradition says that in this church our Blessed Lord appeared to the saint in the year 1221, and, according to Alban Butler's Lives of the Saints, "bade him go to the Pope, who would grant a plenary indulgence to all

VERY REV. P. HYACINTH.

sincere penitents that would devoutly visit the church." Later the same privilege was extended to all the Franciscan churches canonically established. At present the indulgences can be gained in all churches in which the "Third Order of St. Francis exists according to the canons." This exercise may be said to be the specific devotion of the Capuchin congregation in Cumberland. It is very popular, not merely with the German congregation, but also with hundreds of other pious Catholics of Western Maryland.

St. Anthony of Padua could not be overlooked by the members of his own Order. He has been called "the wonder worker of the Franciscans." His feast day is solemnly observed in the monastery and by the congregation. St Anthony and St. Francis are among the most popular saints of this century, and it is one of the best signs of the times that devotion to both of them is on the increase. These saints were men of strong faith and marvellous self-denial—men in whose lives the supernatural was visibly predominant. Both have precious lessons to teach the twentieth century, and may God in His goodness grant to the twentieth century grace to listen to their message! Tennyson, who can hardly be accused of exaggerated devotion to Catholic saints, has exclaimed: "Sweet St. Francis of Assisi! would that he were with us again!"

In the year 1888, an addition was made to the monastery; this was rendered necessary on account of the growth of the community. In the same year

Sts. Peter and Paul's Church was solemnly consecrated by Rt. Rev. Bishop Kain, of Wheeling. His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, was present in the sanctuary. The church had been consecrated in the year 1858, but it had been so modified in the subsequent renovations and embellishments that a re-consecration was deemed necessary. In the year 1893 the corner-stone of the new hall was laid with solemn ceremonies. The work of building went on rapidly, and in a short time the congregation could boast of one of the best equipped halls in the archdiocese of Baltimore. In preparation of the golden jubilee of the organization of the congregation, the church was frescoed, the gallery enlarged, and a magnificent new organ was constructed, "a perfect instrument, of great strength and manifold combinations." On July 3, 1898, the golden jubilee of Sts. Peter and Paul's Church was celebrated. His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, sang a Pontifical High Mass. Every item in a

VERY REV. P. FRANCIS.

magnificently arranged program was perfectly carried out. Former pastors and assistants were there; many priests who had been raised in the parish came back to take part in the jubilee; nearly all the diocesan clergy of Allegany County honored the occasion by their presence. The State was represented by His Excellency, the Governor; the country at large, by a United States senator; the Court, by an associate judge and many lawyers. The beautiful combination of electric lights, wax candles, flowers and gorgeous gold vestments, all united to form a picture truly grand and to recall the inspired words: "Arise and be enlightened, Jerusalem, for thy light is come: and the glory of the Lord has risen upon thee. Lift up thine eyes round about and see; all these are gathered together: they are come to thee: and the Gentiles shall walk in thy light and the kings in the brightness of thy rising."

Sanctity, hidden under humility and learning, united with modesty, are characteristics of the Capuchin monks. Of the Fathers who have labored in Cumberland, all have been men of ability; some have been men of extraordinary ability. As examples, we may cite the Very Rev. Father Hyacinth, who, on account of the fidelity and courage shown during the "Kultur-Kampf," was a marked man. He suffered much for his faith, but, remembering the words of the Apostle, "You must obey God rather than men," he went on boldly with his work. Again and again he was thrown into prison. On the Feast of All

Saints, 1884, he was arrested at the altar, dragged to the penitentiary, and incarcerated for ten months. He was finally exiled from his native land. It is natural to suppose that so courageous and devoted a priest was highly venerated by his Cumberland congregation. He is at present stationed at the Cathedral of Muenster, Westphalia, living in peace and quiet, whilst his enemy, Bismarck, has long ago gone to his judgment. Father Hyacinth had the greatest confidence in the Providence of God, and he was never disappointed.

Father Francis, also, was a man of great culture, speaking many languages fluently; of great zeal, laboring indefatigably for souls; a profound theologian, with a bright mind, of wonderful clearness. We may form an idea of the state of science among the Capuchins from the fact that when, in the year 1891, the Very Rev. General, Bernard Andermatt, arrived from Rome, he was most cordially received by the community, with appropriate addresses in English, German, French, Latin and Greek. A fitting tribute to the successor of St. Francis of Assisi! Neither are the good Capuchins behind the age in the cultivation of the natural sciences. In the year 1887 a well was dug for the use of the school children. The water was first used for drinking purposes in December. As there is always more or less typhoid fever in Cumberland, chemists analyzed the water of the well and declared it "highly injurious to health, owing to the great quantity of chlorine contained in it." The

experts, who, no doubt, prided themselves in their science, were amazed when Father Francis modestly informed them "that he and all the Reverend Fathers were aware that there was a great quantity of chlorine in the water; but while chlorine formed from animal substances is detrimental to health, chlorine formed from vegetable substances is admitted to be harmless. The well is over one hundred feet deep, and is surely safe from animal substances." The truth is the school children have used the water for more than ten years, and have not been thereby injured.

VERY REV. FATHER PETER.

The Capuchin Fathers have proved themselves on many occasions excellent business men. Here is an example: In 1893, George Hammerschmidt died, bequeathing to the church $3,550 in cash and real estate valued at $4,000. Expert lawyers declared the will void and illegal because it contained the religious and not the secular name of the legatee. The good Fathers at once had the name ratified by the State

Legislature, which legalized the will, obviated all difficulty, and the community used the money.

The century closes with Father Peter as pastor of Sts. Peter and Paul's. He is well known and well liked by his whole congregation, and, though a young man, he is already a successful pastor. "Better praise no man could have earned; better life no man could have lived."

ARTICLE IV.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, MT. SAVAGE.

About ten miles in a north-westerly direction from the county seat of Allegany County, situated on the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad, nestles peacefully, in a narrow valley, the far-famed town of Mt. Savage. Although the little city has not been blessed with a classic name, this seeming disadvantage may be overlooked in the other numerous blessings which it enjoys. Mt. Savage is, in the best sense of the word, a prosperous town, whose people, socially and intellectually, are not surpassed by the people of any section of Maryland, and if we view the commercial side of Mt. Savage life, we find a perfect hive of industry. Nature has been prodigally bountiful, having buried, in the surrounding hills and valleys, a seemingly inexhaustible quantity of fire-clay, which is said by scientists to be a mine of wealth on account of

its superior quality and its remarkable freedom from impurities. The Enamel Brick Company, whose extensive works are located in Mt. Savage, can supply, at all seasons of the year, to ready hands, any amount of work. The Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad Company have erected here their machine shops, furnishing employment to many skilled workmen, and the round-houses of the same company keep in Mt. Savage the majority of the trainmen. These public works, with their accompanying prosperity, give an appearance of peace and comfort to every home clustering along the hillsides of the funnel-shaped town of Mt. Savage. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, Mt. Savage, although only a hamlet, was comparatively well known. As early as the year 1825 it had become a village of some note, and about ten years later the town assumed a national importance on account of a rolling-mill which was erected there. It is worthy of record that Mt. Savage has the honor of being the town where were rolled the first rails made on the Western Continent This event was made memorable from a medal which was awarded to the old rolling-mill by the "Franklin Institute." Two blast furnaces were added to the industrial young town as far back as 1840. The population of Mt. Savage had gone beyond four thousand towards the beginning of the year 1850. There is scarcely a trace of the old rolling-mill now. The blast furnaces, too, finally failed and were abandoned, but not before the brick works had begun to employ a large number of hands.

St. Patrick's Church, a heavy stone structure, prominently elevated on the summit of a high hill, looks majestically down on the people below in the valley. The building is severe in its architectural outlines, but impressively massive. No great stretch of imagination is required to endow this grand old parish with the gift of speech and to hearken to the lessons of wisdom which she could address to her younger sisters: "Hear me, for I am very old. I had grown wise before you learned your first lessons of wisdom. With the sacredness of age and the plaintiveness of experience, I pronounce upon you all my blessing. Strong in faith, after the example of my glorious patron, I have become pre-eminently the mother of priests. There is scarcely a church in this vast archdiocese that has not heard the voice of one of my priestly sons at the altar. I am the fruitful mother of faithful priests, whose lives reflect the mingled light of faith and science. Here they learned their first lessons of sanctity from their mother's lips; here they caught the first inspirations of zeal, as they sprang fresh, warm and strong from their mother's heart." And the old lips became mute in the grandeur of silence and the glory of past achievements, whilst her youthful sisters cried out, with ecstatic joy, "There is life in the old land yet."

The old parish of Mt. Savage was first known by the name of "Arnold's Settlement," after Archibald Arnold, the proprietor of a hotel located on the old road called the "Turkey Foot Road." Archibald

Arnold was the father of the venerable Mrs. Cronin, of Frostburg, and the grandfather of Rev. John Cronin, the celebrated Redemptorist priest. To Mrs. Cronin and Father Cronin, her learned son, we are indebted for many facts connected with the early history of this grand old parish.

Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin.

The first Mass celebrated at Arnold's Settlement was said at the home of Archibald Arnold, by the Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin, in the year 1793. According to the souvenir volume of St. Mary's Seminary, of Baltimore, Father Badin, the first priest ordained in the United States, May 25, 1793, "had already studied theology at Orleans, in France, before he came to America. He was sent to Kentucky, where he exercised the holy ministry with great zeal and success till his death in 1853." John O'Kane Murray, in his *Church History*, speaks as follows of Father Badin: In 1793 he was sent to Kentucky. Leaving Baltimore on foot, with staff in hand, the enthusiastic young priest set out with one colleague, and, by almost impassable roads, through a rugged wilderness, travelled to Pittsburg." We must

conclude that Father Badin travelled by Braddock's Road, the great thoroughfare across the country at that time. On this journey he would pass very near Arnold's Settlement, and having with him vestments, missal, and the few necessary adornments for the altar, he was naturally delighted to find a Catholic family and say Mass at their house. Mrs. Cronin, although approaching her ninetieth year, does not, of course, remember Father Badin, but she "remembers very well having heard of his visit and of the first Mass said by him at the Settlement." Mass was said from that time, off and on, at the Settlement; before the first church was built it was celebrated at the Arnold Hotel. There were few Catholics—in fact, very few settlers—in this section before the "National Pike" was built, and even after the completion of the Pike, Arnold's Settlement derived little advantage from it, "except that the number of travellers passing east and west consumed a great quantity of mutton, veal and venison, and needed hay and grain for their teams."

About the year 1810, the Rev. Nicholas Zocchi, an Italian priest of great learning, began to visit the Settlement. He came from Taneytown, in Carroll County. Father Zocchi baptized Mrs. Cronin probably about the year 1811. At this early date the principal families were the Arnolds, Mattinglys, Logisdons, McKenzies, Deans and Porters. Father Zocchi was for forty-one years pastor of Taneytown, where he died in the year 1845, in the seventy-third year of

his age. His remains rest in the cemetery at Taneytown. He is remembered as a holy priest, very paternal in manner. He was in the habit of settling all disputes arising among his people. If one party came to him with a complaint he would send for the other; then listen patiently to what both had to say. He carefully distinguished between misunderstandings and real grievances In this way he generally succeeded in a compromise verdict, and made both parties shake hands before going home. He is said to have possessed a great charm of manner, and when he left the world, he left an unblemished name behind him.

During the year 1812 and afterwards, the Settlement was visited occasionally by Rev. Matthew Ryan, of Hagerstown. He is not to be confounded with Father Timothy Ryan, who came later. He was a very old priest, but, notwithstanding his age, he frequently rode on horseback from the Washington County missions to attend the Settlement. His long, active, missionary services finally shattered what had been a strong constitution; his eyesight gradually failed, and before his death he was totally blind. In 1819, Father Timothy Ryan, a young priest, began to attend the mission. He came—probably three or four times a year—for at least five years. He was also attending Cumberland and the adjacent missions of Virginia. He died at Hagerstown in the year 1837. During the visits of the Fathers Ryan the first church was built at "the Settlement." "It was very small—not

much larger than a decent-sized parlor. It was connected with the Arnold Hotel, and on the side opposite the altar was the old-time regulation fire-place."

About the year 1824, the Rev. Francis Roloff began to visit "the Settlement," probably four or five times a year. Father Roloff was the eleventh seminarian enrolled at St. Mary's Seminary. He was ordained by Archbishop Carroll in 1808, and at once began his missionary labors. In 1828, Father Roloff left Allegany County and went to Wheeling, Virginia, at that time a part of the diocese of Baltimore. A year later Archbishop Whitfield appointed him to the missions along the Ohio River. The first records of the Wheeling Cathedral were begun by this good priest. He opens the records by noting that, in November, 1828, he arrived at Wheeling, and in 1829 he received definite charge of the place. This is the oldest record in possession of the Cathedral, and, no doubt, Father Roloff was the first priest that was in charge of Wheeling or permanently resided there. His name is scarcely remembered in Western Maryland. No one is able to give any information concerning either the priest or his work. Rev. A. A. Lambing, of Wilkinsburg, Pa., the brilliant Church historian, has kindly informed us that "in the year 1833 Father Roloff was stationed in Bryantown, Md. He was changed from there in 1842, and, two years later, he became assistant at the Cathedral in Boston. This is the last place that his name is found in the list of priests."

Personal recollections and traditions handed down are the only obtainable history of the old Arnold Settlement. The reminiscences concerning the different pioneer priests and the early settlers are very interesting when heard from the aged people who were a part of the history of those days. Much has been lost by death, and in a short time the few remaining links binding the present to the past will be broken.

In 1829, Father Francis Xavier Marshall began to attend the Settlement conjointly with St. Mary's Church of Cumberland. He spent a great portion of his time in the upper part of his parish. He seems to have been a man of simple tastes and fond of rural life. During the six years of his pastorate he built a new brick church, and as Father Marshall was an ex-Jesuit, he dedicated the church under the name of St. Ignatius. The lot on which the church stood was donated by Archibald Arnold, and is still a part of St. Patrick's Cemetery. The old portion of the cemetery was the church-yard proper, given by Mr. Arnold; the new portion was given by Hon. John S. Combs about the year 1878.

During the pastorate of Father Marshall the congregation grew rapidly by immigration. When the iron-works and mines were started they brought many iron-workers, miners, mechanics and laborers to the town. It is no exaggeration to say that the majority of the new-comers were Catholics. The growth of the parish caused Father Marshall to make an addition

to the little church. He was unexpectedly called away to labor in other fields towards the end of 1835.

For the next five years the parish was attended by the Rev. Fathers Henry Myers and Bertrand S. Piot. It was looked upon as a mission of Cumberland, although, in reality, the Mt. Savage congregation far outnumbered the congregation of Cumberland. Father Leonard Obermeyer of Cumberland, attended the parish occasionally, and Mt. Savage owes him a debt of gratitude because he saw her greatness and admitted it at once.

The year 1845 found the new railroad, extending from Mt. Savage to Cumberland, almost completed. The blast furnaces and rolling-mill were running at their full capacity; the population of the town was approaching very near to four thousand; the farmers in the neighboring valleys were enjoying an unprecedented period of prosperity; there was a perpetual demand for all farm produce. The Mt. Savage Railroad connected, through the Baltimore and Ohio, with the East, and by the National Pike the people were brought in direct touch with the West; the future, accordingly, loomed up prosperous and bright.

This was the state of affairs when the Rev. Charles C. Brennan was sent by Archbishop Eccleston as assistant to Father Obermeyer, of Cumberland. Father Brennan was a young man, strong and zealous. He was not quite a year old in the priesthood, having been ordained from St. Mary's Seminary in 1844. Father Obermeyer and Father Brennan found them-

selves in a position similar to one recorded in Holy Scripture: "Abram therefore said to Lot: 'Behold, the whole land is before thee; depart from me, I pray thee.' If thou wilt go to the left hand, I will go to the right; if thou choose the right hand, I will pass to the left. And Lot, lifting up his eyes, saw all the country about the Jordan, which was watered throughout. And Lot chose to himself the country about the Jordan, and he departed from the East, and they were separated, one brother from the other. Abram dwelt in the land of Chanaan, and Lot abode in the towns that were about the Jordan." Archbishop Eccleston was pleased with the Abram-Lot arrangement, and Father Brennan became the first resident pastor of Mt Savage, with Eckhart, Barrelville and Wellersburg as outlying missions. He is remembered as a pious, kind, prayerful priest. He remained nearly ten years in charge of the parish.

In March, 1856, the Rev. James Carney was appointed pastor of Mt. Savage by the Most Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, Archbishop of Baltimore. Father Carney had made his course of philosophy and theology at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and in 1853 was ordained priest by Archbishop Kenrick. He was appointed assistant at St. Patrick's Church, Cumberland, and in that capacity he served for a short time before his promotion to the pastorate of Mt. Savage.

With Father Carney ends the history of the Church at Arnold's Settlement. Nearly all the congregation

were by this time living in the Mt. Savage valley, and the church was too small and too far off. Father Carney had begun to arrange for the building of a new church. Everyone was loud in demanding a more convenient location than that of the old one; but, aside from this demand, all was dissension, some wishing one site, others, another. The question of location was finally settled when the Mt. Savage Iron Company donated one-half acre of ground as the site for the new church. Father Carney was called away from this field of labor in July, 1861. He died shortly after his removal from the mountains.

Rev. James Carney.

The excavation for the foundation of the building was begun towards the end of 1862, and the corner-stone was laid a year later. At the same time the name of the parish patron was changed from St. Ignatius to St. Patrick. This was intended as a neat compliment to the generosity of the Irish immigrants.

It is worthy of note that William Cullen Bryant, the famous poet, visited Mt. Savage in the year 1860; on this occasion he called on Father Carney at the Settlement. In a letter, dated at Mt. Savage, to the New York *Evening Post*, he speaks as follows: "The

people here inhabit a region of considerable fertility; their fields yield good crops of wheat and other grain, the finest hay and sweetest pasturage for their herds. These farmers are Catholics; and almost in sight of where I write, in one of the pleasantest and greenest nooks of the hills, stands their old church and the house of their priest, surrounded by trees."

The Rev. Richard Brown became the immediate successor of Father Carney, and remained in charge until June, 1868. During this pastorate Mt. Savage reached the climax of her glory. The Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad Company had been chartered in 1850, and had bought the railroad already built from Mt. Savage to Cumberland. In 1854 they extended their road to Frostburg, and, in 1859, laid the tracks to Lonaconing, connecting with the old George's Creek Coal and Iron Company's Railroad, which they purchased in 1863. Thus they obtained a direct line through the heart of the coal-fields of the State, and, by the transaction, made Mt. Savage the principal and the most prosperous town between Cumberland and Piedmont. The Catholic congregation, of course, were partakers of this prosperity. Father Brown was sufficiently observant to grasp the opportunity, and courageous enough to go on with the work of building the new St. Patrick's Church. Father Brown was the architect of the church, and used his own judgment in planning every detail of the structure. As far as use, convenience and strength go, the plan was not a bad one, but there was very

little beauty, harmony or symmetry in the edifice, as planned by Father Brown, although the location is ideal.

Father Brown is well remembered as a strong, muscular, able-bodied man, full of aggressive and enterprising devotion. He was cheerful in disposition, brusque in manner and speech. He was pastor of Mt. Savage during the Civil War, and was free and fearless in expressing his views in opposition to negro slavery, although he did not agree with the Abolitionists, who would free the slave before preparing him for freedom. He is said to have had very settled convictions also on the question of corporal punishment for children, and frequently had recourse to it in the catechism classes. "If you flog a boy," he would say, "he studies his lesson; if you incite him to study by ambition or emulation, he hates those who get ahead of him." He was very well liked by the people, and quite successful as an administrator. Father Brown's successor was the Rev. Jeremiah Hendricks, who arrived in Mt. Savage, July, 1868.

Rev. Richard Brown.

Father Hendricks entered St. Charles' College, as a resident of Ellicott City, September 8, 1857. He

graduated, holding an honorable place in his class, in June, 1863. He entered St. Mary's Seminary, of Baltimore, the following September, and, after a successful seminary course, was ordained priest by Rt. Rev. Bishop Whelan, of Wheeling, W. Va., in the year 1867. Father Hendricks came to Mt. Savage very soon after his ordination, and at once began to improve the church property. He had probably more æsthetic tastes than his predecessor, and endeavored to bring about a better balancing of the several parts of the church by elevating and giving a different slant to the roof. He also planned and erected, at the lower corner, in front of the church, a heavy square tower, which added wonderfully to the general appearance. The grounds around the parish buildings he beautified until they easily surpassed, by artistic landscape gardening, any other spot in Mt. Savage. October 5, 1873, the new church was dedicated by His Grace, Archbishop Bayley.

Rev. Jeremiah Hendricks.

Father Hendricks is remembered as an humble, plain, kind-hearted—in fact, almost soft-hearted—priest. He was so open and frank that all sides of his character shone through a sort of unconscious

self-revelation, and all sides of his disposition were priestly. He was not a brilliant man, neither was he a strong man; but he was so kind a man and so devout a priest that his memory will continue to live after brighter and stronger men are forgotten. He died from pulmonary consumption, July 27, 1875, and his remains rest within the shadow of St. Patrick's Church. A very neat marble monument has been erected to his memory by the Mt. Savage people, to whose welfare he had consecrated his best energies, and to whose keeping his memory is entrusted as a sacred legacy.

In September, 1875, the Rev. Patrick Francis O'Connor became pastor of St. Patrick's. Father O'Connor had been ordained priest for the missions of Louisiana. Before the Civil War he had seen rough service in the poverty-stricken missions among the Southern negroes. During the war he acted as chaplain to the army for a short time. On account of failing health and a feeling of general discontent in his too Southern surroundings, he made application to Archbishop Spalding to be received as a diocesan priest of Baltimore. With the consent of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New Orleans, Archbishop Spalding adopted him. Father O'Connor and the Archbishop had been friends when the latter was Bishop of Louisville, Kentucky, and as soon as the Archbishop was installed in the See of Baltimore, the good priest determined to use his former friendship as a reason to be affiliated with the Maryland missions.

Father O'Connor served for a short time as assistant to the late Monsignor McColgan at St. Peter's Church, Baltimore. Afterwards he was given charge of missions in Harford County; from there he came to Mt. Savage. During his long pastorate he built the Mt. Savage hall, which has since been remodelled and transformed into a first-class parochial school-house. He made many changes in the church property, conspicuous among which are the new church-tower and the frescoeing of the interior of the church. The new tower can hardly be thought an improvement. The end to be attained in constructing it was strength and stability to bear a heavy bell. This end, of course, was reached, but the tower is ill-proportioned and ungraceful, and certainly adds nothing to the beauty of the church.

Father O'Connor was an odd character; metaphorically speaking, he had a strange facility for provoking the world to throw stones at him. He was one of those men who seem to be in the world for the special purpose of differing on every conceivable subject from their fellow-men. From the digging of a ditch to the composition of a book of mystic theology, he was probably the most fault-finding critic in Allegany County; and yet, in a sense, he was neither a pessimist nor grumbler. He had a power of seeing every weed in a flower-garden, where the ordinary observer would see only the flowers. He had certain ideals, and whatever failed to measure up to his ideals was wrong. When this eccentricity was once under-

stood, Father O'Connor was understood, and at once became a delightful companion. In his own home, no priest could be more princely. He was fond of company, and when two or three of his brother priests would honor him with a social call, they could always anticipate a dinner assuming the proportions of a gigantic meat show. After dinner he would occasionally take down his flute to entertain his company. This was the highest compliment he could pay to his guests. Father Edward Brennan once ventured the slightly sarcastic remark that "Father O'Connor got a great deal of amusement but not much music out of his flute." The old gentleman was slightly pained by what the kind-hearted Dean intended as a good-natured remark. He, however, dissembled his resentment for the moment; but when the Very Rev. Dean, who was in the habit of enlivening conversation by humorous anecdotes, unconsciously repeated one of his often-told jokes, Father O'Connor remarked, with an air of triumph, that "he wondered to see a man have so good a memory as to repeat the same story without omitting a single circumstance, and yet not remember that he had told it to the same persons the day before."

Father O'Connor was, in a sense, a man of learning. He spoke fluently French and Spanish, was thoroughly familiar with all the gems of English literature, and his own English style was classical; but the perfect finish of his style could be seen only in his correspondence. It would be unfair to judge Father O'Con-

nor's English by his controversial letters, many of which have been published, because they generally show too much bitterness; and sometimes, in the full fury of his exasperation, his style was nothing less than cyclonic. Again, it would be unfair to judge him by his spoken sermons, for he suffered from an impediment in his speech which gave a nasal sound to his words, and thus rendered it difficult for his auditors to appreciate the full beauty of his language. Of clear, vigorous, idiomatic English, Father O'Connor was an uncommon master. He was also deeply read in history, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane.

Rev. Patrick Francis O'Connor.

Father O'Connor's reminiscences of sunny and cloudy days spent among the orange blossoms and negroes of Louisiana were at once fascinating and thought-provoking. He claimed that the Maryland negroes are not the true type of Southern negro; they are the Southern negro as spoiled by contact with the white man. He was vigorous in denouncing the notion that the negro race can be evangelized by missionaries of negro blood, claiming that colored priests, and even colored catechists, will not be respected by their own race, but that the Church can christianize

every black man in America, when apostolic white priests are found willing to go right down among the negroes and labor and sacrifice themselves as Father Damien sacrificed himself among the Molokai lepers.

It is true that Father O'Connor was an eccentric character, but he was a sturdy, fearless, faithful priest; a very sincere man, who spoke out what he thought without troubling himself whether men liked it or not. Like most strong characters, he made many friends and many enemies. He was a man whom everyone could respect, but comparatively few could love.

For months before his death Father O'Connor gave evidence that his strong constitution was literally worn out; he accordingly prepared for the great journey with his characteristic energy. He received the last Sacraments of the Church the day before his death. Father Clark, of Frostburg, visited him on Sunday afternoon and found him anticipating matins and lauds for the following day, the dawn of which found him cold in death.

"He smiles as he's tranquilly gliding
Far away from a difficult past;
He has done his full share of rough riding,
And welcomes smooth sailing at last."

He died in Mt. Savage, April 30, 1894, and the people whom he had faithfully served laid the remains of the lion-like O'Connor by the side of the lamb-like Hendricks. "*Par nobile fratrum.*"

During the summer months following Father O'Connor's death, Mt. Savage was attended by the Rev. Capuchin Fathers of Cumberland. A very successful mission was given by the Redemptorist Fathers during the Capuchin administration.

The century closes with the Rev. Edward A. Williams in charge of St. Patrick's Church. Father Williams was born in Ireland. He had partially mastered the classics before coming to America. September 3, 1878, he entered St. Charles' College, and graduated, with a certificate of distinction, in June, 1881. He was ordained priest by His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons, at the Christmas ordinations, 1886, after a successful course of philosophy and theology in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. He had labored in the capacity of assistant pastor at St. Leo's Church, Baltimore, and St. Matthew's, Washington, before coming to Western Maryland. He was appointed pastor of Mt. Savage in September, 1894. Father Williams is a worthy successor to the good men who went before him. Being an advocate of parochial school education, he established a parish school, under the care of the good Ursuline Sisters of Louisville, Kentucky. These good nuns remained in Mt. Savage until June, 1899, when they were recalled to their own diocese. Their vacated place has been ably filled by the School Sisters of Notre Dame.

Father Williams has so enlarged, improved and embellished the church property that his parish stands among the best equipped of Western Mary-

land. He is a gentleman of culture and refinement, possessing a natural dignity which commands respect, and an urbanity of manner, which attracts by its kindliness. As administrator of a parish he happily strikes the golden rule of Horace; "*Suaviter in modo fortiter in re;*" or, as Longfellow has freely translated it,

> "Gently but firmly that all may feel,
> The velvet scabbard holds a sword of steel."

At the beginning of this article we hinted at "what Mt. Savage has done for the archdiocese of Baltimore;" our sketch, however, would be too incomplete if we failed to mention in particular some of her priestly sons. Of all the brilliant sons of Mt. Savage, whose talents have helped to adorn and make glorious the American Church of the nineteenth century, probably none is dearer to her than the Rt. Rev. Monsignor O'Connor, pastor of Clarksburg, W. Va., and Vicar-General of the diocese of Wheeling. He alone of the older priests ordained from Mt. Savage remains to see the century close. Father Malloy passed away as the century began to incline towards evening; and Fathers Gaitley and Brennan left us as its evening shadows began to fall.

Daniel O'Connor entered St. Charles' College from Mt. Savage, November 14, 1848. He graduated six years later and was ordained priest by Rt. Rev. Bishop Whelan, in 1856. He has spent his life in cultivating the spiritual vineyard of West Virginia.

His missionary career has been successful and stainless. His self-sacrificing zeal and untarnished reputation have made him a priestly model; his youthful disposition and kindly manner have made him universally popular with all classes; his ability and prudence have made him a safe consultor to all the Bishops of Wheeling; his priestly merit has been recently honored by Leo XIII., who has elevated Mt. Savage's most honored son to the exalted position of "Domestic Prelate to the Sovereign Pontiff." Early in the morning of the twentieth century, Monsignor O'Connor will, *Deo volente*, celebrate the golden jubilee of his priesthood. It requires no prophetic eye to foresee that that will naturally be a joyous day for Clarksburg and Mt. Savage; for the diocese of Wheeling and the archdiocese of Baltimore

Rev. Lawrence Malloy was also ordained from Mt. Savage. We are indebted to his brother, Mr. Thomas Malloy, for the facts following:—Father Malloy was born in Ireland in 1835. He was brought to this country by his parents while yet in his infancy; New York City was his home until the year 1843, when his parents came to Mt. Savage. Young Malloy was sanctuary boy during the pastorate of Father Charles Brennan, the first resident pastor of Mt. Savage. A vocation to the priesthood was noticed in the young man, and, accordingly, he entered St. Charles College, May 7, 1850. He was elevated to the holy priesthood at St. Mary's Seminary, by Archbishop Kenrick, June 18, 1859. His first mission was Port Deposit, Md.,

where he remained for four years; he was afterwards assistant at St. John's Church, Baltimore. He next became pastor of Woodberry, where he built a fine church and pastoral residence. His last appointment was to the rectorship of St. Pius' Church, Baltimore. This latter parish he organized, and erected the church and pastoral residence. His work was hard and continuous, and his health gradually gave way under the strain. He died July 25, 1885, universally revered and lamented. At his own request his remains were buried in the cemetery at Mt. Savage. "Eternal rest grant to him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him."

Rev. John T. Gaitley! *Clarum et venerabile nomen!* Everyone knows that Father Gaitley, that most priestly priest, the lover of the poor, and the defender of the weak, was an illustrious son of Mt. Savage.

Father Gaitley studied his classics at St. Charles' College, where he was enrolled, September 6, 1852. He was ordained by Archbishop Kenrick from St. Mary's Seminary, in 1861, and appointed to a mission in Southern Maryland. It is said that the congregation lodged a complaint against him, telling the good archbishop that the only fault they found was that "he was too young." Archbishop Kenrick answered the delegation: "No one will complain of you, if you correct all your faults as surely as time will cure Father Gaitley's youth." Time and hard work quickly threw the fetters of age about him, and before his death, although he died young, his hair had become

Rev. L. Malloy, Rev. Jno. T. Gaitley, Rt. Rev. Mgr. O'Connor, V. G., V. Rev. M. J. Brennan, Rev. R. Mattingly, Rev. Jno. J. McDermott, Rev. R. C. Campbell, Rev. R. O'Neill, Rev. J. C. Mallon.

snowy, and his step had grown feeble. Father Gaitley spent nearly all of his life as pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Baltimore. He was a zealous fatherly priest, faithfully administering to the wants of his congregation; he, nevertheless, always remembered his old home, and was looked upon as the particular counsellor and protector of the young priests of Western Maryland. They were always welcome visitors to his house; he was ever ready to encourage them in their work, and give them the benefit of his pastoral experience; "and were everyone for whom he did some kind and loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers."

Rev. John J. McDermott, another priestly son of Mt. Savage, was educated at St. Charles' College and St. Mary's Seminary. He was ordained priest by Most Rev. James Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, in 1883. He died soon after his ordination. Father McDermott was an amiable character, possessing all the priestly virtues; but on account of his naturally frail body his ability was not great, although his character was lofty.

Of Rev. Michael Brennan we have spoken in the history of St. Patrick's Church, Cumberland. Of the younger priests, who can look towards Mt. Savage and exclaim with the poet,

"Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah! fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain,"

we must mention particularly Rev. Fathers Romanus Mattingly, Richard C. Campbell, Richard O'Neill, John Dowling and Joseph C. Mallon. Of Father Mattingly's work we shall speak in the history of Garrett and Washington Counties. Father Campbell is the successful and popular pastor of Texas, Baltimore County; Father O'Neill is walking in the footsteps of Father Gaitley, at St. Patrick's Church, Baltimore; Father Dowling is assistant at St. John's Church, Baltimore; and the kind-hearted, clear-headed Father Mallon is in charge of St. Ann's Church, Tennallytown, Washington City.

"You hear that boy laughing? you think he's all fun,
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all."

ARTICLE V.

THE COAL MINERS.

Coal mining is the principal industry of Allegany County. It employs more men, puts in circulation more money, uses more agencies, blesses more homes, involves more details, and touches more interests than any other occupation. As the remaining congregations to be sketched in this chapter are made up almost exclusively of coal miners and their families, it may be interesting to our readers to take a rapid glance at the miners themselves.

One of the first things to strike the visitor who comes in contact with the Western Maryland miners is the great number of nationalities represented among them. Scotch, Irish, Welsh, English, Germans, Italians, Canadians, Americans, and occasionally Hungarians, may be seen digging coal side by side. This variety would be enough of itself to make the miners an interesting class of men, because it brings a peculiar picturesqueness into their lives, and, as the picture is always changing, it renders life among them delightfully free from monotony.

On the first trip to the mines in the morning, when the day begins with what is called "a five o'clock start," an observer may behold in the distance a long train of mine cars winding around the mountains.

On observing more closely, he notices that the cars are filled with hundreds of men, all carrying, in their tight-fitting little caps, mining lamps, trimmed and burning. Very near the mouth of the mine he hears the measured tread of dozens of heavy horses and mules, accompanied by their drivers, all about to begin their day's work among the black diamonds away down beneath the surface of the earth. Should the observer happen to be near enough to notice the clean, white, morning faces of the men, and especially should he be blessed with the power of reading character in the countenance, his first impression would be that the miners are a jolly, good-natured crowd of intelligent men; and the impression would quickly become a settled conviction if he heard, ringing out from a manly voice on the crisp, morning air:

"Oh, it's ill to loose the bands that God decreed to bind,
Still will we be the children of the heather and the wind;
Far away from home, oh, it's still for you and me
That the broom is blooming bonnie in the North Countrie."

It has been said, with some semblance of truth, "that a man in these days belongs to a variety of countries, but the old land is still the true love—the others are but pleasant infidelities; and somewhere, deep down in the heart, something yearns for the old land and the old kindly people."

The sound of the Scotch melody has hardly died away when the visitor's ears are greeted by a very different sentiment:

"There's not a true-born Irishman, wherever he may be,
But loves that little Emerald that sparkles by the sea.
May the sun of bright prosperity shine peaceful and serene,
And bring better days to Erin, where the grass grows green!"

Every one sings what he likes best; and the miners being an intelligent and fair-minded class of men, one nationality or one song is appreciated about as justly as another. All are, as a general rule, good Americans, and while old-time ties still hold many of them by affectionate remembrance, the "government of the people, by the people, and for the people," has a very warm place in their hearts. The sameness of occupation, the hard times through which they have passed, as well as a uniformity of personal interests make the miners universally sympathetic towards one another; and, when all constraint is cast aside, and they meet on a footing of equality, as poor men, working hard to support themselves and their little ones so near and dear to them, they are kind, considerate and "all around jolly good fellows." Much of their spare time at home is devoted to reading. The majority of them are well informed on the ordinary topics of the day; and a great many are well read in general history. When they meet together in public places, they discuss public matters, such as politics, labor organizations, tariff, and in particular tariff on coal. They are quite argumentative, and very quick in bringing forward reasons to prove their assertions. As nearly all the miners belong to mutual aid organizations and fraternal beneficial associations, in which they have frequent opportunities

to express their views, they acquire a surprising facility in public speaking. The knowledge possessed by them is generally accurate; their ideas are clear, and their expressions often lucid. This is probably to be attributed to the fact that they possess only a few books of their own, and the mining region has never been cursed by free circulating libraries of fiction and sickly sentimentality. Accordingly, unlimited indulgence in books of the light and ephemeral kind has not dissipated their minds, and their reading shows nothing of the superficial, skipping, skimming character, so much deplored, of those who try to read too many books. The Catholic families generally possess a few Catholic books, among which is always found a copy of "The Faith of our Fathers."

Large families are the general rule; seven children may be considered about the average. The young men habitually follow coal mining, the occupation of their fathers. The boys leave school at the age of fourteen or fifteen years, at which time they are supposed to be entitled to a "half-turn" in the mine. The ambition of the miner's boy generally tends towards the mine; and few ever give up mining to work at any other occupation. The miners' children, are, as a rule, strong and healthy; often handsome, with features as perfect as a Grecian statue. In school they are apt and docile pupils; and when they have succeeded in overcoming an innate bashfulness, they are quick in learning and innocently free from that sad preco-

ciousness sometimes lamented in more worldly-minded children:

"The little hands too skilful and the child mind choked with weeds,
The daughter's heart grown wilful, and the father's heart that bleeds."

The girls, especially the younger ones, when in school are characterized by a remarkable timidity; the boys have all the characteristics of the ordinary mountain boy. Among them may be found all classes, wild boys, wily boys, rash boys, impulsive boys, kind boys, good boys, clever boys. They are very fond of out-door sports, the more violent games generally being the favorites. Indeed, it would be very hard to exaggerate the pleasure they find in a hotly contested game of baseball or football. When we unite this love of violent exercise with the universal prevalence of coal dust in all the mining towns, the ordinary school-boy arises before our imagination with a coal mine color even before he has procured his coveted "half-turn:" and Carrolton's grotesque description, would come very near accuracy in painting the ordinary school-room on a warm May afternoon:

"There was little Tom Simms in the front seat,
Whose face was withstanding a drouth;
And jolly Jack Gibbs just behind him,
With a rainy new moon for a mouth.
There were anxious young novices drilling
Their spelling books into their brain,
Loud puffing each half-whispered letter
Like an engine just starting its train."

There is probably no class of workmen in the State, who live better than the miners. The average family can live comfortably on six hundred dollars a year, provided that they own their home, and that the father is temperate and industrious. The system under which the families receive medical attention is in the circumstances an excellent one. Every man, or as the miners say, "every full turn," pays one dollar a month to a physician. This dollar is usually, though not necessarily, deducted from their wages. First class, attentive, sober physicians reside in the mining towns. They are not financially connected with the mining companies; no favoritism is shown to any physician; the men being free to take their own choice. The system of remuneration is considered economic for both patients and physicians, the latter usually furnishing all the medicines required, thus obviating the necessity of many druggists.

Fuel is naturally very cheap; the principal expense being for the hauling from the mines. Here the poor man in the mining regions has a decided advantage over his poor brother in the city, where fuel becomes an item of great expense.

Where taste is found, the miners' homes are neatly and comfortably furnished, adorned with pictures, sometimes really artistic. In Catholic homes, at least, one or two sacred pictures can be seen.

As practically all the parishes are now blest with parochial schools, where the rising generation have every opportunity to study the fine arts, vocal and

instrumental music has become a common pastime in the home, and grand pianos are among the furnishings of many a dwelling. Reading aloud to the children in the family circle is also a practice in home life. This is both an entertaining and instructive pastime, where conditions favor it. It is, of course, a quiet enjoyment, but a real enjoyment nevertheless.

The miners' families are blessed with an unusual share of affection, kindness and happiness in their home life.

"Do you hear that laugh with its manly tones,
And the joyous ring of the baby voice?
'Tis the father who gathers his little ones,
The nurse and her brother—and all rejoice!
Yes, human nature is much the same,
When you go to the heart and count its beats;
The poor man is proud of his home's good name
As the richest man on the city streets."

ARTICLE VI.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, FROSTBURG.

Frostburg is the most elevated and most charming city of Allegany County.

Approaching from the east, the tourist will notice his train leaving the valley further and further below and rising with every movement to a higher and grander prospect. At an immense distance beneath can be seen what resembles miniature trees; and the whitewashed houses, in the little town of Allegany below, grow smaller and more indistinct, until they appear like toy cottages; whilst above, almost touching the clouds, shines out brilliantly the golden cross of St. Michael's Church.

Frostburg is situated on a plateau at an altitude of nearly two thousand feet above sea level; the climate is invigorating; the scenery, wild and grand.

It has the solid air of a well built little city, with many brick edifices, substantially constructed on the most modern and improved plans.

Its seven thousand inhabitants have a municipal government, modern waterworks, electric lights, street car lines in contemplation; and other up-to-date conveniences, which show the enterprising and intelligent spirit of its people.

Frostburg is known by the descriptive name of "The City on the Hill."

At present, prosperity depends on the coal mines; in former times Frostburg was a national pike town. The name comes from the old Frost family, who were extensive land owners towards the beginning of this century.

Meshack Frost, whose monument is erected in the Frostburg churchyard, may be considered the father and founder of Frostburg. William Frost, who is now nearing his eightieth year, claims to be the first white man born there.

On account of its location, being the very summit of the mountains, Frostburg naturally became a busy station, or "resting place," on the old National Pike.

It seems clear that the town, though small, was prosperous even before the era of coal-mining. It is historically certain that the first mine opened in the Frostburg coal region was on the old Eckhart property, on the National Road, about one mile below Frostburg. The coal was used to supply the smitheries along the road, and tradition says that there was one blacksmith to nearly every mile.

Probably, about the year 1810, small quantities of coal were shipped, even to great distances East, but very little, if any, was sent West, as the blacksmiths procured coal at Grantsville, and many of them still used charcoal for horseshoeing.

Meshack Frost began to work his mine as early as the year 1818, but the Eckhart mine still continued for years to be the principal mine of the coal regions.

There were Catholics living in Frostburg as early as 1812, because in that year Meshack Frost built his house on the very ground where the present St. Michael's Church stands.

For many years Eckhart and Frostburg were simply a mission of Mt. Savage, and there are still living many devout Catholics who remember having gone to Mass from Eckhart to the old church at Arnold's Settlement—long before a church at Frostburg was even dreamed of. It is certain, although few persons remember his coming, that the first priest that celebrated Mass in what is now the Frostburg parish, was the Rev. John J. Chanche, who is remembered as having visited Eckhart in the summer of 1839. How long Father Chanche remained at Eckhart is not known, but his visit is well remembered by at least a few old people. It is possible that Father Chanche was simply a visitor, having stopped off at Eckhart while journeying over the National Pike; but it is probable that he was spending a short vacation in the mountains. This supposition is the more tenable because Father Chanche was holding the position of president of St. Mary's College of Baltimore at the time he is said to have visited Western Maryland. It is certain also that he at least occasionally went to Frederick, where he had many friends, and where he was visiting when seized by his last illness. To reach Eckhart it was only necessary for him to continue his journey on the same road to what had already become a comparatively well-known mountain summer resort. This

is clear from Wm. Cullen Bryant's letters from Frostburg in 1832. By hap-hazard we find another proof

Rt. Rev. John J. Chanche, D. D.

of our assertion that the mountains of Allegany County had become a Mecca for health-seekers, at an even earlier date, in an old copy of the *National Intelligencer*,

published in Washington by Gales and Seaton. It is dated September 25, 1828. The paper is principally filled with long-winded and violent articles against Andrew Jackson, but one article is free from politics; the writer has visited the mountains of Western Maryland, and expresses the hope that thousands will soon avail themselves of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal to approach what he calls "an incomparable region of health and recreation."

The following sketch of Dr. Chanche is quoted from the *Defenders of our Faith.*

John Joseph Chanche was born October 4, 1795, in Baltimore, to which his parents had fled from the horrors of San Domingo. At the age of eleven he was placed in the college opened by the Sulpitians in that city, and soon showed that he was called to the ecclesiastical state. He received the tonsure from Archbishop Carroll when he was only fifteen. After receiving minor orders from Archbishop Neale, he was ordained by Archbishop Maréchal, June 5, 1819. Having been received into the community of St. Sulpice, he was made a professor in St. Mary's College, and continued to discharge his duties, becoming in time vice-president; and in September, 1834, on the elevation of Dr. Eccleston to the episcopate, president of the college, an office for which he possessed marked qualifications.

Dr. Chanche had been proposed for the position of coadjutor at Baltimore, at Boston, and at New York, but steadfastly declined the dignity of bishop. He

took an important part in several of the provincial councils of Baltimore, his learning, eloquence, and thorough knowledge of all prescribed forms and ceremonies being recognized by all. When the see of Natchez was established, July 28, 1837, Rev. Dr. Chanche was named. His consecration took place on March 14, in the year 1841, Archbishop Eccleston officiating. Dr. Chanche proceeded to his diocese alone, and, landing at Natchez, began to organize a diocese in the State of Mississippi. Catholicity was in no flourishing condition, yet some of the early French settlements and missions had been planted on its soil, and in their tragic annals were recorded the deaths of heroic men who laid down their lives while announcing the truths of the Gospel to the white settlers and the dark-hued sons of the forest.

At the First Plenary Council, in 1852, Bishop Chanche was chief promoter, and after the close of its sessions, he went to Frederick to rest awhile at the house of a friend. There he was seized with illness, which baffled the skill of physicians. He lingered several days without a murmur, bearing all his sufferings with resignation and serenity. He died July 22, 1853. At his own request his body was conveyed to Baltimore and interred in the Cathedral Cemetery. An able, an accomplished man, he had renounced the episcopate in Sees where the Church was organized and progressing, in order to devote his energies and life in a State where "the prospects of Catholicity were feeble indeed." Bishop Chanche, after his con-

secration, made a number of journeys over the National Pike, going to and from his episcopal See of Natchez. As far as we have been able to make research, his name is not found in any church record of Western Maryland, but the few old people who remember him claim "that he was just the nicest priest they ever saw."

How strange and mysterious are the ways of God! Cautiously the worldly-minded man arranges his plans, and with all human prudence executes them, only to sink into his grave and be at once forgotten, while the self-sacrificing man, like Bishop Chanche, simply forgets himself into a glorious immortality.

In 1846, the Maryland Mining Company built the Eckhart Railroad to Cumberland, to make connection with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which was carrying East thousands of tons of coal. With the new railroad came more workmen, greater prosperity, and these were soon followed by Frostburg's first pastor, the Rev. Michael Slattery. Many of the older people, who remember Father Slattery very well, would place his coming at an earlier date; some have said that he was in Frostburg as early as 1840. This could not be correct, because, according to the records of St. Mary's Seminary of Baltimore, where Father Slattery finished his studies, he was not ordained priest until early in the year 1844.

It is conceded by all that Father Slattery is the first priest that came to Frostburg to take regular charge of the congregation. Many other priests had

passed through the town on the stage-coaches. It may be that some of them said Mass at private houses, but, if so, there is no record at the present time to prove it. Father Slattery's coming was not earlier than the end of 1849 or the beginning of 1850. He first offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at the residence of John Porter, on Main street. Afterwards he made arrangements to purchase from "The Stage Company" the old hotel known as "Highland Hall." It is said that in prosperous times, along the old pike, between thirty and forty stages stopped daily for meals at the "Hall." But as soon as the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was built to Wheeling, business slackened along the pike, and Father Slattery was thus enabled to buy the property at a bargain. It is said that the hotel was large enough to accommodate three hundred guests. One wing was remodelled and transformed into the first St. Michael's Church in Frostburg. The other wing Father Slattery embellished and used as the pastoral residence. This took place in the year 1852.

For many years Father Slattery labored willingly, undergoing every hardship connected with the life of a poor, struggling, pioneer priest.

He was a good organizer, and very soon was surrounded by an interesting and docile congregation. He drew to Frostburg the Eckhart Catholics, who had been attending Mt. Savage; he visited what is now Vale Summit, what was then "Pompey Smash." To these we may add a few farmers, who still continued

to cultivate the fields, notwithstanding all the allurements of the mines, and a small number of Catholics from Borden Shaft, and what is now "Upper Ocean." It is probable that at that time Father Slattery's congregation numbered between five and six hundred souls. Father O'Keefe, now editor of the *Catholic Mirror*, visited Frostburg about this time. According to tradition, he celebrated Mass at the house of John Porter, so we must conclude that the new church had not yet been purchased. Father O'Keefe is still remembered by a few of the old people. Rev. Peter Lenaghan, assistant pastor of Cumberland, and Father Van Horsigh, of Washington, are among the gratefully remembered priests who visited the parish during the pastorate of Father Slattery. It has been said that Father Slattery gave the name of St. Michael to the Frostburg church through devotion to his own namesake and patron. This is hardly correct, because it was the pious intention of the saintly Archbishop Eccleston to dedicate Western Maryland to God under the patronage of the archangels, the Frostburg church to St. Michael, Lonaconing to St. Raphael, and Barton to St. Gabriel.

Father Slattery remained in Frostburg until 1860, when he was removed to St. Joseph's Church, Baltimore. He died, universally beloved, in 1866.

He was a truly great man in the sense that he was a truly good man. He was a man of action rather than thought; but if we take the standard of our Blessed Saviour, "By their fruits ye shall know them,"

we must pronounce his life and his work a grand success.

After Father Slattery's departure, Frostburg became for two years a mission of Mt. Savage, and was attended by Fathers Carney and Brown.

In 1862 Father Charles O'Reilly came to take charge. He was pastor during the war. He is remembered in Frostburg as "a little man, very fond of riding big horses."

Rev. John Cronin, C. SS. R., who was one of Frostburg's altar boys during Father O'Reilly's pastorate, has a fund of interesting reminiscences of this eccentric character. Among others, he tells that there was a disturbance in the town, and Father O'Reilly, mistaking the noise for a general riot or uprising of the Know-Nothing party to assassinate him, and feeling no particular inclination for the palm of martyrdom at that time, rang the church-bell at midnight, called all the Irish miners out of the Eckhart mine, and, when the multitude was assembled, Father O'Reilly made a speech, relating the real or imaginary indignities to which he had been subjected, detailed his reasons for believing that Frostburg was a rebel town, and clinched his arguments by saying: "Apologize, ye rebels, or I shall call Col. Mulligan from New Creek to lay your homes in ashes before sunset."

The truth is that Col. Mulligan was at the very time encamped at New Creek, and, moreover, he was a friend of Father O'Reilly; and had the suspicion been proved that Frostburg was in sympathy with the

Confederacy, it would have required little persuasion to cause Mulligan's Irish Brigade to act. The probability is, however, that Father O'Reilly's grievances were only imaginary, or, at most, that he had been insulted by some irresponsible ruffian. The mayor of the town apologized and all passed away without disturbance.

Father O'Reilly was undoubtedly an odd man, but when we have said this against him, we have said all. The lightning flash at midnight often revealed "the eccentric little man on his big horse," the inexorable scolder, journeying over the rough mountain roads, bearing to the sick and dying the meek, gentle Jesus, "who will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax."

The Redemptorist Fathers of the Cumberland monastery took charge of Frostburg in 1864. The most affectionately remembered of these good priests are Fathers Wirth and Gross. Tradition says that Father Wirth was a very large man, robust and kindly; a remarkable walker. He often walked from Cumberland to Frostburg, and, after saying Mass and taking dinner, he was ready to walk back; but in spite of his athletic tendencies, one competent observer has been bold enough to assert "that from the holding of a pen to the handling of a horse, he was the clumsiest priest in the county."

After Father Wirth, Father William H. Gross attended Frostburg. He is remembered as the embodiment of the ideal priest. In truth, it is no ex-

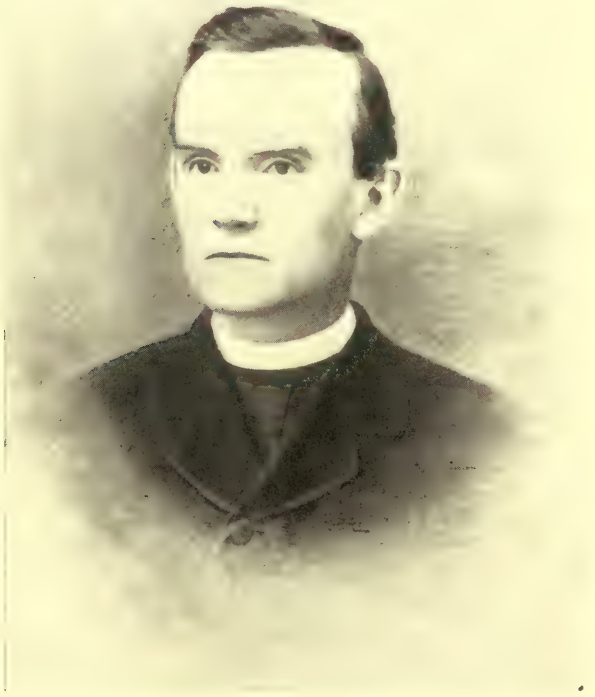
aggeration to say that if we can trust impressions made by Father Gross on the Catholics of his day in Allegany County, we may describe this popular young Redemptorist, in the parlance of the printer, "as a treatise on ecclesiastical perfection in one volume beautifully bound."

Father Gross afterwards became Bishop of Savannah, Georgia. His diocese was devastated by an epidemic of yellow fever during the summer of 1878. The Rt Rev. Bishop was thus obliged to undertake "a begging tour" among his friends the following autumn. On this occasion he paid a visit to Frostburg, and was enthusiastically welcomed by his old parishioners. In a lecture delivered for the benefit of the fever sufferers, December 15, 1878, Bishop Gross spoke as follows:

"How sad a Christmas is coming! When fires are sparkling and merry-making is on the grand rounds, and all will be bright and buoyant throughout the world, the thought will steal over us, like the memory of a dreadful dream, 'Where is the other?' Calmly, until the resurrection, reposing in the silent land of sleepers. If Christmas could only be veiled away, we might forget that there are dear, tiny little stockings never again to hang around the chimney corners, and that there are, in far-off Southern homes, thousands of sorrowing, bleeding, broken hearts, beating, like muffled drums, the dead march over blighted hopes, shattered affections and falling tears."

The man who could speak like that could not help being loved.

In October, 1866, the Rev. Lewis A. Morgan was appointed resident pastor of St. Michael's Church. He remained in charge until August, 1868. Father Morgan was a convert to the Church. Shortly after



Rev. Lewis A. Morgan.

his conversion he entered St. Charles' College, where he spent one year. He then entered St. Mary's Seminary of Baltimore, was ordained priest by Archbishop Spalding in 1866, and came to Frostburg almost immediately after his ordination.

Father Morgan was dearly loved by the Frostburg people. He is described as a little below the middle height, of weak and slender frame; but the appearance of feeble health, which he manifested, was neutralized by the animation of his looks, vivacious temperament and energetic movement. His disposition was bright, cheerful, sunshiny. He was fond of boys, and always ready to give them new puzzles in arithmetic. He was very devout to the Blessed Sacrament, and, like most converts, in devotion to the Blessed Virgin, he was childlike and ardent. Although intellectually a clever man, he was insensible to honors, and never dreamed of ecclesiastical distinction nor desired promotion. He knew that his frail body would soon give way, and he used his strength to spread God's truth and to secure his own salvation. He died young, but "being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time."

The eighteenth day of February, 1868, was a blessed day for Frostburg, because, on that day, her greatest pastor, the Rev. Valentine Schmitt, came to take charge of St. Michael's Church. Father Schmitt is a Bavarian by birth.

His preparatory studies for the holy priesthood he had finished in the fatherland; philosophy and theology he studied with success in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, where he was ordained priest by Archbishop Spalding in 1868. Frostburg was Father Schmitt's first pastorate; his name is irrevocably linked with the growth of the parish and the town, and in the

Church history of Allegany County, his pastorate of eighteen years will ever remain one of the brightest chapters.

When we consider the length of Father Schmitt's pastorate, the numerous improvements which he made on the church property and the circumstances in which he worked, we cannot help being struck with amazement at the sound judgment and exquisite taste always shown and the remarkable absence of mistakes. He built the fine Gothic church of Frostburg, which is one of the many Catholic glories of the mountains. The corner-stone had been laid in Father Morgan's time, August 2, 1868, but Father Schmitt was the real architect of the church as it stands in all its beauty to-day. It is built of red brick, with a graceful steeple, towering one hundred and sixty-five feet high, crowned by a golden cross, the highest point in the most elevated city of the county. The church has a marble altar and a musical chime of bells.

Under Father Schmitt's directions the old Highland Hall was torn down and room made for the new brick pastoral residence. In the plan of the house the same good taste and judgment that characterize every detail of the church are manifest. It is large, solid, commodious, architecturally beautiful; in a word, one of the best planned pastoral residences in the archdiocese.

No sooner had Father Schmitt attended to the wants of the living than he turned his attention to

the dead. Frostburg was in need of a new cemetery; he accordingly viewed the surrounding landscape, and finally purchased, as the last resting-place of Frostburg's dead, a portion of the elevated plateau, known

Rev. Valentine F. Schmitt.

as McCulloh's Hill. The section is nothing less than ideal. The graveyard is conveniently located, easily approached, and has so many natural charms that little landscape gardening was needed to put it in perfect order, and little attention is required to keep it so.

As soon as the new cemetery had been laid off in sections, the propriety of interring therein the remains of the respected founders of Frostburg suggested itself to the family heirs.

Here Father Schmitt's good sense came in with a wise suggestion, which at the time was highly appreciated, and ever since has been praised by all classes of citizens—that instead of burying the remains in the cemetery and erecting a monument there, it would be a mark of appreciation of persons so distinguished to bury them where all Frostburg could view their graves. He accordingly selected a location for the graves and monument in front of St. Michael's beautiful church. Meshack Frost had been buried in the cemetery at Mt. Savage; his wife's remains had been laid to rest in old St. Michael's Cemetery.

November 20, 1877, Nathan Frost carried into effect the wish of Father Schmitt; and to-day the congregation of St. Michael's, entering and leaving their house of prayer, the school children, entering and leaving school, the priests, going from the rectory to the church, or when reciting their offices in the open air, are greeted by a neat monument, of highly polished, Italian marble, erected to:

THE
FOUNDERS OF FROSTBURG.
1812.

IN MEMORY OF
MESHACK FROST.
DIED OCT. 9, 1863,
AGED 76 YEARS.

IN MEMORY OF
CATHERINE FROST.
DIED JULY 24, 1876,
AGED 84 YEARS.

"Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them;
Thousands of throbbing hearts where theirs are at rest, and forever
Thousands of aching brains where theirs no longer are busy;
Thousands of toiling hands where theirs have ceased from their labors;
Thousands of weary feet where theirs have completed their journey."

During his pastorate Father Schmitt made improvements to the extent of sixty thousand dollars, and when he was called to St. Joseph's Church, Washington City, his parish was free from debt and his character without a stain.

In a preface to the *Life of St. Francis Xavier*, Father Faber speaks of "a prudence which consists in venturing nothing; a success which never fails, because it makes no attempts; a devotion which makes itself lukewarm in order to be practical; an energy which administers opiates to itself in order to enjoy the praises of placidity and moderation." There is no doubt that there are such characters as Father Faber depicts. They are amiable in a way; prudent in a negative sense.

Father Schmitt is the direct opposite of these weak characters. He is essentially a positive character; soldierly, commanding to the extent of being almost autocratic. What impression is a strong, priestly character like this apt to make on a congregation like St. Michael's of Frostburg? "That he is every inch a man, and that he means exactly what he says."

Father Schmitt's amazing success springs mainly from his strong, positive personality. There is no doubt that he is a man of great natural ability, but

he is more than that. He had zeal enough to pay a great price for success, daring enough to make a sacrifice, which is not popular with the Germans in general. He Americanized himself for Frostburg, but he did it in a unique manner. He did not become un-German, because he preserved what is best in his strong, German character, and added thereto what is best in the American character, thereby producing a combination character, which enabled him, with the assistance of God's grace, to teach and sanctify an almost exclusively Irish congregation. Like St. Paul, he "made himself all things to all men to gain all men to Christ."

Father Schmitt is not a man of books, and never was. The scholar in the priesthood has always been a familiar theme for academic discussion. His presence is necessary, his usefulness is obvious; but the mere scholar too frequently lacks that touch with affairs and knowledge of men which are necessary in the complicated duties at the present day of a parish priest. In the practical knowledge of his surroundings, of the characteristic traits of the people with whom he lived, and for whose eternal salvation he labored, Father Schmitt is far above the average priest in learning. He is well informed on all the general topics of the day. He is an excellent conversationalist, a cheerful companion, a hospitable gentleman. As a priest, Father Schmitt probably appears at his best in singing High Mass, as he is the pos-

sessor of a fine tenor voice, remarkable for its sweetness and devotion.

Of course, good taste must forbid the shattering into fragments, called analysis, of the character of a priest who is still in the midst of his usefulness, but charity will permit us to say, briefly, and we hope with propriety, that in Father Schmitt even the superficial observer will notice more of the disposition of the soldier of Christ than the martyr; more of the courage of Hildebrand than the sweetness of St. Francis; more of the sword of St. Paul than the visions of St. John.

His work in Allegany County is unique, and his character is unique. When the bonzes speak of the imaginary Buddhist heaven, they define it by saying "Nirvana is Nirvana," and we must end by saying "Father Schmitt is Father Schmitt."

During the foregoing administration Frostburg gave to the Church two vocations, which have happily developed into two excellent priests—Rev. John J. Dillon, the present efficient and popular assistant pastor of St. John's Church, Baltimore, and Rev. John G. Beane, assistant at the Pittsburg Cathedral.

The immediate successor of Father Schmitt was the Rev. D. C. De Wulf, who remained in charge of the parish until April, 1890. Father De Wulf was well known to his Frostburg congregation before his appointment as their pastor. He had been formerly pastor of Westernport, and during that time he had been a frequent visitor to "the city on the hill."

Father De Wulf liked Frostburg, and Frostburg liked Father De Wulf. He was popular and very much respected by all classes, Catholics and non-Catholics

Rev. D. C. De Wulf.

alike. He was very kind to the children, and through this kindness he was soon master of all the homes in the parish. A business and pleasure trip called him to Europe during the summer of 1890. He was succeeded by Rev. Stephen J. Clarke.

In 1832, the famous poet, William Cullen Bryant, visited Frostburg, and here is what he thought of it: "From the little town of Frostburg, where I passed the night, a place lying high among the mountain ridges, where the winter comes early and lingers late, can be seen many small mining towns. The population of the mining villages does not appear to me to be of the most hopeful kind. They owe little to the school-master, and know so little of the advantages that they are not generally anxious to procure them for their children." Poor Bryant! He had approached his grave "like the quarry slave at night, scourged to his dungeon," or

> "Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him and lies down to pleasant dreams,"

a few months before Father Clarke was ordained priest. It is a real pity that he did not live to see Frostburg at the close of the century. Could he visit St. Michael's School to-day, he would realize that he was a false prophet, and he would feel in honor obliged to apologize to the miners for his unkind impressions of them; and to the Catholic children he might well apologize for his many falsehoods published against their religion. Poor Bryant was a naturalist in religion; he loved trees and brooks and clouds. He would go into an ecstasy at the thought of "a hundred suns reddening one poor rose," but he saw no grandeur in a God-man shedding his blood for one poor soul. Every child in St. Michael's School

could teach religious truth to such men as William Cullen Bryant.

The close of the century finds the Rev. Stephen J. Clarke at the helm. Father Clarke entered St. Charles' College from Havre de Grace, Md., September 14, 1868, and graduated with high honors from his *alma mater* in June, 1875. At college he was distinguished especially for his thorough grasp of all the English branches of the college curriculum. One of his classmates says that "in English composition he was looked upon as the most polished and versatile writer in the class." In September, 1875, he was enrolled at St. Mary's Seminary of Baltimore, where he was ordained priest by His Grace, Archbishop Gibbons, at the Christmas ordinations of 1879. His first missionary work was on the hard and scattered missions of Southern Maryland. In January, 1886, he was removed to Barton, this county. In April, 1890, he came to Frostburg. We may here remark that Father Clarke was very well contented in Barton. He liked the people, and his admiration was reciprocated by the people; they liked him in return. Nevertheless, when commanded to "launch out into the deep and let down his nets for a draught," Father Clarke answered his ecclesiastical superior with characteristic docility, "At thy word I will let down the net." He did so, and he enclosed a very great multitude of fishes, and he beckoned to his companions that were in another boat, that they should "come and help him."

If we were asked to give the most striking characteristic of Father Clarke in his relations to his people, we would be forced to answer, "His extraordinary devotion to the children of the parochial school." The Frostburg school is Father Clarke's creation, and its success is the result of his labor. No sooner had the mantle of Fathers Schmitt and De Wulf fallen on his shoulders than Father Clarke resolved to establish a parochial school, and he immediately set to work to carry out his resolution. The school building is large, well ventilated, and admirably adapted to its purpose. It has every up-to-date accommodation in the building and furnishing.

When the plans of the school were arranged and the building well under way, Father Clarke purchased a residence, conveniently located on Main street, connected with the church property; this he renovated and enlarged into a comfortable convent for the good Sisters.

The first companions that came to help Father Clarke with his miraculous draught of fishes were the Ursuline Sisters, whose Mother House is in Louisville, Kentucky. On the kind invitation of the pastor, they opened the parochial school in September, 1891.

The next companion who came was the Rev. Dennis M. McCormick.

On account of the growth of the parish, His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, appointed, towards the beginning of 1898, as Frostburg's first assistant priest, Father McCormick. The young assistant is a Wash-

ingtonian by birth. After attending the parochial schools of his native city, he entered St. Charles' College, of Howard County, September 13, 1887; he graduated, after a very successful classical course, June, 1892. The following September he entered St. Mary's Seminary of Baltimore, where he studied philosophy and theology, and was ordained priest by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, at the Christmas ordinations, 1897. Father McCormick is an all-around, cultured and refined young gentleman, endowed with all the accomplishments required for a successful career in the priesthood. He has a rich, pleasing, baritone voice, enabling him to preach and sing well. He has made many friends during his short stay in Western Maryland, all of whom predict for him a brilliant and successful future. In 1898, His Eminence, the Cardinal, appointed Father McCormick a member of the Board of Parochial School Examiners. He has the distinction of being the youngest member of the Board.

During the administration of Father Clarke, aside from the building of the school and the purchasing and renovation of the convent, many notable improvements and repairs have been made in the church itself; among them the most striking are the new pews and the frescoing of the inside of the church.

The Dominican Fathers preached a well-attended and fruitful mission in Frostburg during the present administration.

In June, 1899, the Ursuline Sisters, whose school work was so successful and satisfactory to Father

Clarke and the congregation, were recalled by their ecclesiastical superior to take charge of growing schools in "the blue grass" valley of Kentucky. In the following September, the school Sisters of Notre Dame came to the mountains to take up the work laid down by the good Ursulines.

The best eulogy on Father Clarke's life is his work. He fearlessly launched out into the deep at the word of his ecclesiastical superior. His nets enclosed a great multitude; he has shown good judgment in selecting partners to help him in landing his prize; and the century closes with Jesus still "teaching the multitude from the ship," and St. Michael, the faithful guardian angel of the voyage.

ARTICLE VII.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, LONACONING.

Lonaconing is very appropriately named "the city in the valley." It lies in the southwestern part of the county, about half way between Westernport and Frostburg, and eighteen miles by air line from Cumberland.

The population of the city is between seven and eight thousand souls, nearly fifteen hundred of whom are Catholics. Lonaconing is the centre of the coal fields; it nestles in a picturesque glen, with two parallel mountain ridges towering one thousand feet on either side. The original name was "Lonacona," an Indian word, meaning "where many waters meet."

As early as 1725, an old log-mill, probably the first building along the George's Creek, was erected near what is now the little town of Moscow. It was swept away in 1823. Seventy-five years ago, the whole valley, from Moscow to Douglas avenue, Lonaconing, was one unbroken forest. The first white settlers were the Groves and Tottens, from New Jersey, and the Broadwaters and Duckworths, from Virginia. In November, 1810, heavy and continued rains caused the mountain streams to swell into raging rivers, which stripped the earth from the valley's side, leaving a "bare mountain of coal." The farmers mined it with

mattocks, and sent some of it to Winchester by way of Westernport. This was probably the first coal shipped from the mining regions of Western Maryland. Later, real and systematic efforts to develop the Lonaconing coal fields were made by the George's Creek Coal and Iron Company. It seems clear that there were no Catholics living in Lonaconing prior to 1835. About that time, or it may be later, a young German farmer, named Lewis Hezzel, accompanied by his wife and young family, settled in the valley. He was soon followed by Henry Knapp, another German immigrant. These two devout Catholics are rightly considered the pioneers of Catholicity in Lonaconing. As early as 1840 missionary priests began to pay occasional visits to the few scattered Catholics of this wilderness. These visits must necessarily have been few, on account of the difficulty of access to this almost unknown locality.

When we remember that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad reached Cumberland from the East only in the autumn of 1842, and that it practically rested there until 1853, we may form an idea of the hardships undergone by the pioneer priests of the George's Creek region.

Lonaconing Catholics owe much to the sons of St. Alphonsus. These saintly and zealous priests first gathered the few scattered Catholics in this valley, organized them into a congregation, and from the year 1840 to 1866, attended occasionally or regularly the mission. In those days the stage-coach was the

ordinary means of conveyance. From Cumberland to Frostburg the Rev. Fathers travelled in the stage over the old National Turnpike; from Frostburg to Lonaconing, in the saddle. We learn from the miscellaneous writings of Mr. Jacob Brown, a Cumberland lawyer, that "coach-riding was a very pleasant mode of travelling over the mountains during the summer season, but the very reverse in the winter. Think of a stage-load of men and women in the mountains, with the snow two or three feet deep, thermometer registering many degrees below zero, and no fire nearer than the next changing place. The ordinary speed was about six or seven miles an hour."

Among the most illustrious Redemptorist Fathers who visited Lonaconing during this period must be mentioned Rev. John Nepomucene Neumann. This holy priest was afterwards elevated to the episcopate, governed successfully the large and flourishing diocese of Philadelphia, from 1852 to 1860, died in the odor of sanctity; and strenuous efforts are now being made for the canonization of the venerable missionary.

Father Neumann visited Lonaconing in the year 1843. As yet the congregation had not begun to think of building a church. The people assembled to hear Mass at a private residence, known then and now as the "stone house." This very modest looking home of religion is situated in "Knapp's Meadow." The location is cheerful and picturesque. The building itself, once substantial and beautiful, now shows indications of age and dilapidation.

Towards the beginning of 1850, the Rev. Thaddeus Anwander, C. SS. R., began to visit Lonaconing. He

The Old Stone House.

is remembered by a few senior members of the congregation as "a priest both cross and cranky, but self-sacrificing in the performance of his priestly duties." He was a very young priest when he came

to Lonaconing. He died November 1, 1893, at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Baltimore. Towards the end of his life Father Anwander became almost blind; nevertheless, he remained faithful to his duties as confessor almost to his last breath. On the eve of All Saints he remained in the confessional up to a very late hour. Worn out with the day's labors, he retired to rest; and when the Brother went to call him in the morning, he discovered that the good old priest had passed into the serenity of that cloudless life wherein dwells eternal peace.

The next priest who administered to the spiritual wants of the congregation is Rev. A. Van de Braak, C. SS. R. This holy priest, who seems to have been an exceedingly zealous and scholarly gentleman, was deputed by Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, to visit the George's Creek mining region and "report the condition of the Catholic settlers." He made a protracted visit to Lonaconing, examining the situation thoroughly. He made a house to house visitation among the Catholics, taught catechism and administered the Sacraments. Father Van de Braak found hundreds of souls needing careful attention. The result of his visitation was the determination on his part and the part of the congregation to build a church, the "location to be such that all the coal miners might, without too much inconvenience, attend it." The church records give the names of seventeen infants and six adults baptized by Father Van de Braak.

Towards the beginning of 1855, Father Brandstatter, C. SS. R., a priest of Sts. Peter and Paul's Church, Cumberland, began to visit regularly the George's Creek mining region. According to the church record, he baptized five infants and two adults. There is only one person in the parish who remembers Father Brandstatter, and all the information obtainable from him is "that he was very fond of talking to children; all the children liked him." Nearly two generations have passed away since his time in Lonaconing, and with these generations passed away every picture of his personality. Some of the oldest members of Sts. Peter and Paul's parish, Cumberland, still kindly remember him, and speak of "Father Brandstatter as a priest very highly gifted, intellectually and morally."

It is worthy of note that at this time the little congregation was almost exclusively German. The Rosary was recited in the German language, and instructions were given by the priests in the same tongue.

During the year 1858 ten baptisms are recorded by Fathers Hergenraether and Joeckel, the latter of whom, in a note written on the margin of the baptismal register, states that probably the other baptisms are recorded elsewhere, but adds, "*An sit alius catalogus baptizatorum, nescio.*"

During all these years the sick calls were very faithfully attended by the Rev. Redemptorist Fathers of Cumberland, and the pioneers of the parish, when in a reminiscent mood, give very edifying narratives of the many hardships willingly undergone by the

saintly sons of St. Alphonsus in their efforts to reach the sick and the dying. It seems clear, from the traditions among the people, that very few Catholics died without the consolations of religion.

About this time, Father Michael Slattery, of Frostburg, began to pay occasional visits to Lonaconing. The little congregation had begun to lose its German character; ten or twelve Irish families had immigrated to the valley to work at the blast furnace, and others were employed in mining coal.

Father Slattery did not celebrate Mass at the "stone house," but chose instead the residence of some Irish family in the town. Father Brown, and also Father Carney, of Mt. Savage, paid an occasional visit to the parish. The home of Mr. John Ryan began to be the abode of the visiting priest, and his front parlor became the parish chapel

In 1859, the foundation was laid for St. Mary's Church. Dr. Atkinson, the superintendent of the George's Creek Coal Company, was very active in assisting the visiting clergymen in the erection of the church.

To Dr. Atkinson attaches all the blame of the church's location. The lot was donated by the George's Creek Coal Company. Three sites were suggested, any one of which would have been far more convenient to the congregation than the one chosen.

After the foundation of the church had been laid, the parish was in the anomalous position of enjoying two sets of pastors, the Redemptorist Fathers con-

tinued to say Mass at the "stone house," and the diocesan priests occasionally paid a visit and celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in Lonaconing proper.

During the years 1860 and 1861, the parish was attended by Rev. J. F. Bradley, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. According to tradition, he was familiarly known among the people by the irreverent sobriquet, "the Irish Dutchman." This nickname had its reason in the fact that he was the only Redemptorist visiting Lonaconing who was not German, and the Rev. Fathers of Sts. Peter and Paul's monastery of Cumberland have always been known through Western Maryland as the "German Fathers."

Father Bradley was a fair type of the Irish priest of a quarter of a century ago—zealous, active, in earnest almost to pugnacity. He was a member of the Church militant in more ways than one. He followed literally the advice of St. Paul to Timothy, "Reprove, entreat, rebuke." A favorite expression of his in preaching was: "Good God! I don't know what's going to become of you people!"

Father Bradley preached the first panegyric delivered in Lonaconing on St. Patrick, apostle of Ireland. Tradition says that he was a "powerful preacher." The church records of his time give the names of seven adults baptized and twenty-six infants. Father Bradley was drowned near Annapolis, July 9, 1866.

The year 1862 finds Rev. Bernard Arant, C. SS. R., in charge of the Lonaconing congregation. From

Father Arant's notes we obtain the very interesting information that the Most Rev. Archbishop Eccleston piously desired to dedicate Western Maryland to the Archangels. The church of Lonaconing was to be known as St. Raphael's Church; Frostburg, St. Michael's Church, and Barton, St. Gabriel's Church. This seems to have been also the wish of the good Redemptorist Fathers. Concerning the time and circumstances during which the name of the parish was changed from St. Raphael's to St. Mary's of the Annunciation, we are totally in darkness, and have not yet been able to gather any information.

Father Arant's notes further inform us that during his pastorate in the mining regions money was plentiful and everyone was at work. As a consequence of their prosperity, the congregation became more and more dissatisfied with the inconveniences of attending Mass at the "stone house." They began to clamor for the immediate completion of the church. Committees were appointed to hurry the work; collectors were selected to solicit donations; enthusiasm ran high.

For the sake of clearness, we must here interrupt our narrative to explain the cause of the above-mentioned prosperity. It had long been known that the mountains along the George's Creek were underlaid with rich seams of bituminous coal; there remained, however, much uncertainty concerning both the area of the coal lands and the width of the seams; even after the "big veins" had been discovered, there was much doubt in the minds of many

as to their extent and usefulness. The first opening was made at Old Lonaconing, in connection with a blast furnace, about 1840. Above the arch of the old, dilapidated furnace there still remains a stone, inscribed, "G. C. C. and I. Co., No. 1, 1837." From this we infer that, in 1837, the building of the furnace was begun, but the mine was not opened until nearly three years later. We learn, from Brown's miscellaneous writings, that it is only a little over a hundred years since "stone coal" was first discovered in this county. Its first use was to supersede charcoal. Up to this time charcoal had been used entirely by blacksmiths, and was expensive, though it served its purpose well. It is still used in small and delicate works, where a high degree of heat is required.

Even after the discovery of "big vein" coal, and after the most skeptical had been convinced of the enormous quantities of it lying hid in the George's Creek Valley, the people asked one another, "What is the use of it?" There was little or no demand for the new commodity. When it had been clearly demonstrated that coal was useful for smelting iron ore, still no one for a moment supposed that it was capable of being used for fuel. It was the prevalent opinion that coal could not be burnt without a strong draft of cold air produced by artificial means. No doubt many experiments were made before it was applied to heating purposes. The next obstacle, which seemed almost insurmountable, was the total lack of means of transportation. At that time there was not

one foot of railroad in existence in this section of the State; the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad did not even exist on paper. In 1853, the first railroad was opened for traffic between Lonaconing and Piedmont. This road was built by the George's Creek Coal and Iron Company; it was purchased by the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Company in 1863. Some years later, the "George's Creek," commonly called the "new road," was constructed between Lonaconing and Cumberland.

From these remarks we see that the slow growth of the parish need not surprise us. With time, bituminous coal, the great commodity of the George's Creek valley, was demanded, railroads were constructed, the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal was open, inviting traffic, and Lonaconing began to grow. The growth was due solely to immigration. Of the immigrants, the majority were Irish, and still very few of them were directly from Ireland. The Irish people, as a class, are not coal miners, and, accordingly, it is somewhat surprising to find so many of them "digging coal" in this valley. Our surprise ceases, however, when we discover that the Irish miners who cast their lot in Lonaconing—or, at any rate, the vast majority of them—had previously been employed as coal miners in Nova Scotia, Scotland or England; hence, St. Mary's congregation, though practically an Irish congregation, can boast of very few members direct from "sweet Erin." With these explanations, we take up again the thread of our narrative.

Towards the end of 1862, the Catholics of Lonaconing were sufficiently numerous and prosperous to go on with the work of their church. The Rev. Father Eberhardt, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, assumed the responsibility of erecting it. Father Eberhardt was a man of energy, full of zeal, and as enthusiastic as his young congregation. Money came in plentifully, the walls were well under way, and "all went merry as a marriage bell," when the war clouds, which were hovering dark and gloomy over the land, were drawing strangely near to Lonaconing. Martial music filled the air. "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! the Boys Are Marching!" made its echoes heard in every home. Colonel Mulligan's men were encamped at New Creek, now Keyser.

The war fire burned fiercely in Lonaconing. When the news arrived that the Massachusetts troops, while passing through Baltimore, had been attacked, Dr. G. Ellis Porter, one of Lonaconing's most respected citizens, mounted a store-box, and spoke warmly to an immense throng of citizens, urging them to take up arms in defense of the "Stars and Stripes." Before two days a company was formed, with Dr. Porter as captain. While the war spirit raged, zeal for the new church languished.

July 8, 1863, Archbishop Kenrick died; and tradition tells us that "Father Eberhardt deemed it advisable to await the appointment of the new Archbishop of Baltimore before going on with the work." We can understand readily the wisdom of Father Eberhardt in

"hastening slowly." He was a Redemptorist, and the Redemptorists were contemplating the removal of their "house of studies" from Cumberland to Ilchester. Archbishop Spalding, successor to Dr. Kenrick, was not appointed until May, 1864. In the meantime the walls stood unfinished, and the congregation experienced that "hope deferred which maketh the heart sad."

Whilst awaiting the coming of Archbishop Spalding to Baltimore, let us take a glance at Father Eberhardt. One who knew him well says: "If Father Eberhardt had any faults, none but God could find them. As a son of St. Alphonsus, he was naturally a benign confessor; as a judge, just; as a father, affectionate." He preached a great deal, though his discourses always took the form of simple instructions. He was fond of music, vocal and instrumental, and in order that hymns might be sung during Mass, he frequently brought seminarians and Redemptorist Brothers with him to Lonaconing. Father Eberhardt distributed much healthy literature among the people. We occasionally find a copy of *Milner's End of Controversy* or a prayer-book in which his name is inscribed. These were precious gifts in those days, as there was not a single newspaper received, and very few books possessed by the people. We find the name of Francis Eberhardt after sixty-three baptisms in the register. He died June 27, 1888, in Philadelphia.

Of the pioneers who gave their time and energy to the affairs of the parish in its infancy, all have been summoned home by the angel of death. For many

years summer suns have brightened their graves, and winter snows have made them glitter through the various cemeteries of the George's Creek Valley. Amid the charms that nature loves to lend to mountain scenery, they rest in peace; whilst from those who survive, as a mark of gratitude for benefits received, continually ascend to the throne of mercy, in their behalf, the pious prayers of the Church: "Eternal rest grant to them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them."

During these years Mass was celebrated at the residence of Mr. August Ricker, in Lonaconing. It may be an item of interest to the congregation to know that the old candlesticks used by the venerable Bishop Neumann when he celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at the old "stone house," are still in the possession of the Ricker family, and are very highly prized as souvenirs of the early days of Catholicity in the wilderness.

Archbishop Martin John Spalding took possession of the archiepiscopal See of Baltimore on July 31, 1864. He immediately began the visitation of his diocese. He visited Western Maryland probably in October, 1865. He confirmed a small number of adults and "a whole swarm of children." In his address, he spoke of the jubilee, then granted by Pope Pius IX, and explained the conditions required to gain the indulgences. He urged the people to take advantage of the spiritual treasures thrown open to them. The Rev. Joseph Weist, C. SS. R., accompanied

His Grace, the Archbishop, to Lonaconing. It has been said that Father Weist, at the suggestion of Archbishop Spalding, undertook to finish the church. The Redemptorist Fathers deny this. They say that he was too diffident a man to undertake such a work; that, in fact, he neither planned nor erected a building of any kind in his whole priesthood.

The work had been begun under the supervision of Father Kraus; it was taken up in 1865 by Rev. Nicholas Joeckel. During the summer the stone was cut and hauled, and the church walls—magnificent at least in the estimation of Lonaconing Catholics—began to mount upward. Brown sandstone, of a remarkable degree of hardness, was chosen for the walls; the blocks were carefully cut and cemented. Father Joeckel, it would seem, was the principal architect, and "he aimed at building strong." The walls are about three feet in thickness, and the impression produced is pleasing. The architecture is what is known as "Romanesque." Father Joeckel, in his first plan, intended an arched ceiling and heavy stone steeple. The cruciform, which the church has at present, was not contemplated in the original design. This became a necessity when the congregation increased; the wings were constructed, and the original plan, to some extent, was marred.

While Father Joeckel attended to the building of the church, Father Weist attended to the spirituality of the congregation. He visited Lonaconing about one year and a half. He baptized forty-seven infants

and eleven adults. Those who remember him describe him "as small in stature, though not so short as his predecessor, Father Eberhardt." He was gentle almost to bashfulness, very kind and devoted to the poor

Gladly we hail the next great name to our humble page. No hand can consider itself anything but honored that inscribes his name. He was truly a great man. His glory, shining with the brightness of a magnificent luminary, will serve to light the history of the American Church for ages. William H. Gross!

> "Heaven-like, he looked as human,
> As supernal beauty can;
> More compassionate than woman,
> Lordly, more than man."

Father Gross came to Lonaconing as a priest shortly before Christmas of the year 1865. He did not come as a stranger, however. Long before his ordination to the priesthood, as a Redemptorist student of Cumberland, his bright, sunshiny character was known to nearly all the Catholics of the mining region. He had often visited Lonaconing with Father Eberhardt and Father Weist, and his coming was as the "coming of the flowers of May." "None knew him but to love him, none named him but to praise." His disposition was one of peculiar joyousness. We may, in all truthfulness, say that it was like sweet bells, which ring out sweet music, and which, when touched even accidentally, resound sweetly.

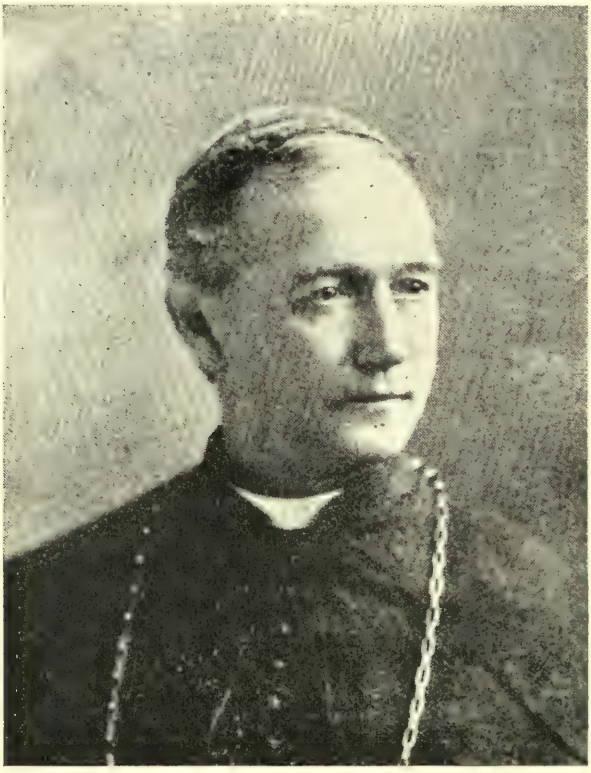
Father Gross took charge of St. Mary's parish about the middle of December, 1865. He began by hurrying on the work of the church building. He was anxious to have Mass in the new church on Christmas. He called the young and old of the parish; early and late they worked. The doors were not yet swung on the hinges; this, however, could not dampen the zeal of young Father Gross. He opened a mission one week before Christmas. The congregation assembled to work until the hour for devotions, then Father Gross would preach and teach catechism. "On Christmas, 1865, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the first time in St. Mary's Church, Lonaconing, Md., the Rev. Wm. H. Gross, C. SS. R., celebrant."

In order to keep out the draughts, quilts, blankets and sheets were carefully hung in place of a door and windows; and "even with all these precautions, the candles went out at the altar." The church was not yet plastered; "there were no pews, and only two candlesticks and a crucifix at the altar."

Father Gross attended Lonaconing for nearly six months. He baptized twenty-three infants and three adults.

After leaving here he was attached to St. Alphonsus' Church, in New York City, for five years; from there he became Superior of the Redemptorist Church of Boston, Mass In 1873, he was elected to the See of Savannah, Georgia, and was consecrated bishop April 27 of the same year. He labored earnestly among

the colored people of the South. He went through two epidemics of yellow fever, contracted the fever himself, and was twice at the point of death.



MOST REV. WILLIAM H, GROSS, D. D.

He was an uncompromising advocate of Catholic education for Catholic children, and made heroic sacrifices to establish schools in his diocese. February 1, 1885, His Holiness, Leo XIII, elevated Bishop Gross to the archiepiscopal See of Oregon. He died in Baltimore less than three years ago, aged sixty-two years.

Archbishop Gross was born in Baltimore. On his father's side, he was descended from an Alsatian family; on his mother's side, he was of Irish descent. We may, with propriety, apply to this great high-priest the words of the Holy Spirit in Ecclesiasticus: "Simon, the high-priest, the son of Onias, who, in his life, propped up the house, and in his day fortified the temple. He shone in his day as the morning star in the midst of a cloud; and as the sun when it shineth, so did he shine in the temple of God."

It will be pleasing to the people of Lonaconing to know that Archbishop Gross, up to the time of his death, remembered the coal miners with a most affectionate interest. He always spoke of his visits to the mountains as the sweetest recollections of his priesthood. A few weeks before his death, when visited at the hospital by a priest, Archbishop Gross spoke of his long walks in Allegany County, inquired about the people, and as his beautiful countenance was lighted with a smile at thoughts of days gone by, he exclaimed:

"Oh for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring;
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
Than reign a gray-haired king."

William H. Gross was a true soldier of Christ crucified; a true son of St. Alphonsus; in personal bearing, a knight of the knightliest mould; a prince

of gentlemen. "And to add greater honor to his age than man could give him, he died fearing God."

Now, a word about the "great number of students" who visited Lonaconing in those halcyon days. At that time, the monastery of Cumberland, occupied by the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, was also "the house of studies" for the seminarians who were preparing themselves for ordination to the holy priesthood. The students of philosophy and theology, as a general rule, took one holiday a week, and, when the weather permitted it, they "went on a long walk." In all colleges, one of the most agreeable pastimes that recreation affords is "the walk." This exercise is doubly fascinating and instructive, amid rural scenery, flowery gardens, fields waving with ripened harvest, towering forests, murmuring brooks, skirting the dusty turnpike.

Everyone in Lonaconing knows where "Dan's Rock" is situated. From the monastery to "Dan's Rock" was a favorite walk for all. Nothing can surpass the grandeur of that enchanting scene. Broad, deep and full rolls the valley beneath; far away, one grand spectacle after another looms up in the distance. Onward and onward the eye can range; rugged cliffs, ragged rocks, sloping hills, green, smooth lowlands, forming one gorgeous panorama, strike the vision. Frostburg on the one side in the blue distance; Cumberland can be seen, dim and hazy, far off in another direction. Overhead lovingly arches the heavens, banked with crimson clouds, of such varied

hues as only a Divine Hand could paint; while down, away down below, the Potomac River shines like a winding thread of glittering silver, glistening through the black volume of smoke from a slow-puffing freight train; or the hills tremble, rattle, echo and re-echo, as the majestic sweep of Pullman coaches dash with cannon-ball speed along the smooth railroad below.

This rock, though inaccessible from the front, is easily approached from the sides, and on the top is formed a level, rugged plat, covered with moss, rude inscriptions and shrubbery. Here the students would rest and sing:

"Sweet Jesus, low before Thee,
We bend in fear and love;
Oh, grant we may adore Thee
In Thy bright realms above!"

or they might give expression to their filial devotion in the majestic strains of the "*Salve, Regina!*"

From "Dan's Rock" the more robust would wander on down through "Paradise" to the "stone house." Often they remained for days around Lonaconing; this, however, would occur only in vacation time.

There are men who imagine that the religious mind dwells in a continual cloud of moroseness and melancholy; nothing could be farther from the truth. Parish traditions tell us that a company of happier faces than those Redemptorist students were never brought together.

Here ends the history of the good Redemptorist Fathers in Lonaconing. They did their work well. Nearly all of the pioneer priests are now numbered with the dead, but their memory lives and their work lives; and in the name of the parish so well organized by their labors; in the name of the little ones kindly instructed; in the name of the sorrowful consoled; in the name of the souls saved through their self-sacrificing zeal, we "waft to them in heaven our soul's tribute of respect and admiration."

Father Lewis Morgan attended Lonaconing as a mission of Frostburg until 1868, when he turned over the parish to the Rev. Carmelite Fathers of the Cumberland monastery. The two years of the Carmelite Fathers' administration were without any noticeable incidents. The best-remembered priests of this Order, who administered to the spiritual wants of the Lonaconing people, were Father Philipp and Father Thomas Mahar. During the Carmelite administration the church was plastered, the pews were made and put in position, with sundry minor improvements.

Father Philipp was a devotee of the natural sciences. He loved flowers, and found much pleasure in wandering over the mountains in quest of rare specimens. He would travel, we are told, for hours alone, going at times as far as the Savage River, pursuing his botanical studies. During his visits he made a complete catalogue of the names and a very valuable collection of specimens of the various flora in Western Maryland; he gave some attention, at the same time,

to ornithology, or bird study. Nothing is more astonishing to those who have not studied the subject than the great variety of birds that visit at different seasons the mountains of Western Maryland. It seems that that noisy, fussy pest, the English sparrow, is fast driving our birds away. Father Philipp was also a geologist, and studied diligently the strata of the earth in and around Lonaconing. Mining regions are the geologists' paradise on account of the opportunities afforded for collecting "coal fossils." Coal, according to geology, is the result of partial decomposition of plants which covered the earth during a geological period of immense duration. In coal mines it is not unusual to find fossilized plants, ferns, trees even, imbedded in the coal banks. Besides being a scientist of some reputation, Father Philipp was an excellent priest, and his memory is still held in esteem by many Lonaconing Catholics.

Father Thomas Mahar, the other Carmelite priest who attended Lonaconing, was bright, witty, an excellent preacher, and very popular with the congregation. He visited Lonaconing only a few months; his memory is held in benediction among the people. The Carmelite Fathers baptized fifty-four children.

Towards the beginning of 1869, we find the names of a great number of diocesan clergymen in the church records. Among others, Very Rev. Edward Brennan, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Cumberland; Rev. Valentine F. Schmitt, at that time pastor of St. Michael's Church, Frostburg, now pastor of St. Joseph's flourish-

ing congregation, Washington, D. C. Father Schmitt baptized thirteen infants.

Lonaconing was also honored at this time by the poetic genius, Father James P. Carey, who baptized eleven infants.

Rev. Father D. C. De Wulf had the Lonaconing parish in his charge during four months—from May to the end of August of this year. Father De Wulf is one of the best known and most highly respected priests of the archdiocese of Baltimore. He is now one of the old priests, but time has treated him so kindly that he still has all the vigor and zeal of a young man. Father De Wulf is at present pastor of St. Bernard's Church, Baltimore.

From September, 1869, to December, 1870, the Rev. Jeremiah O'Sullivan had charge of the parish. As we wish to speak at length of this great man in connection with his work at Westernport, we shall here simply remark that Father O'Sullivan erected the priests' house and school building during his brief administration. He baptized thirty-five infants at Lonaconing. It is not necessary to state that he was respected and loved by all classes of people. He was consecrated Bishop of Mobile, Alabama, September 20, 1885, and died August 10, 1896.

Turn we now from Rt. Rev. J. O'Sullivan, the most venerated of Lonaconing's dead pastors, to Rev. James M. O'Brien, the most beloved of her living ones.

For thirteen years Father O'Brien remained pastor of Lonaconing. We occasionally hear the remark

that thirteen is an unlucky number; not the slightest shadow of that foolish superstition can find a place in the minds of Lonaconing Catholics when they call to memory the thirteen lucky years of Father O'Brien's

Rev. James M. O'Brien.

benign administration. We may, with propriety, apply to this excellent priest the words of St Paul to the Corinthians, "If you have ten thousand teachers in Christ, yet not many fathers." During his very successful pastorate, Father O'Brien enlarged the church

by the addition of "the wings;" he built also the tower and purchased the church-bell. We learn from the church records that he administered nearly one thousand baptisms and solemnized more than two hundred marriages. For several years he attended Barton as a mission of Lonaconing.

Father O'Brien had organized a school in Lonaconing, along lines very original in its way. It was undertaken as an experiment, and worked excellently for its time. His school system might properly be called a "middle way" between the public and parochial schools. The parish school-house was rented to the Public School Board; Catholic teachers taught in the school, received their salary through the Public School Board, and the priest was granted the right to teach catechism after school hours. The school was remarkably successful, and its success was in a great manner due to the untiring zeal of Father O'Brien and the sleepless energy of Mr. Dennis O'Sullivan. It graduated a number of pupils, who have since earned enviable reputations as public school teachers. Mr. O'Sullivan was a born pedagogue;

> "And if severe in aught,
> The love he bore to learning was in fault."

In those days the parish began to enjoy an excellent collection of literature, known as the "Parish Library." It consisted of historical works, books of fiction, in prose and poetry, and especially religious works of instruction and piety.

During this period the parish enjoyed a constant, healthy growth. As a pastor, Father O'Brien was active, zealous, devoted to his people; he enjoyed a high degree of popularity, deserved, and to the end sustained.

Rev. James M. O'Brien entered St. Charles' College from Washington County, Maryland, April 3, 1861. After finishing a thorough course of classical studies, he graduated in June, 1866. He at once entered St. Mary's Seminary, where he was ordained priest by Rt. Rev. Dr. Foley, Bishop of Chicago, in 1870. Lonaconing was Father O'Brien's first pastorate; after leaving here he was pastor of the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas of Baltimore. He is now pastor of St. Peter's Church, on Capitol Hill, Washington City. He is still a comparatively young man, strong, earnest, successful. His priesthood has been fruitful in good works in the past, and the future has probably awaiting him even higher honors.

Early in 1884, we find Rev. Peter M. Manning in charge of St. Mary's parish. Father Manning visited Lonaconing occasionally, from Barton, before he assumed charge of the congregation. He came here a young priest; he had been ordained about six years; had served as assistant at St. Joseph's Church, Baltimore, and afterwards as pastor of St. Gabriel's Church, Barton. Father Manning came filled with zeal and enthusiastic earnestness. He moved quietly and prudently, until he fully realized the strength and weakness of his parish. He saw that Lonaconing was a

growing parish, that the school system in vogue, though good, was not the best, and he immediately, and very wisely, resolved on a parochial school. At once he began the new convent.

Rev. Peter M. Manning.

In order that we may accurately estimate Father Manning's character and work, we must call to mind certain circumstances in which he found himself. The parochial school movement was not deemed opportune by many members of the congregation; they did not see the necessity of the new departure. "The old," they argued, "was good enough for them." It re-

quired much determination on the part of the young pastor to overcome the opposition; he overcame it, however, and in the struggle proved himself a man of remarkable strength of character. A contract was signed between Rev. P. M. Manning and Mother Mary John, Superioress of the Sisters of St. Joseph, of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, and in accordance with the stipulated conditions, five Sisters of St. Joseph came to Lonaconing and opened a parochial school in the autumn of 1885. The convent was solemnly blessed in October of that memorable year by our own Bishop O'Sullivan; this was his first solemn pontifical ceremony after his consecration. Bishop O'Sullivan preached the sermon on the occasion, and, among other profound truths, he asserted "that he considered no parish complete without a parish school." It was a great consolation to the heart of the holy bishop to see that the school was intrusted to the care of the good Sisters of St. Joseph, whose excellent work had for ten years been speaking their ability from the neighboring school of Westernport. The Rt. Rev. Doctor might have remembered, too, that it was at his own invitation the good Sisters of St. Joseph first visited the green hills of Western Maryland. The school was a success from the very beginning.

Father Manning next purchased a cemetery. The parish had been in existence over forty years, and none of the numerous pastors had purchased a cemetery. The people had spent thousands of dollars in chartering trains to bury their dead in Cumberland, Frost-

burg and Westernport. Add to these inconveniences the still greater pain of being so far separated from their "dear dead." The congregation wanted a graveyard. Accordingly, on December 16, 1889, "the president of the George's Creek Coal and Iron Company made a fee-simple deed to His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons, of all that parcel of land, known as St. Mary's Cemetery, upon condition that the same should be used for a cemetery or burial place for dead."

During the administration of Father Manning the church was beautifully and artistically frescoed. This was an excellent piece of workmanship, very creditable, both to the pastor who conceived the idea and the artist who executed it. Father Manning is at present pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Baltimore.

The century closes with Rev. Thomas J. Stanton in charge of St. Mary's congregation. The present pastor was appointed by His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, September 1, 1892; he took charge September 13, following. The fourth centennial of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus was fittingly observed by the congregation in October of that year.

In September, 1894, Lonaconing was honored by a visit from His Eminence, the Cardinal, who administered Confirmation to one hundred and sixty children and a small number of adults. On this occasion the congregation received His Eminence with a torchlight procession, in which all the societies of the

parish participated, accompanied by two bands of music. His Eminence addressed the assembly in words of congratulation, and thanked the congregation and the societies for the reception kindly tendered.

An event of more than ordinary magnitude, during this same month of September, was the ordination of Lonaconing's first priest, in the worthy person of Rev. Michael Augustine Ryan. Father Ryan was born and grew up in Lonaconing. Everyone knew him, everyone was interested in him, and, as a natural consequence, all were delighted when they learned of his elevation to the exalted dignity of the priesthood.

On Sunday, September 30, Father Ryan sang his first Solemn High Mass in St. Mary's Church. Never did the sun seem clothed with such brightness, never did nature present such charms, and never did a young priestly heart beat more quickly or joyously than on that day. The morning of a first Mass! Morning hoped from afar, and wished with all the vehemence of youthful yearning. The message of gladness which thou didst bring had depths which we cannot fathom, heights which we cannot touch, beauties beyond the reach of words, and glories beyond the power of loftiest thought. The joyousness of that occasion was a fitting prelude to the after life of the young priest—a priesthood filled with good works. Father Ryan was first appointed to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Washington. At the National Capital he was quite successful. He is now stationed at St. Patrick's Church, Baltimore, and success con-

tinues to crown his labors. His Lonaconing friends will always follow him with affectionate interest, and wish him "*Ad multos annos.*"

Three missions have been preached during the administration of the present pastor. The first was

Rev. Michael Augustine Ryan.

successfully conducted as a paschal retreat by the Rev. George A. Fargis, of the Society of Jesus. The second mission differed from the ordinary routine of general missions. It was conducted by the Rt. Rev. P. J. Donahue, Bishop of Wheeling, assisted by Rev. James F. Nolan, of Baltimore, and Rev. Robt. E. O'Kane, of

Wheeling. This mission was a great success. It stirred to fervor many who had grown lukewarm, and awakened to new spiritual life many who had fallen away.

May 15, 1898, the diocesan missionaries, set apart for special mission work, opened a two weeks' mission in Lonaconing and Midland. Mission devotions were conducted by Revs. C. W. Currier and Thomas S. Dolan. Their preaching was productive of much and lasting spiritual fruit.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Curtis, D. D., paid an official visit to Lonaconing, and confirmed one hundred and sixty-seven candidates for Confirmation, September, 1897.

Many important improvements have been made on the church property during the present administration.

ARTICLE VIII.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, WESTERNPORT.

It is enough to view the magnificent brick church, convent and pastoral residence at Westernport to be convinced that here is a flourishing congregation. The parish is composed of what is familiarly known as the "twin towns of Westernport and Piedmont." The two towns form, in reality, one little city, compactly and substantially built on both sides of the Potomac River. The temporal prosperity of this parish is principally dependent on coal mines, three railroads and a comparatively new industry, the pulp and paper mills. This latter industry supplies work for five hundred employees, and blesses the neighborhood with an annual pay-roll of nearly a half million dollars.

The first settler in Westernport was probably Peter Devecmon. Subsequently, James Morrison owned nearly all the land and laid out the town at the beginning of the century. It is certain that Westernport was a struggling hamlet before the Revolution, and that Washington at one time established his headquarters there. In early times, Westernport was of some importance on account of its location on the old thoroughfare between Winchester, Va., and Morgantown, Pa. There were about thirty houses in Western-

port before the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was built, but Piedmont was an open field without a single building.

Although at present a flourishing congregation, Westernport is, nevertheless, one of the young congregations of Allegany County. Fifty years ago, Patrick McGuire and Andrew Mullen were the only Catholics residing within the limits of the present parish. Towards the beginning of the year 1849, the first Mass celebrated in this section was said in Bloomington, at the home of Patrick McGuire, by Father O'Connor, a visiting Redemptorist priest. A few months later, Father Cronenberg, also a Redemptorist, paid a visit to Bloomington and offered up the Holy Sacrifice. We are indebted for the early history of Westernport to Mr. Andrew Mullen, of Bloomington, whose life has been closely connected with the parish from its very beginning to the present time. About the year 1850, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was extended westward as far as Bloomington. A number of Catholic young men, the majority of whom were Irish, were employed in grading the road-bed and laying the tracks. The work was fraught with danger; many lives were lost from the blasting of rocks, landslides, and the caving in of cuts and tunnels.

Father Michael Slattery, of Frostburg, began to visit this section to attend the sick calls. It is certain that Father Slattery's first visit to this parish was in response to a call to prepare for death a young work-

man who was crushed by a cave-in in Everett's tunnel on the now famous seventeen-mile grade. On this occasion the good priest came from Frostburg, carrying the Blessed Sacrament, and administered the last rites of the Church to the dying man. Father Slattery's coming was greeted "as an angel's visit" by the poor men, and, in 1854, they arranged to purchase from Hamill & Combs an old ramshackle shanty which had been used as a wareroom. This they remodeled and embellished as well as the circumstances permitted. They constructed a rude altar, and here Father Slattery offered up, once a month, "the pure Host, the holy Host, the immaculate Host, the bread of eternal life and the chalice of everlasting salvation." The congregation grew rapidly, and the young pastor was soon obliged to enlarge his little church, which was known as "Father Slattery's Cathedral." This church stood on the upper side of the railroad, where now stands a dark, dingy-looking, old brick building.

With the opening of the coal mines the Piedmont Valley became more thickly populated, and Father Slattery saw that it would be convenient for the congregation to have the church more centrally located. He therefore purchased a piece of ground on the Maryland side of the Potomac River, and erected, in the year 1857, the first Westernport church—a large, frame structure, which was later converted into the present school building.

Father Slattery was a kind, courteous, energetic priest—a tall, wiry man, of strong physique. As he

grew older, his hard work so visibly manifested itself that his naturally rugged countenance assumed something of a battered-up appearance. He was of an athletic turn, a good walker, a splendid horseman,

Rev. Michael Slattery.

appearing at his best on horseback. Success seems to have followed him in whatever channel he chose to direct his energies. He was a man of unruffled temperament at all times, and of cheery friendliness. No matter how overwhelmed he was with work, no

matter how fatigued he was after a cold ride, fasting, from Frostburg to Westernport, he was always ready to listen to the humblest child of his flock. In 1862, he was transferred to Baltimore to take charge of St. Joseph's Church, where he died in 1866.

"Soldier, rest, thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking."

After Father Slattery's departure, Westernport was left for a short time without a regular priest. During the interval the people went where they could to hear Mass; many of them walked from Bloomington and Westernport to the "old stone house," at "Knapp's Meadow," to assist at the Holy Sacrifice.

The next priest who attended the mission was the Rev. Charles O'Reilly. He was pastor towards the beginning of war times, and, if we can believe reports, he was a warlike man. He was very unlike his predecessor. Father Slattery was noticeably of an unruffled temper; Father O'Reilly was noticeably the very opposite. He was a fighter, in the literal sense. It is true that he had sufficient reason, at times, to act roughly; but, at other times, his best friends are willing to admit that he seemed to fight for the sake of fighting, and to scold for the sake of scolding.

One of Father O'Reilly's favorite amusements was the drawing of caricatures. He was an expert with pen or pencil, and, with a few well-drawn lines, he

was always sure of making his real or imaginary enemies tremble. One of his sketches is well remembered. A few fault-finders of the congregation complained about his manner of governing the parish, especially objecting to his never-failing tendency to scold. The Rev. Father opened his note-book and began sketching. When his visitors were through with their complaints, he smiled blandly and held out before them his caricature. He had drawn himself—a solemn, bearded, bald infant, in long clothes, tied in an arm-chair in the sanctuary, surrounded by a host of his congregation, armed with feeding-bottles, all insisting on feeding the infant in a different way. It is said that the caricature was so exact that certain members of his parish could be readily recognized at a glance. He wrote, under his picture, "No wonder the baby screams."

Father O'Reilly is remembered with a kind of vague wonder and reluctant admiration. There is no doubt that he was a man of some ability. He had the gift of speech, the power of saying clever things, and he used his power sometimes with bitter sting. Shakespeare makes one of his characters remark, "Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues we write in water." As to whether the assertion, in all of its broadness, be true or not, may be questioned; but this much is certain, that the few cutting, clever remarks made by Father O'Reilly forty years ago are well remembered to-day, while the thousands of words of kindness which he uttered are forgotten, and it re-

mains a debatable question whether a witty man can ever be a kind man.

After the pastorate of Father O'Reilly, the Redemptorist priests of Cumberland attended Westernport for a short time. Among the best remembered priests of this Order must be mentioned Father Albert Francis Eberhardt. During his administration, a parochial school, under charge of a lay teacher, was established at Westernport; this was about the year 1864. Father Eberhardt was very short in stature, gentle in manner, and very much beloved by the people.

In September of this same year, a mission was preached by the Redemptorist Fathers, Wirth, Henning and Kriess. The mission was considered a great success; many who had fallen into lukewarmness in their religious life were aroused from their tepidity, and a number of non-Catholics were instructed and received into the Church.

Immediately after this mission, the parish, fortunately, fell into the hands of that sweet character, Father Wm. H. Gross, who attended Westernport until the Redemptorist Fathers abandoned the monastery of Cumberland in 1866. He was rightly looked upon as one of the ablest members of the Redemptorist Congregation; his subsequent life proved that these hopes were well founded. He died as Archbishop of Oregon nearly two years ago.

When Father Gross was in Westernport he gave a lecture on the "Relation of the Church to the

American Republic." There was much of the Know-Nothing spirit existing then among non-Catholics. Father Gross knew this, and wished to put the Church in the most favorable light before his fellow-citizens. When he came forth to lecture, he realized that, though in the camp of his friends, he was in the presence of some enemies. A number of cold, unfriendly eyes glanced upwards to the young speaker. His exordium was abrupt: "I am no tramp in America. My fathers helped to place the American flag in the heavens, and my Church has ever been faithful in keeping it there!" From that time Father Gross was a hero among his Westernport people, and a true, unstained hero he remained unto the end.

Father Weist, another Redemptorist, is also very kindly remembered.

After the Redemptorists, the Carmelite Fathers attended Westernport for a short time. The best-remembered Carmelites are Father Theodore, Father Lewis, Father Thomas and Father Philipp. Father Theodore was known in the world as Ignatius McDonald; when he became a Carmelite priest he was given the name of Theodore as his name in religion. He is remembered as a very handsome young priest, almost as magnetic as Father Gross. He preached well and was much admired by all classes. He is still living, located at Englewood, New York, and he still manifests all the charm of manner which characterized him in Westernport so long ago. Time has

treated him kindly, and he is still far from being an old man.

During the summer of 1868, Archbishop Martin John Spalding made his second visitation to Western Maryland. He determined to place all the parishes under charge of the diocesan clergy. As a consequence of this determination, he appointed to the pastorate of Westernport the Rev. Desiderius C. De Wulf; the appointment was a fortunate one. Father De Wulf is a Frenchman by birth. He had pursued his studies in some of the best universities of Europe, and came very well equipped for the work of his growing parish.

Father De Wulf began his pastorate by making a house-to-house visitation, taking the census of his parish. It became evident at once that, as the congregation was very large and constantly growing, there was too much work for one priest; accordingly, His Grace, Archbishop Spalding, decided to send an assistant pastor to Westernport. The choice fell on a providential man, the Rev. Jeremiah O'Sullivan. These two Rev. Fathers worked energetically together, in unity and brotherly affection. They attended zealously all the outlying missions. Father De Wulf was a man of discernment, capable of realizing that his young assistant was a priest of more than ordinary capacity and discreet zeal, united with great power for organizing. As a consequence, when Father De Wulf was promoted to a Washington parish, on his suggestion the assistant was promoted to the pastorate.

We may here remark that Father De Wulf was the first priest to notice the great ability of Father O'Sullivan, and to prophesy the brilliant future in store for the modest young assistant.

A very important name in the history of the parish is that of Rev. Jeremiah O'Sullivan. He came to Westernport from Barnesville, in Montgomery County. As it will be necessary to speak at some length of this truly great man, we shall here remark that Jeremiah O'Sullivan was born in the County of Cork, Ireland, February 9, 1842. Very early in life he resolved to devote himself to the service of God in the holy priesthood. When he was nineteen years of age, he turned his face towards the New World. His classical studies he made at St. Charles' College, and after graduation, entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. He was ordained by Archbishop Spalding 14 June, 1868; in September, 1869, we find him in Westernport. His coming was surely providential; his work, unique and magnificent. "Let Nehemias be a long time remembered, who raised up for us our walls that were cast down, and set up the gates and the bars." These words of the Holy Ghost are admirably applicable to Rev. Jeremiah O'Sullivan, one of the most successful priests of Western Maryland. Father O'Sullivan was pastor of St. Peter's Church for nine years. He erected the present brick church and convent; brought the Sisters of St. Joseph from Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, to direct the parish schools. As soon as he was appointed pastor of the church, he

resolved to establish a parochial school and to put it under the care of some religious community; accordingly, he explained his plans to His Grace, Archbishop Bayley. The Most Rev. Archbishop approved of the parochial school, but did not approve of his bringing at once a teaching community to Westernport. The good priest said no more; he waited until the Archbishop was making a visitation in Western Maryland. When His Grace came to Westernport, Father O'Sullivan had assembled all the children from the surrounding neighborhood. "What a mob of children," exclaimed the Archbishop. "Yes," answered Father O'Sullivan, "and isn't it too bad they have no Sisters to train them!" The Archbishop finally gave his consent by saying, "Well, you may bring Sisters here if you can support them."

The convent was begun at once; the school has proved itself a great blessing to the congregation. Father O'Sullivan was pastor at Westernport in a prosperous season. The mines were working on full time; the Piedmont shops gave employment to a large number of men, and, as a consequence, he found it easy enough to collect the enormous sum of money required for his vast improvements on the church property.

It is as an earnest advocate of temperance, however, that Father O'Sullivan is best known and will be longest remembered; he is often appropriately spoken of as "the Father Matthew of Western Maryland."

Before sketching the man and his work, let us endeavor to grasp a few important preliminaries.

Many people drink intoxicating beverages and get drunk. Many Catholics drink to excess and get drunk. A large number of the saloon-keepers of the country are members of the Catholic Church. "This lamentable fact has its explanation. The Catholic Church is the Church of the poor. The Church makes no attempt to deny the blessedness of poverty, neither is she ashamed of her poor children. It is a divine mark of Christ's Church to preach the Gospel to the poor. Now, the lot of the poor man becomes an unusual temptation to intemperance. Fatigue of body and loneliness of mind lead men to drown their sorrow in drink." Some Catholics drink because they are poor; others are poor because they drink. When the poor man, who has his own dream of independence, desires to go "into business," only one sort of business is within his reach. Little or no capital is needed for the enterprise. He naturally engages in the liquor business.

For a still more vivid representation of what Western Maryland was when Father O'Sullivan began his crusade for "total abstinence," we quote the following from *Brown's Miscellaneous Writings*, where he is speaking of old times in Western Maryland: "In the front part of the hotel was always found the bar-room, which formed a lobby for the guests and public generally. The bottles were numerous and sometimes grotesque in shape; common whiskey cost from eighteen to twenty-five cents a gallon, and was doled out at three and five cents a drink. It was generally made

of corn, was hard stuff, and had many hard names." Unparalleled material prosperity was gladdening the mining region and pouring a golden stream into the homes of the poor. Father O'Sullivan found the

Rt. Rev. Jeremiah O'Sullivan.

saloon prospering by the side of the mine, the factory, the shops and the rolling mills, and some of the best-paid workingmen in the country living on the border-land of beggary, because the tempting saloon was draining their homes. The powerful saloon-keeper

had come to consider himself the necessary ministering angel at the wake, the wedding, the feast and the funeral.

Amid such surroundings, naturally drunkenness became very common. The Sabbath was desecrated, the holy name of God blasphemed, religion disgraced. Here and now our young apostle begins his Herculean work. With all the energy of his soul, he proclaimed, "The saloon is against the Church and the Church is against the saloon," and—

> "His life was a ceaseless protest,
> And his voice was a prophet's cry,
> To be true to the truth and faithful,
> Though the world were arrayed for the lie."

Father O'Sullivan was fully convinced that to bring about the desired reform and lasting fruits, his crusade must rest on supernatural motives, and must be nourished by religious influences.

In order that we may not be misunderstood, and lest our hero might appear in a false light, our readers will kindly excuse a digression.

The Catholic Church is a great temperance society, and has been throughout all the ages. I do not mean by this that organizations, such as Father O'Sullivan instituted in Allegany County, existed in the various centuries, but I do mean that the principles and practices of the Catholic Church have always fostered the virtue of temperance, and have regarded it as one of the great cardinal virtues on which all others depend. In former times there was no great need of

temperance societies, in the sense of our organizations; in fact, it is only within comparatively recent times—within the last three hundred years, when the use of distilled liquors became so general—that there was need of a safeguard against their abuse.

Let us go a step farther. In days of persecution, hundreds of thousands of souls fled from the marts of commerce and the great centres of population to the wilderness, where they spent their days in simplicity of heart, in penitential exercises, supported by the scanty sustenance given by the wilderness, and refreshed by the pure water of the running brooks. This is true also of the anchorites and hermits of later days. What was this, after all, but "total abstinence?" Temperance is a great virtue; total abstinence is the same great virtue raised to the heroic degree. It is not allied to Manicheism or other ghostly errors; it is not opposed to dogmatic or moral theology. It may be a natural virtue, or supernatural, according to its motive; men may be temperate from motives other than those inspired by religion. When one abstains, even from a motive of spiritual pride, it is a question whether this is not extirpating one vice by another. But when we abstain from a motive of prudent protection, a motive of giving edification and good example to a weaker brother, as penance for faults committed in the past, or in honor of the sacred thirst of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, surely such actions are to be commended, and God's blessing will descend upon

them. During the nine years of Father O'Sullivan's pastorate in Westernport, he wrought a wonderful change in Western Maryland. The holy woman, Veronica, meeting our Blessed Saviour on His way to Calvary, presented Him with a towel with which to wipe the sweat and blood from His adorable face. Father O'Sullivan came in contact with the Church of God in this section, and found her face covered with the sweat, spittle and disgrace of drunkenness, and, Veronica-like, he cleansed her heavenly countenance.

He began by picturing the state of affairs; the picture was, unfortunately, only too true. Catholics were in the habit of getting drunk; Catholics gave scandal by getting drunk, and to counteract the disgrace, even those who did not need the pledge ought to take the pledge. In "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," he denounced the saloon-keepers; the drunkard-makers squirmed and crouched beneath his denunciation, sarcasm and rage. He learned, from what he saw around him, that the saloon was the foulest blot and most dangerous foe in his parish, and strenuously he nerved himself to raise his people above its contaminating degradation.

All motives, natural and supernatural, were clearly and vigorously set before the congregation. "If you become total abstainers, your health will be better, your hearts will be lighter, your pocket-books will be heavier." Again: "Drunkenness makes it impossible for man to perform his duties to God, to his neighbor and to himself." Vividly he would picture how the

drunkard is made: "A glass to please a friend; next, a glass to please himself; then, occasional drunkenness, habitual drunkenness, disgrace, poverty, disease, insanity, death, damnation."

Going higher, he would paint "St. John the Baptist, a total abstainer; the Holy Ghost tells us so in prophecy. Our Blessed Lord asserts the fulfillment of the prophecy and adds, 'No man born of woman is greater than John the Baptist.' There, total abstinence men, is your patron!" He could preach temperance from any feast of the year: "The holy name of Jesus; how that name is blasphemed by drunkenness! The month of the Sacred Heart; how the heart of our Blessed Lord must suffer from the drink evil among Catholics!" He would take the "Lord's Prayer," make a running commentary on it, and preach temperance from every petition. "'Hallowed be Thy name;' how the drunkard blasphemes the holy name of God! 'Thy kingdom come;' how the scandals of drunkenness prevent the spread of God's kingdom! 'Thy will be done;' look at the poor, idiotic drunkard; his reason gone, how can he do God's will? 'Give us this day our daily bread;' God, in His goodness, gives us wheat enough in this rich country to feed the world. We rot it in distilleries and breweries, and then declare, 'Our children are crying for bread.'" Or, picturing the passion and death of our Blessed Saviour amid the noon-day darkness of that awful Good Friday, above the sound of earthquake and shouts of the rabble, rang out from

the parched lips: "'I thirst;' Jesus Christ suffering an agonizing thirst to atone for your sins of drunkenness." His preaching had the desired effect. A temperance sentiment sprang up, temperance societies were organized, and his great work lives on.

It is only an act of justice to the memory of this really wonderful man to notice here that Father O'Sullivan had organized the total abstinence societies of Allegany County long before the birth of the now well-known "Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America." He was a pioneer of total abstinence preaching. In his day, he stood practically alone, and human nature well knows that it requires a strong man to take a stand which will leave him standing alone. We are all brave when the war-drum throbs and martial music calls us to battle before the eyes and within hearing of the applause of the world; when touching elbows with our fellow-soldiers, and clad in all the glorious pomp of war, "we seek the bubble, fame, even at the cannon's mouth;" but, when a man was wanted to go forth alone, to preach an unpopular crusade against the soul-destroying demon of drink, that one man was found faithful and true in Jeremiah O'Sullivan, a man who would rather make enemies, and did make enemies, by conscientiously adhering to what he believed to be right, than to win a suicidal popularity by a cowardly connivance at what he knew to be wrong.

"Fanatic and dreamer, his enemies cried,
When he preached an ideal creed,

'Till they learned that the men who have changed the world
With the world have disagreed;
That the remnant is right when the masses
Are led like sheep to the pen;
That the instinct of equity slumbers
'Till roused by instinctive men."

This work of temperance has grown marvellously since Father O'Sullivan's first efforts were made in the grand cause. The Third Plenary Council of Baltimore blessed and eulogized total abstinence organizations, and the great Leo XIII has addressed a letter to the Union, and opened to it the spiritual treasures of the Church of God.

From Westernport Father O'Sullivan was summoned by his ecclesiastical superior to St. Peter's Church, Washington City, where his activity, zeal and ability made him widely known. He was consecrated Bishop of Mobile, Alabama, September 20, 1885. He died August 10, 1896.

Bishop O'Sullivan was one of those strong characters which must be well known to be fully appreciated. He grew with acquaintance. Those who liked him, liked him well. Vigor, manliness and straightforwardness were among his most striking characteristics. In manner, he would impress strangers as being cold and distant, but, in reality, he was warm-hearted and affectionate. In conversation, he spoke slowly, even drawling out his sentences, his eyes generally cast down and half closed. His memory was prodigious; he could remember the names, birthdays and all in-

cidents of moment in the lives of parishioners, school children, altar boys, and acts of kindness towards himself were never forgotten.

As pastor of a parish, he was just, exceedingly just; an economical financier, close collector, but very kind to the poor. Probably no priest south of Mason and Dixon's line handled more money in the last fifty years than Bishop O'Sullivan, and yet he died a poor man. Every cent that he received had gone where the priest's money ought to go—to works of religion.

As a preacher, Bishop O'Sullivan was very direct. His voice lacked volume, but, on account of its peculiar clearness and something in the personality of the man which always elicited the rapt attention of his audience, he was able, without difficulty, to make himself heard throughout the largest churches. His English was faultless, always choice and ornate; he was sparing of the flowers of rhetoric, though occasionally he used strong figures. He was master of the pathetic; this he clearly demonstrated in his funeral oration at the Month's Mind of Very Rev. Edward Brennan, of Cumberland. His idea of the priest's mission in America was exalted, as is evident from his oration over the remains of Father McNally, at St. Stephen's Church, Washington. He had much of the fascinating beauty of the poet. This is clear from his eulogy on the Rev. Abram J. Ryan, the poet-priest of the "Conquered Banner," where, in exquisite diction, he pictures "the warrior's banner

taking its flight to greet the warrior's soul." As Bishop of Mobile, he took up the mitre with humility and left it down without a stain.

Another sign of God's special protection over the Westernport parish came in the fortunate appointment of Rev. George W. Devine to the pastorate. Father Devine won the confidence and admiration of his congregation at once on account of his piety, zeal and sympathetic disposition. Many of the congregation thought that they saw a resemblance between Father Devine and Father O'Sullivan, and the supposition is not without some foundation. Father Devine, of course, was a younger man. In this they were unlike, but both had the priestly character very visibly developed; both were of that retiring disposition which combined dignity with graceful ease, grave without coldness, serious without overwhelming solemnity. At the altar there was a noticeable likeness between the two men; both celebrated Mass slowly and very piously, articulating distinctly, but Father Devine had a far better voice for speaking and singing. Both were ascetic in appearance, frail, even spare in build, and about equally endowed with the power of inspiring that confidence which justifies one in saying, "I would follow him blindfolded."

Father Devine came to Maryland from Providence, Rhode Island. He entered St. Charles' College in the year 1863, and, after finishing the full course of classics, studied philosophy and theology in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, where he was ordained priest by

the Rt. Rev. Bishop Becker, in the year 1871. It will be noticed that, when Father Devine was pastor of St. Peter's, he was still in the first glow of his priestly fervor. He had been assistant pastor at the Church of St. Mary, Star of the Sea, of Baltimore, before he came to bless, by his presence, the hills and valleys of Allegany County.

While in Westernport, Father Devine reduced the church debt, improved the church property, and took an active interest in the progress of the parish schools. He is especially remembered on account of his watchfulness over the boys, with whom he was always exceedingly popular. He was eagle-eyed in discerning religious vocations, and his zeal in this particular has given to the archdiocese at least three exemplary young priests from the parish of Westernport. Father Devine remained only a short time in Western Maryland, but, during that short time, he wrought so potently and successfully that he is justly considered "one of Western Maryland's great pastors."

After leaving Westernport, he became Chancellor of the Archdiocese; he was next appointed pastor of St. Peter's Church, Washington City. At present he is in charge of St. John's large and flourishing congregation of Baltimore. Father Devine was happy in Westernport, and left it with regret; and, although brilliant success has crowned his efforts in the various exalted positions which he has since honored, amid the arduous duties of his busy life in the city, he looks back wistfully to his quiet life in Westernport with a feeling akin to regret that he was taken away.

"No, no! From the streets' rude bustle,
From the trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the woods' low rustle
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream, as of old, by the river,
And be loved for that dream alway,
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day."

The three vocations to the holy priesthood fostered by the zeal of Father Devine have developed into three brilliantly successful priests of whom Westernport may well feel proud. The Rev. Michael J. Riordan, after a thorough course of classics at St. Charles' College, made a lengthy pilgrimage, in pursuit of knowledge, to the Eternal City. There, in the North American College, he studied philosophy and theology, and was ordained priest in 1888. Fathers Andrew Carey and Timothy Kenny studied classics at St. Charles' College, philosophy and theology at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. Both were ordained priests by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, and sang their first Masses at Westernport—Father Carey on Christmas morning, 1897; Father Kenny, Christmas morning, 1898. Father Riordan is pastor of St. Charles' Church, Pikesville, Md. Father Carey is stationed in Washington, Father Kenny in Baltimore.

The Rev. John M. Jones was appointed the successor of Father Devine. Father Jones had been a Protestant minister, and was, consequently, a convert to the Church. He is remembered as a cultured

gentleman, of elegant manners, a fascinating conversationalist, of uncommon endowments, a fluent, convincing, even eloquent preacher. He was a great traveller; he had visited nearly every interesting spot in Europe. He had probably enjoyed every sensation that can be produced by whirling through space on railroad trains, or tossing on ocean waves in majestic steamers; and, with exquisite charm, he could relate the storied glories of other lands than ours. He sailed on the Lake of Geneva; he climbed the mountains of Switzerland; he had seen London, where everything is "so serious, so sombre, so real;" he had seen Paris, where everything is "so airy, so graceful, so evanescent." Since his departure from Westernport, Father Jones has continued to spend much of his time travelling abroad; but wherever he may be, whether enjoying the breeze on the Wicklow Mountains, or listening to church-bell music floating on the soft Italian air, or climbing pyramids half covered in Egyptian sands, many a warm-hearted friend at home will follow him with the prayer that God's blessing may go with him every step of the journey of life. Father Jones is remembered as a man of fortune, whose pocket-book was never closed to the worthy poor.

The Rev. Michael J. Brennan became Westernport's next pastor. He paid the last of the church debt, and was soon promoted to the pastorate of St. Patrick's Church, Cumberland.

In coming to speak of Rev. Peter R. Weider, one of the most universally popular priests of Allegany

County, we are reminded of an old legend found amid the dust-covered pages of French tragedy. On one occasion, there appeared before a certain tribunal a surprisingly brilliant youth, of great promise, whose forehead was tattooed with the strange device, "Never a chance." Thus, as a book bears its title, he carried above his eyes the law of his life, and subsequent events proved this curious writing to be cruelly true. It was in vain that his life exhibited talents, virtues, graces. A nightmare of disappointment besieged his soul; his life was feverish activity and his death a heartless tragedy. We pause, and, in the borrowed words of the Avon bard, we ask, "Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer cloud without our special wonder?"

Father Weider was born in Baltimore, June 20, 1856, from devoted, Catholic parents. He imbibed, from his very infancy, that strong faith which characterized his life. In September, 1874, he entered St. Charles' College to begin his preparatory studies for the holy priesthood. As a college student, he is remembered as a kind, cheerful, popular young man. He was fond of outdoor sports, taking interest in every form of college amusement. He was studious and successful, and, in June, 1877, graduated near the head of his class. He entered St. Mary's Seminary, of Baltimore, where he prosecuted his studies of philosophy and theology, receiving the baccalaureate degree of theology after his second year of study.

Father Weider was ordained priest December 17, 1881, by His Grace, Archbishop Gibbons, and sang his first Mass on the following Christmas, his father and mother receiving Holy Communion from his priestly hands. The happiest day of his life is over, and now begins the work of the new priest. How much at stake for God and for souls! How much at stake for time and for eternity!

Father Weider's first appointment was to the pastorate of Hancock, in Washington County, where he remained nearly four years. In October, 1885, he came to Westernport as successor to Father Brennan. The ten years of his pastorate in Westernport were years of great devotedness, wonderful activity and extraordinary popularity, deserved and unstained. He improved the church property by constructing a strong stone wall and iron railing protection between the church and the Potomac River. He built a much-needed road to the cemetery, frescoed the church and purchased the new stained-glass windows.

Everyone loved Father Weider. He was a magnetic, fascinating man; but now that he is dead, the best summing up in retrospect of the man and the priest is contained in the three words, "Poor Father Weider!" He was naturally adapted to the priesthood; a man, apparently, of great, good sense, of sound judgment—that sense and judgment unclouded by selfishness. He was a man of great frankness, great openness of character, honest, cheerful, joyous in disposition, almost boyishly happy. These traits were admirably

adapted to sustain, as natural helps, the priest in the awful solitude of his after life; and, nevertheless, his best friends, those who admired him most, will greet every mention of his name with "Poor Father Weider!"

During the fourteen years of his priesthood Father Weider was alone. From the day he walked forth joyously from St. Mary's Seminary, with the holy chrism of ordination scarcely dry on his consecrated hands, to the day that his lifeless body was carried back to St. Michael's Church and placed before the very altar at which he had sung his first High Mass, Father Weider had never had an opportunity to enjoy, for any continuous period of time, the companionship of a brother priest. "Poor Father Weider!"

The life of the priest is not a natural life, neither is it an unnatural life; it is, above all, a supernatural life, and it is only the supernatural element in Father Weider's life that could sustain him during his fourteen lonely years as a country priest, and strengthen him against interior desolation.

With these preliminaries, we may form a more accurate estimate of Father Weider's peculiar character and his singular success. It is certain that it has not been the lot of any other priest in Allegany County since Father O'Sullivan to command the devoted admiration of so many and so widely-differing men as Father Weider. What, then, we may ask, was the source of his popularity? In the first place, it must be attributed to his good, kind heart. "Kind-

ness is the overflowing of self upon others; we put others in the place of self, and we treat them as we would wish to be treated ourselves." Father Weider's kindness branched out in every direction; he studied the ailments of the body as well as of the soul. To the sick he was physician as well as priest; to the unfortunate, bleeding victim of a railroad accident, he was more welcome than the surgeon; to the poor man, his purse was open, and the fallen he was always ready to lift up. He well understood that the nearest road to the parent's heart is through the child, and he was by disposition kindness itself to the little ones, whether in the catechism classes or the parochial schools. His kind heart, therefore, was the main source of his popularity, but his bright mind was of much assistance to him. He was certainly a brilliant man, his brilliancy appearing probably at its best in his eloquence. But Father Weider's eloquence was not of the persuasive kind; it was essentially poetic, without method, without argument, soaring grandly upward and onward, rich in pictures and images, chosen from a world of beauty little visited by common minds. It was that eloquence which makes one listen and dream and admire and say "how well he speaks," but it had none of the let-us-march-against-Philip strength. Occasionally there was a great deal of heart in his preaching, particularly in his funeral orations; this, however, was the exception, not the rule. He was a brilliant preacher, though not a persuasive one. Father Weider, in a

sense, was a great student; his mind was well stored with general information, his memory was quick in receiving impressions and accurate in recalling them. He could speak for an hour, quoting dates, facts and texts with perfect accuracy and without the least sign of hesitation. He was neither deep nor original in thought, but, in the expression of his thought, he was often original, sometimes surprisingly so. In appearance, Father Weider was a man of about the average height, well built, without being fleshy; the muscular system was remarkably developed; his forehead was broad, his hair heavy and jet black; in walk and gesture, he was quick and nervous, his glance was penetrating; his temperament, which was always peculiar, before his death became melancholy and indefinably sad.

Rev. Peter R. Weider.

It may be a question which only specialists could answer with certainty, whether or not Father Weider's system, before his death, had undergone that degree of nervous exhaustion which produces hypochondria

or melancholia. The question certainly cannot be settled here, but, in reference to the very supposition, it may be prudently asserted that the attitude of persons in general towards those diseases which have for their crowning symptom the disturbance of the mind is at once extraordinary and unreasonable. This, we believe, is especially true when it is a question of the relations existing between a congregation and their pastor. A priest may have lung trouble and cough, heart trouble which holds his life in momentary jeopardy, or a hundred other ailments, without feeling that there is a shadow of cause for secrecy or reproach; on the contrary, he has the sympathy of everyone in his sufferings. But let the cerebral action be interfered with, let the mind become in the least disturbed, at once profound secrecy suggests itself, and an air of mystery accompanies every mention of the afflicted one's name.

This tendency has its reasonable explanation. The erudite Bishop Spalding eloquently remarks: "How divine is not man's apprehensive endowment! When we see beauty fade, the singer lose her charm, the performer his skill, we feel no commiseration; but when we behold a noble mind falling to decay, we are saddened, for we cannot believe that the God-like and immortal faculty should be subject to death's power." Yet, much as we may regret it, we are obliged to admit that worry, overwork, grief, disappointment brooded over in solitude, gnaw at the brain, and the result may be the unbalancing of the

reason, the destruction of the relation of ideas, and a gloomy depression which cannot be shaken off.

During the few months immediately anterior to his death, Father Weider manifested unmistakable symptoms of depression. His habitually demonstrative disposition would become suddenly melancholy; again, he would unexpectedly assume what has been picturesquely called "a delirium of grandeur," taking an optimistic view of everything. He would talk of promising investments in real estate, visionary schemes for making the poor man happy or of converting thousands of souls.

Father Weider died in Baltimore, October 12, 1895. He had gone to the city to consult specialists about the state of his health. He received the last rites of the Church from the hands of Rev. Father Thomas, rector of the Cathedral. His death is one of the saddest incidents in the history of the Church in Western Maryland. When he died a star was blotted out—a star which, naturally speaking, should have continued to shine in splendor far down in the twentieth century. Everyone regretted his untimely death; but, amid the feelings of universal regret, a chiding voice intruded itself, saying, in the oft-quoted words of a philosopher, "The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, would have been kind."

"Under the broad and starry sky,
Dig his grave and let him lie;

Glad did he live and gladder die,
And he laid him down with a will.

"This be the verse you grave for me,
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, *home* from sea,
And the hunter *home* from the hill."

The Rev. Joseph M. Walter was appointed temporary pastor to succeed Father Weider. Father Walter was a sick man when he came to Westernport and a dying man when he left; it may be said with truth that he had never been strong. On account of failing health, he was obliged frequently to abandon his studies, both at college and in the seminary. He travelled in Europe, endeavored to prosecute his studies at the American College in Rome, but his health gave way and he was compelled to return home.

Notwithstanding all these trials and disappointments, he persevered until he bent all adverse circumstances to his purpose, and was finally ordained priest by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, January 29, 1892. His first appointment was as pastor of Clarksville, in Howard County. Here he soon found himself unequal to the hard work, and he was obliged, reluctantly to resign his mission into the hands of a stronger man. He came to Westernport buoyed up by the hope that the mountain air would strengthen him, but only to be again disappointed. He died of pulmonary consumption, soon after leaving the mountains, March 20, 1898.

Father Walter was a strong soul in a weak body, a man of piety and ardent zeal. His life was grandly successful in this, that he became a saint himself. As a student, he lived in close union with God; as a priest, that union became more and more intimate, but he knew very little of the world, and he knew very little of the passions which rule the world. On that account he was often misunderstood by the best people, and was often disappointed where he hoped to do most good. Through his strong will and pure soul, his character was lofty, yet, on account of his delicate body, his ability could never be great.

"But his memory, like some holy light,
Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them;
For worth shall look fairer and truth more bright,
When we think how he lived but to love them.
And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume,
Where buried saints are lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweetening bloom
From the image he left there in dying."

The century closes with the Rev. Thomas E. Lyons in charge of Westernport. Father Lyons is a Baltimorean by birth. September 10, 1876, he was enrolled at St. Charles' College, where he graduated with a certificate of high distinction in June, 1883. He was ordained priest by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, at Christmas, 1888, and appointed assistant at the Church of St. Mary, Star of the Sea, of Baltimore.

He was soon promoted to the pastorate of St. Peter's Church, Hancock, in Washington County. Since his coming to Westernport, he has succeeded in paying off the debt which rested on the congregation; he has also erected a handsome, large and comfortable residence, for which his congregation and successors will have good reason to be grateful.

Father Lyons is a gentleman of high attainments. At college, on account of these attainments, he was elected class president, and graduated at the head of his class; the same conspicuous talents characterized his seminary studies. In disposition, he is genial, kindly, hospitable and warm-hearted. As a priest, he has never cultivated the art of popularity; in fact, he avoids and contemns it. The same tendency shows itself in his preaching; he makes very little effort to please, and generally avoids the impassioned style of oratory, but when his theme is great and he summons all his resources, his eloquence is lofty and commanding. In sound, original thought, and in discernment and precision in the choice of words to express his thoughts, Father Lyons is a model worthy of imitation. His intellect is luminous and vigorous, his reasoning close and exhaustive; in the knowledge of books and the knowledge of men, he has no superior among the junior clergy of the archdiocese, and very few equals.

ARTICLE IX.

ST. GABRIEL'S CHURCH, BARTON.

The town of Barton lies in a deep valley, principally on the west bank of the George's Creek. It is situated midway between Lonaconing and Westernport. The name comes from Barton, in England, the home of the Shaw family, who first settled there. The prosperity of the town is totally dependent on the coal industry. In the past, the "big veins" were worked exclusively; the future of the town must depend largely on the "small veins."

Barton had no history prior to 1850; and three years later there were not more than five dwellings there, two of which were farm-houses and three log-shanties. The "Swanton" mine was the first opened in the vicinity; afterwards, in quick succession, followed the "Caledonia," "Barton," "Piedmont" and "Potomac" mines. With the opening of each mine, more miners and tradesmen rushed there, and Barton quickly became a large town, throbbing with life and prosperity.

The first settlers were Scotch and English. In 1854, Patrick Cadden, a true-hearted Irishman, made his appearance, and his coming was the beginning of the history of the Church in Barton.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was first celebrated at the house of Mr. Cadden. Here those pioneer priests of the George's Creek, Fathers Slattery and O'Reilly, came to minister to the wants of the few Catholic immigrants. In a very short time, the little parish was organized, and a small but neat frame church was erected on the high ground, which is now the spacious and beautiful Cemetery of St. Gabriel. A more picturesque location than that of St. Gabriel's Church would indeed be hard to find—the limpid George's Creek, winding around at the front, behind a high, wooded hill, and all around pure mountain air, laden with health-giving aroma of rich vegetation.

The Barton parish is a daughter of St. Mary's, Lonaconing. The same priests that attended Lonaconing attended Barton until it became strong enough to battle for itself. The Redemptorist Fathers paid occasional visits to the little town from 1856 to 1860. Father O'Reilly, of Frostburg, was very much attached to Barton, and a well-remembered remark of his, "that no matter where the devil was during the week, he was sure to turn up in Barton on Sunday," gives a picture of what Barton was about 1860. "Work was plentiful, wages high and whiskey twenty-five cents a gallon."

Father O'Reilly did not seem to look upon Barton as a very promising field in his day, although he labored zealously to wrestle with Satan in what he considered Satan's stronghold. The whole truth is, the Barton Settlement was a rather strange mixture

of Scotch, English, Welsh, Irish and American elements, thrown together by chance, each element retaining its inherited prejudices. The Catholics were few in number, relying, for spiritual aid, on priests who visited them a couple of times a month. The priest would say Low Mass and hurry off to the next station; the sermons generally took the form of scolding, so that it could be truly said that "during the week the priest was invisible, and on Sunday incomprehensible." It must be said, to the credit of Barton, that, while Father O'Reilly may have formed too low an estimate of what has since become a good parish, the people formed a very high estimate of his priestly character. The impression he left on the people was "that, as a priest, he was an angel; as a man, he was very cross."

From 1863 to 1866, the Redemptorist Fathers of Sts. Peter and Paul's Church, Cumberland, paid occasional visits to Barton. Father Eberhardt is the best remembered of these visitors, and his fame rests on his peculiar pronunciation of certain English words. He was a German, and, according to tradition, he always said "Let us *bray*" instead of "Let us *pray*."

In the year 1866, the Rev. Carmelite Fathers of Cumberland took charge of St. Gabriel's Church. The parish had increased at this time to about six hundred souls, and it became necessary to build a new and much larger church. The parish was in charge of Father Philipp, and, as a consequence, he must bear all the blame of the location of the new St.

Gabriel's Church. The church is well built, and so well planned that every foot of space within its walls is utilized. It has a marble altar and two small wooden side altars, but the location of the church is to be regretted. The town of Barton is surrounded by hills, any one of which would have afforded a picturesque location for the church buildings, but, instead of choosing such a location, Father Philipp selected for his church the flattest, marshiest and most prosaic site that he could possibly find. The new church was built in 1867. Father Philipp is very kindly remembered by the Barton congregation as an earnest priest, very zealous in the performance of his duties.

Fathers De Wulf and O'Sullivan attended Barton, as a mission of Westernport, until 1871. During these years the debt remaining on the church was paid.

In 1871, the Barton parish was blessed by the coming of the Rev. James O'Brien. For four years Father O'Brien faithfully attended the congregation as a mission of Lonaconing. We may form some notion of the hardships undergone by this good priest in his zeal to do what was really work enough for two men. He was obliged to say Mass Sunday after Sunday in both churches, and drive, fasting, over a rough road of four country miles.

Father O'Brien made many improvements. He purchased the bell and beautified the church property. He is remembered in Barton with sentiments of respect and veneration. His preaching was well liked;

it habitually took the form of familiar instruction on some dogma of the Church or some duty of the Christian life. In his dealings with the people, he is said to have been "a matter-of-fact man, always considerate and kindly." Father O'Brien is now pastor of St. Peter's Church, Washington City.

In January, 1875, Barton fell into the hands of Rev. William Mahony, the first resident pastor. Father Mahony was really an exceptional character. He was a truly religious man, saying Mass devoutly every day. He was a man of piety, in a sense, a man of extraordinary piety. In the recitation of his Office, he was as regular as clockwork. He would no more think of neglecting his Rosary than his Breviary, and, in his duties to his people, he was self-sacrificing in the extreme. At the sick-bed no priest could be kinder; he was, however, of a highly sensitive temperament, readily taking offense, but humbly apologizing the next moment, and making full reparation as soon as possible. He was an impulsive man, and, like most impulsive men, woefully lacking in tact. He was a zealous priest, but the fire of his zeal burned unevenly. He was one of the most brilliant lights that ever shone on the Church of Western Maryland, but his light was erratic.

William Mahony entered St. Charles' College from Cumberland, Md., November 3, 1852, and graduated, having gone through the full classical course in the remarkably short space of four years. He was ordained priest at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, by

His Grace, Archbishop Kenrick, in 1860. During his seminary course of four years, young Mahony's brilliancy of intellect impressed itself on the minds of all his professors. As a seminarian, however, he had practically two reputations, both bordering on the extreme: at one time he was looked upon as the St. Aloysius of the community; at another, he was on the verge of expulsion from the house. His career in the priesthood was very similar to his career as a seminarian. "*Ubi bene nemo melius, ubi male nemo pejus.*" Father Mahony came to Barton from Westernport.

The year 1874 was drawing to a close with the Rev. Fathers O'Sullivan and Mahony, two able priests, two strong men, in the positions of pastor and assistant at Westernport, with a number of outlying missions under their charge. Father Mahony, although the older priest by eight years, was in the position of subordinate. He was a stronger man than the pastor; he was a more brilliant and more magnetic man than the pastor. As a preacher, he was probably without an equal in the diocese; as a man of learning, he was at least the equal of Father O'Sullivan—he had as much head as his pastor and a great deal more heart. But Father O'Sullivan had a remarkable prudence, which Father Mahony notoriously lacked; this accounts for their respective positions in relation to each other. They were, of course, the very best of friends, but this did not prevent them from indulging their powers of argumentation. Discussion is excellent for the mental faculties, but not always so for the temper;

it fortunately sharpens the powers of reasoning, and unfortunately sharpens the temper. Fathers O'Sullivan and Mahony had different views on many subjects, as men, and sometimes clashed in a friendly way even as priests.

Here we must ask our readers to kindly pardon a digression. It is a silly mistake to suppose, as some ill-informed non-Catholics do, that in the Catholic Church everything is restricted to cut-and-dry definition. The truth is, there is no class of men in the world freer to think their own thoughts and give expression to their own views than priests. Of course, where it is a question of revealed truth, loyalty to that truth is not merely a religious duty, but a logical necessity; accordingly, when it is once settled that God, who can neither deceive nor be deceived, has said something, discussion must cease on that subject. But, concerning that broad field of unsettled questions in history, science, dogmatic and moral theology, principles of conduct and the extent of their application, there is left a vast scope for original thought and discussion. For instance, our Blessed Lord declared, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself." It is, therefore, the teaching of faith that the Christian must mortify himself—that he must place certain restraints on the lower appetites; but what about the extent or limit of those restraints? It is generally known that this question became a common topic of discussion between Fathers O'Sullivan and Mahony. Father O'Sullivan, on account of his extraordinary

zeal in the cause of Catholic sobriety, had come to be the recognized apostle of total abstinence in Allegany County. Father Mahony held that total abstinence was rigorism. Both were learned theologians, and both had excellent reasons for their respective opinions. Father Mahony would argue that the use of intoxicating drinks is not in itself a sin for the person who is in no danger of going to excess; that where there is danger of excess, drink is only the occasion of sin, and, of course, when drink becomes the occasion of sin, it must be avoided under pain of mortal sin. Father O'Sullivan would argue that where there was so much excessive drinking as existed at that time in the mining regions, he was justified in concluding that in nearly every case use meant abuse, and a drink meant a drunk; that though temperance was the virtue, total abstinence was the heroic degree of the virtue. Father Mahony was back like a flash on the argument, "the heroic degree of virtue;" "for, since heroism is by its nature rare, it would be unreasonable to expect a whole county to become heroes."

Canon law was another bone of dissension. Father Mahony was the author of a learned volume, entitled, *Jura Sacerdotum Vindicata.* The work, no doubt, possessed some merit. It was written in Latin, and gave evidence that its author possessed uncommon facility in wielding that difficult language. Father O'Sullivan was of opinion that, although Father Mahony's canon law was, as a general rule, correct, nevertheless, the

spirit in which the book was written merited censure. Father Mahony held that the American hierarchy were using their power arbitrarily—"*Hoc volo sic jubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas.*" Father O'Sullivan held that bishops have never been so arbitrary in dealing with their priests as priests are habitually in dealing with their people; that these, rather than those, follow—"*Hoc volo, sic jubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas.*"

Thus, these two brilliant dialecticians would argue these questions, and others, day after day. They both finally concluded that logic is not enough for the settling of all questions, because there may be sufficient reason on both sides for an indefinite debate. They at last decided to separate, and thus Father Mahony became Barton's first resident pastor.

With the approbation of His Grace, Archbishop Bayley, Father Mahony began and quickly completed the new pastoral residence. He remained in Barton two years. His sensitive and impulsive temperament often got him in trouble with his ecclesiastical superiors as well as with his congregation. After leaving Barton at his own request, Archbishop Bayley gave him a letter of recommendation and a "roving charter to go where he liked, stay as long as he liked, and return home when he got ready." He died about eight years ago, as a priest in good standing, at Denver, Colorado.

To appreciate justly Father Mahony and his work is no easy task. Few priests have been so extravagantly praised; few priests have been so extravagantly blamed.

"Perhaps both were wrong—were madmen;
And we trust, at the judgment day,
When God sifts the good from the bad men,
There will be something more to say."

The Rev. Matthew A. Fenne was appointed pastor of Barton towards the beginning of 1877. Father Fenne studied his classics under the Benedictine Fathers; his seminary course was made under the direction of the Sulpitians, in Baltimore. He was ordained priest by Rt. Rev. Dr. Becker, Bishop of Wilmington, at the Christmas ordinations of 1876, and Barton was his first appointment. When he took possession of his parish, Father Fenne could hardly say, "*Funes mihi ceciderunt in praeclaris;*" his predecessor had gone away *sub nube*, and the young priest found himself in by no means an enviable position. He proved, nevertheless, by his prudence, that he was the right man in the right place, and his pastorate was accordingly fruitful. A young man was once sent to Socrates to learn eloquence. On being introduced to the philosopher, Socrates asked double fees. "Why charge me double?" said the young man. "Because," answered the philosopher, "I wish to teach you two sciences—the one when to be silent, and the other how to speak." Father Fenne was placed in a position where the first part of Socratic eloquence was a necessity. His success was immediate and continuous; he at once won the esteem of his congregation, and found that they were

not only willing but eager to assist him in all his undertakings. He remained two years in charge of St. Gabriel's Church, and when he was called away, his whole congregation felt that his going was a real loss.

Father Fenne has a singularly vigorous and well-balanced mind, of wonderful clearness; he is an accomplished gentleman, blessed with a high grade of talent. He is a scholar, well informed in theology and history, a musician of refined taste; he possesses a well-modulated, pleasing voice. As a linguist, he speaks German fluently, and is well read in German literature. He is still well remembered as a bright and conspicuous ornament of the Church of Western Maryland. At present Father Fenne is pastor of Govanstown.

The Rev. John T. McCall was successor to Father Fenne. He came to Barton towards the end of 1878, and remained until August, 1881. His pastorate was about equally honorable to himself and profitable to the congregation. Father McCall is at present located in Baltimore.

In September, 1881, Barton became a mission of Westernport; the sick calls were attended by Rev. Michael J. Brennan, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered every Sunday by one of the Capuchin Fathers of the Cumberland monastery.

In January, 1882, Rev. Peter M. Manning took possession of the parish, and remained, faithfully attending his flock, until he was promoted to St. Mary's Church, Lonaconing, in June, 1884. The

worthy successor of Father Manning was the Rev James P. Carey, who remained at the helm for one year.

Father Carey entered St. Charles' College from Baltimore City, September 1, 1861. His college record shows that he possessed a remarkable aptitude for classical learning, as he completed the full course in four years.

Father Carey was ordained priest by His Grace, Archbishop Spalding, in 1866. Although a man far beyond the ordinary in general erudition, his tastes may be said to be pre-eminently literary. Besides being a finished English scholar, he is well read in Irish, French and German literature, all of which tongues he speaks with wonderful facility. He is a poet of refined and delicate tastes and a perfect master of English versification. In 1881, he published a volume of poems, which received favorable comment from critics, and even enviable encomiums from literary artists. His longest and best known poem, entitled "*Laudes Virtutis*," is a thoroughly Catholic dissertation on the beauty of virtue, abounding in rich thoughts, so sweetly sung as to awaken the deepest and noblest emotions. "A Christmas Legend" is one of his best narrative poems. In this poem, the author conducts the Three Wise Men from the East to Bethlehem's lowly stable. With a charming poetic grace, he introduces Herod, permits the dark-hearted king to see a grand opportunity to become the protector of the Christ-King; Herod neglects his opportunity, and at

once disappears from the poem. The Wise Men, on the contrary, grasp the opportunity offered, correspond with God's grace,

"And forth they sing a hymn of praise
In Simeon's grateful strain,
To magnify His works and ways
Who comes o'er souls to reign.
No more they ask, when journeying far,
Which way salvation lies;
The Light Divine of Jacob's Star
Is their eternal prize."

One short poem, entitled "Singing, He Died," is a perfect little gem. It has been very much admired for its sweetness. Here are the first lines:

"Oh, sing for me the air I loved
When youth and strength were mine;
That air which oft my solace proved
Will soothe my life's decline.
'Twill lift my soul from earthly scenes,
'Twill ease my spirit's pain,
And wing my thoughts, as treasured dreams,
To childhood's days again."

A poet is always a power; a truly Catholic poet is always a blessing. When Father Faber made known to the poet Wordsworth that he contemplated taking Orders, the poet remarked, "I do not say you are wrong, but England loses a poet." Father Faber, as a priest, did not lose the poetic gift and creative

faculty with which God endowed him; his hymns have done for God's children a good beyond the power of human intellect to reckon. Father Carey's poems are as Catholic, and even as priestly, as Father Faber's; there is not one line in his works unworthy of his priestly character. We may say of them what a great authority has said of the poetic works of a brother priest: "They are the expression of a pure heart and enlightened mind; they are the inner thoughts of a man of God; they are the music of a soul highly and delicately strung, over whom every wave of grace sweeps in harmony and awakens love, and in whom love seeks fitting words for the yearning of the heart."

In January, 1886, the Rev. Stephen J. Clarke came to Barton as pastor. He improved the church property and organized a parochial school, under the care of lay teachers. In April, 1890, Father Clarke was removed to Frostburg, to be succeeded by Rev. Thomas E. Gallagher.

Father Gallagher is by birth a Baltimorean. He grew up in old St. Joseph's parish, which has given many devoted priests to the archdiocese. As a pupil of the parochial school, his mental endowments and upright character attracted the attention of the eagle-eyed Dr. Chapelle, who at the time was pastor of St. Joseph's Church. In September, 1878, young Gallagher was enrolled at St. Charles' College. He was one of the youngest students in the community, and, on account of his extreme youth, was quartered in the small division. His talents could not long remain

hidden, and a most brilliant career was soon prophesied for the gifted, dark-haired boy from St. Joseph's. It is worthy of note that the learned Dr. Chapelle, one of the ablest priests of Baltimore, at present Arch-

Rev. Stephen J. Clarke.

bishop of New Orleans, and delegate apostolic to the Philippine Islands, asserted that "he considered young Master Gallagher one of the most gifted and promising youths he had met." In this the erudite Doctor demonstrated that he possessed a deep and accurate

insight into boy nature, because, six years later, June, 1884, when class honors were being distributed, the dark-haired boy from St. Joseph's was about as near the top of the ladder as it was possible for a boy to climb. The same high order of talent was evident all through his seminary course. In four years he became Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts and Bachelor of Theology. Father Gallagher was ordained priest by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, in October, 1889, and at once entered upon a post-graduate course of study in the new Catholic University at Washington. He has the enviable distinction of being the first Maryland priest enrolled in the Catholic University. Dr. Chapelle was at that time pastor of St. Matthew's Church, Washington, and a member of the Board of Directors of the University, but he still remembered his St. Joseph's altar boy, now a brilliant young priest.

Rev. Thomas E. Gallagher.

Father Gallagher came to Barton immediately after his University course, and, although nearly a year

old in the priesthood, Barton was his first mission. He was grandly successful from the beginning, and his success has continued to the end. From Barton Father Gallagher was changed to Curtis Bay, Baltimore. He is at present stationed at St. Patrick's Church, Cumberland.

Rev. John J. Conway.

The century closes with the Rev. John J. Conway in charge of St. Gabriel's congregation. Father Conway is by birth an Irishman. November 12, 1865, he entered St. Charles' College, where he spent three years. His seminary course he pursued at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Emmitsburg, Md., where he was ordained priest. Father Conway was first appointed assistant priest at the Immaculate Conception Church of Washington. He was soon promoted to a pastorate in Southern Maryland. Here he organized the parish of Surrattsville. With apostolic poverty, he began saying Mass in a blacksmith shop, but, before he left the mission, he had built a church and pastoral residence. From these missions he was invited by His Eminence, Car-

dinal Gibbons, to organize and build up the new parish of St. Cyprian, in Washington. He came to Barton in February, 1893.

During his pastorate at Barton, he has succeeded in paying off the last of the church debt; he has also made a number of useful improvements on the church property. Two very fruitful missions have been preached during his administration; the first, by the Paulist Fathers, Hedges and Menton, of New York; the second, by the diocesan missionary band, Fathers Currier and Dolan.

As a pastor, Father Conway is devoted to his people, self-sacrificing in promoting their spiritual welfare, straightforward and sincere in all of his dealings with them, and carrying out the axiom, "a straight line measures the shortest distance between two points," in denouncing their faults.

ARTICLE X.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, MIDLAND.

Midland, like Barton, is a daughter of Lonaconing, and, although young in years, she has already become a strong, healthy and very interesting child; or, to speak more accurately, if we contemplate the parish as we would consider a man—its origin, how it grew, how it arrived at manhood's vigor—we should say St. Joseph's parish never had an infancy. Its youth was so brief as to be hardly perceptible, as it confronts us with robust maturity almost from the very beginning; in years, a child; in stature and strength, a giant.

The town of Midland is located three miles north of Lonaconing, in the same deep valley. It is charmingly situated, on the south bank of the George's Creek, extending south-eastward through the open valley called "Paradise." Midland is enlivened by two prosperous railroads. Its location is picturesque to a marked degree; the valley widens to the north, the mountains become lower, the vegetation grows richer, and all combine to render quite cheerful the location of the pretty little city.

The Catholics of Midland found it very inconvenient to attend Mass Sunday after Sunday at Lonaconing; they began to think that they were sufficiently numerous

and prosperous to erect a church of their own. The more far-sighted among them realized that Midland, being the very centre of the coal-fields of Allegany County, must have a future before her. Father Manning saw the wisdom of the suggestions, and at once acted on them. Architect Stack, of Baltimore, came to Midland and drew up the specifications for the new church. Messrs. Mertens' Sons, of Cumberland, accepted the contract for the building, and, on Christmas, 1891, the Church of St. Joseph stood out, beautiful and complete, on an elevated plateau, north of the George's Creek, overlooking Midland. Father Manning sang High Mass for the first time in Midland's new church on Christmas morning, 1891. In May, 1892, His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, solemnly blessed St. Joseph's Church.

That was a gala day in the history of Midland. All the Church associations of Allegany County had been kindly invited to participate; a gorgeous procession of horsemen and carriages formed at Lonaconing, with Philip McMahon as chief marshal. There were the temperance societies, speaking the zeal of the sainted Bishop O'Sullivan; there, too, were St. Mary's men, recalling the success of Father O'Brien. More numerous than all, with their green flags and banners floating high in air, were the Ancient Order of Hibernians. Many priests honored the occasion: Father Patterson, all the way from Boston; Father Boland, from Baltimore; Father Dillon represented the National Capital;

Very Rev. Dean Brennan stood for Allegany County; and Cardinal Gibbons, in his red robes of Empire and Martyrdom, represented the Universal Church of God. Amid the strains of exquisite music from the best bands along the George's Creek, the procession enthusiastically moved on. The sun, as if showing approbation and delight, smiled benignly on the scene, rendering the air balmy. At Midland, Father Dillon sang Mass in the new church and preached a master oration, enlightening and charming his audience; whilst in the open air, under the broad canopy of heaven, Father Clarke "offered up the pure Host, the holy Host, the immaculate Host, the bread of eternal life and the chalice of everlasting salvation." The psalms of the royal prophet, which were sung by David on Mt. Sion, and which have gone on sounding through the centuries, were chanted by consecrated voices over Midland, and last of all, His Eminence, in God's name, pronounced the final benediction. The great day is over.

Rev. Thomas J. Stanton.

Father Manning continued in charge of Midland, attending the new church, as a mission of Lonaconing,

until September 15, 1892, when he was transferred to St. Andrew's Church, Baltimore, and Midland fell into the hands of Rev. Thomas J. Stanton. The parish was still attended, as a mission of Lonaconing, until the $7,000 debt, with which it was burdened in 1892, was paid. The parish being entirely free from debt, His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, wisely decided to separate Midland from Lonaconing, as each was easily capable of supporting a pastor. In September, 1898, the Rev. ~~Don~~ Luigi Sartori became the first resident rector of St. Joseph's Church, Midland. Father Sartori did not come to Allegany County as a stranger; he had formerly been assistant pastor at St. Patrick's Church, Cumberland. He had also been a visitor to Westernport and Lonaconing, and, as a consequence, the Rev. Father was well known to his new congregation.

Since the beginning of Father Sartori's pastorate, Midland has made gigantic steps forward; the Lord has sent forth His Spirit "and renewed the face of the earth." A model pastoral residence has been erected, as well as a comfortable convent and schoolhouse. The parochial school, under charge of the school Sisters of Notre Dame, was opened September 1, 1899, and the progress made in this particular compares favorably with the rest of the parish progress. The school, although in its first year, has enrolled more than two hundred pupils, whose earnestness, in pursuit of knowledge, warns the older schools to look out for their laurels. The church has been enlarged

sufficiently to accommodate the ever-increasing congregation, and crowned by a neat but strongly constructed tower, in which swings a musical chime of

Rev. Don Luigi Sartori.

bells. The improvements indicate sound judgment and good taste, and have an appearance of stability the more remarkable when we consider that all the work was finished in one year and at the low sum of $20,000.

Father Sartori is a really courageous pastor, not afraid to build and not afraid to erect grand buildings. He believes, with Solomon, "By wisdom is a house built, and by understanding is it established." He is familiar with Ruskin's *Seven Lights of Architecture*, and realizes that "we cannot arrest sunsets nor carve mountains, but we can turn every home into a picture, a perfect image of true life." He is an earnest, zealous worker; a man of excellent taste; a musician of reputation throughout the whole archdiocese; a scholar, well versed in book learning; a traveller who has visited nearly all of Europe and America; above all, a devoted priest. His past has been successful, and his future prospects are bright. Midland will certainly prosper under his zealous and benign administration. Although the youngest parish in Allegany County, she has a great future before her. Her people have strong faith, are in earnest in Church work, generous in support of religion, docile to their lawful superiors, endowed with the natural virtues which fit men for this life, and the supernatural virtues, which fit them for the life to come.

ARTICLE XI.

OUTLYING MISSIONS.

The rapid growth of the Church in Allegany County may be judged from the small number of outlying missions without resident pastors. Fifty years ago, nearly all our congregations consisted of a few scattered Catholics, obliged to content themselves with an occasional call from a visiting priest. Fifty years have passed away, and we find firmly established parishes with resident pastors, as well as assistant pastors, wherever it is deemed expedient; a parochial school in nearly every parish, under the care of one or another of the authorized teaching communities of the Church. This, we may say, is the general rule. The exception is the outlying missions, the oldest and most remote of which is

St. Patrick's Church, Little Orleans.

The pretty little village of Orleans is situated on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal and Fifteen-Mile Creek. It is noted for the fine sulphur springs abounding in the vicinity and the high grade of iron ore found in the neighborhood. The church is located near the town, forty miles by rail east of Cumberland, and fifteen miles west of Hancock, Washington County.

For the sake of convenience, the mission, although situated in Allegany County, has always been connected with the missions of Washington County.

It is certain that there were Catholics living at Little Orleans as early as 1835, because the canal was finished to that point during the above-named year, and many of the employees were Irish Catholics. It is certain also that the Rev. Fathers from Hagerstown and Hancock paid occasional visits to the mission and offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in private houses. The best remembered Rev. Fathers are Michael Guth, Henry Meyers, George Flautt and Edmund Didier. In the year 1861, Rev. John Gloyd, of Hancock, began to attend this mission regularly. It was under his administration that the present pretty brick church was built. The funds were largely supplied by Lady Stafford, a pious Catholic English woman, who owned large land estates in the vicinity. Other contributors were the Callans, Bevans and Shercliffs.

Since the building of the church, the parish has been regularly attended by the priest from Hancock. At the close of the century, the principal Catholic families residing in the parish are the McKnights, Dyches, Stottlemyers, Doyles, Donnigans and Higgins. Rev. Romanus Mattingly has charge of the mission.

Bean's Cove, Bedford County, Penn.,

is a mission which has been attended, off and on, from the Cumberland monastery, as far back as 1855. Strictly speaking, this little mission belongs to the diocese of Pittsburg, as it is located north of Mason and Dixon's line; it has, however, always been attended by Maryland priests. The century closes with the Rev. Father Aloysius, O. M. C., in charge of this thriving little vineyard.

Another interesting mission, which has a bright future in store, is

St. Ambrose's Church, Cresaptown.

This beautiful little church owes its existence to the influence and zeal of Very Rev. Edward J. Wunder, of Cumberland. During the pastorate of Rev. Edward Brennan, of St. Patrick's Church, Cumberland, it was noticed that a number of Catholics who lived at Cresaptown and vicinity were not able to attend Mass regularly in Cumberland on account of the great distance. To Father Wunder, the energetic young assistant of St. Patrick's, was assigned the duty of looking after the wants of this section. He accordingly, to all practical purposes, became pastor of the territory west of Cumberland and north of the Potomac River. The little parish included Cresaptown, Rawlings Station and Brady's Mill. Father Wunder went to work with his characteristic zeal and courage, and, whilst

attending to his numerous and onerous duties as assistant pastor of St. Patrick's, found time to visit the "scattered sheep that were perishing from the house of Israel." After taking the census of the Catholics, he viewed the available sites for the new church, and, at last, wisely decided to build at Cresaptown. The church was dedicated on the second Sunday of September, 1886, a day long to be remembered by the vast assembly present. His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, came from Baltimore to dedicate the new temple to God. Special trains ran from Cumberland, and, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a large congregation braved the elements to show their appreciation of Father Wunder's zeal and to hear His Eminence preach.

This little church has done a great deal for the honor and glory of God by giving an opportunity to the Catholics of the neighborhood to hear Mass and to be instructed in their religion. Since 1888, the mission has been regularly attended by the good Capuchin Fathers from the Cumberland monastery.

The century closes with the Rev. Father Benedict, O. M. C., acting pastor of St. Ambrose's Church. One of the most generous supporters of the parish is Mr. John Gunning.

It may sound paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that the newest mission of the county is the

Old Town Mission.

This Settlement is one of the oldest in Allegany County. In the year 1741, the famous pioneer and Indian fighter, Col. Thomas Cresap, established a frontier post at what is now Old Town. In the *Maryland Gazette*, March 19, 1767, Thomas Cresap and Michael Cresap advertise that they "have a piece of ground in Old Town commodiously situated, and lying on the road that leads to Pittsburg and Redstone from Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania." Green Spring, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, is within one-fourth of a mile of Old Town, and, as a consequence, it was easy for the few Catholics of the district to hear Mass at Orleans or Hancock. Since 1890, the Catholics have been in possession of a small church, erected through the generosity of a non-Catholic gentleman. There are, however, only a few Catholics in the sparsely-settled vicinity, but the few are being faithfully attended at the close of the century by the learned and zealous Rev. Thomas E. Gallagher, of St. Patrick's Church, Cumberland.

ARTICLE XII.

HON. WILLIAM WALSH.

It cannot be considered a disparagement of the other Catholic laymen of Allegany County to say that not one of them has exerted a more beneficial influence in the Church's favor than that illustrious model Christian and model gentleman, the Hon. William Walsh. The singularly beautiful life and death of Mr. Walsh are, in the strict sense, closely linked with St. Patrick's Church, of Cumberland, but his influence and example are the common property and enviable glory of the whole Western Maryland Church.

This great and good man, whose admirable career may well stand as an example for every Catholic young man, was born in King's County, Ireland, May 11, 1828. The father, John Walsh, died soon after the birth of his talented son, and thus the distinguished subject of our sketch was left to battle with the world and depend upon his own resources almost from his infancy. His good mother, whose maiden name was Sarah Doran, came to America after her husband's death, and made her home with her brother, Richard Doran, a successful business man of Harper's Ferry. Young William remained at home until his fourteenth year, working in the fields and attending school whenever he had an opportunity.

He managed, however, to make good use of his time, and succeeded in acquiring a thorough primary education before leaving Ireland. We must notice here that Mr. Walsh, like the majority of really great men, was averse to talking about himself; he, nevertheless, reluctantly and very modestly admitted, that "the education which he received at home was not more than rudimentary, but, as far as it went, it was thorough." He admitted also, with every sign of lasting gratitude, that "he owed a great deal to a certain parish priest of Ireland," who, no doubt, recognized the high order of talents with which his promising young pupil was endowed, and did all in his power to train those talents along the line of true Catholic ideals.

In 1842, young William arrived in America. He was then "an overgrown, fourteen-year-old boy, with well-developed muscles, strong, Catholic faith, and anxious to get along in the world honestly." For two years he stood behind the counter in his uncle's store at Harper's Ferry, spending his spare time learning men and books, and "saving as much money as he could without being stingy." He was even then an omnivorous reader, practically devouring and digesting every really good book that fell into his hands. His uncle, Mr. Doran, was a gentleman of means, and sufficiently observant to see that young William was no ordinary youth. Arrangements were accordingly made for the talented young Irishman to enter Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md. Here

Mr. Walsh spent four laborious years of intense application to study; and during that time, he mastered, at least to all practical purposes, the Latin and Greek classics, acquired a vigorous English style, became an expert accountant, a civil engineer, and, to some extent, a metaphysician. His knowledge, of course, on completing his college studies, was necessarily superficial, but he had reached the proximate end of a college education. He was a man of general culture, of competent science, with a real love of knowledge, and, most important of all, he had learned how to study. During his vacations, he devoted his spare time to the study of history, choosing, in preference to all other, the biographies of successful men. He next went to Ballston, near Saratoga, where he remained long enough to master the rudiments of law. From Ballston he went to Charlestown, Va., and, as Saul of Tarsus sat at the feet of Gamaliel, he sat at the feet of that great lawyer, Andrew Hunter, until he was admitted to the bar, in 1850, after passing a brilliantly successful examination. He continued to study two years longer, and in the meantime practised law in the office and under the guidance of his preceptor, Mr. Hunter.

In 1852, William Walsh, attorney-at-law, opened an office at Cumberland; he soon arose to eminence at the Allegany County bar, and retained his exalted position for forty years. His career has been as a lawyer rather than politician—in fact, Mr. Walsh was in no sense a politician; he was a statesman, however,

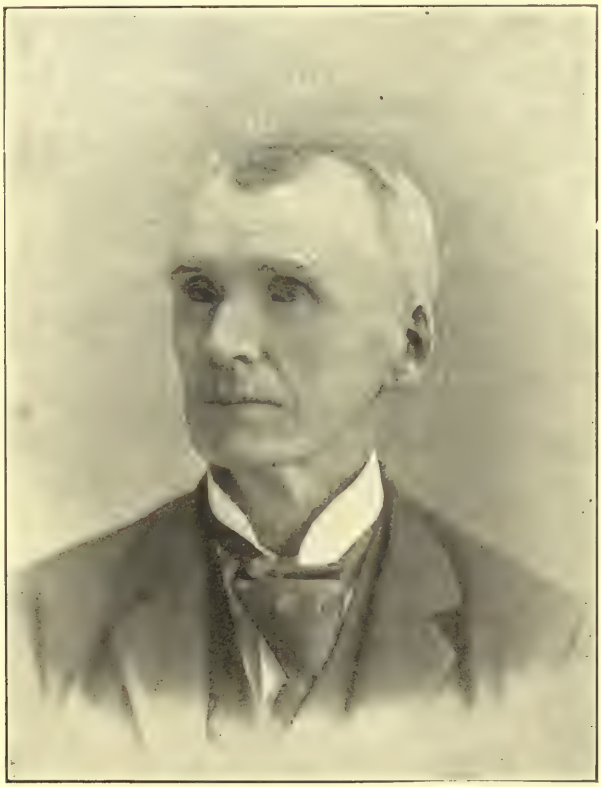
and, as such, he was twice elected, and served with distinction two terms in the United States Congress. He was also approached by leaders of his party, who desired to use his name in connection with the nomination for State Governor, but, shrinking from political honors, he would not permit it. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1867, and the present Constitution of Maryland is, to a great extent, his personal work.

In 1858, Mr. Walsh married Miss Marian Shane, of Cumberland, a cultured, refined, Catholic lady, of great piety. Seven of their children died in infancy; but the most severe blow to mar their domestic happiness was the death of their oldest daughter, Mary, an accomplished and amiable girl of seventeen summers.

Mr. Walsh died in April, 1892, and was soon followed to the better world by his loving wife. Their sole surviving children are William Edward Walsh, a successful young Cumberland lawyer, and Clara Teresa, now Mrs. Peter J. Seaver, both worthy inheritors of the fame and virtues of their distinguished parents, whose memory they cherish as their most sacred legacy.

In this study, we are interested in Mr. Walsh, especially as a great, successful, Catholic layman, interested in those qualities of mind and heart that made him near and dear to the Church, and that made the Church so dear to him; the very qualities, in fact, in which lay the secret of all his public worth. It has been well said by Archbishop Keane, the great

rector of the Catholic University, that "a man's life is noble in proportion as he places before himself a noble ideal, and strives manfully to live up to that ideal." Now, the ideal, which from his infancy was



HON. WILLIAM WALSH.

placed before the mind of William Walsh, was the ideal of Catholic faith, which kept constantly saying to him, "God made me to know Him, to love Him and to serve Him." When we understand this, we understand his life, and we perceive how easy it was

for the supernatural element in that life to manifest itself so visibly in his daily actions. It was the supernatural element that moulded the strong character and enabled William Walsh to impress his personality on the community, and so loftily to hold up the Irish Catholic character. He was the conspicuous Catholic layman of Western Maryland for forty years. He stood up before the world, a Catholic lawyer, a Catholic man of affairs, not defiant, but stood in his integrity, where largely race and religious prejudices were against him; but, withal, he stood undismayed, unshattered, a victor, and at last a hero.

William Walsh was a man strangely constituted in many ways; he worked along after his own manner, but it somehow happened that his own manner always led to the right end, whether in law, or politics, or social problems. He was a man who worried very little about the passing accidents of the time. His associates were frequently the heroes of Plutarch; his excursions, with Alexander, Cæsar or the Crusaders; his philosopher, St. Thomas Aquinas; his orator, St. Bernard or Peter the Hermit; his hero, poor Patrick, whose fidelity to his religion at home made him ply the shovel abroad. He was one of those men who are lifted far above the harsh realities of life, and whose thoughts often dwell on the great questions which have their conclusions beyond the grave.

Mr. Walsh made vast fortunes, accumulated much valuable real estate. His private library was so comprehensive as to embrace everything of value; but he

could never become a millionaire—he valued money too lightly and his heart was too generous for that. It was in the domain of thought and feeling, of head and heart, that William Walsh towered high above his fellow-men, and, on that account, he gave a direction to men's thoughts and made an impression on men's hearts that will outlive the monuments which pride erects or the fashionable schools of agnosticism and atheism which millionaire robbers endow. His influence during his life was enormous; his word was equal to law with all classes, and his memory is preserved in the hearts of the living and the loving who knew him. The law-books of the State speak his industry, the Constitution of the State bears the imprint of his talents; and for every conscientious young man of brains and virtue, who is willing to work his way, no matter how poor he may be, there are signboards for his guidance by land and lighthouses for his guidance by sea, which the Hon. William Walsh has erected for him.

Mr. Walsh attended, as a diocesan delegate, the Catholic Lay Congress, which was held in Baltimore in 1889. He declined, however, to take any active part in the deliberations, on the ground that Church affairs should be left in the hands of churchmen, and, when laymen interfere in such matters, they often preach heresy on account of their ignorance of theological terminology, and even when their intentions are the very best, they are apt to do more harm than good. No man was more timid than he in expressing

his opinions regarding Church affairs, but he understood perfectly his rights, and was straightforward in giving his views in his own province. This is clear from a very well remembered incident which happened at Cumberland. At the death of Very Rev. Edward Brennan, the late Monsignor McColgan, Vicar-General of the archdiocese, came to Cumberland to attend the funeral. After returning from the cemetery, he began to cast his eyes around to see how the parish affairs stood. He thought he would take a look at the books, when Mr. Walsh frankly informed the Vicar-General, "It's a penitentiary offense, sir, to open that safe," meaning, of course, before all the legal formalities were complied with.

A few days before his death, Mr. Walsh was in conversation with a priest, and, in the course of his remarks, he gave utterance to a truth which is worthy of profound consideration. "My experience," he said, "has convinced me that the darkness which prevents most worldly-minded men from seeing God's truth is moral rather than intellectual. 'Blessed are the *clean of heart*, for they shall *see God*,' has a far deeper meaning than many men imagine." That is certainly a noble thought, and all the more worthy of our reflection because it comes from a man who knew human nature well, and knew the truths of Catholic teaching well.

To sum up briefly: Hon. William Walsh, a model worthy of imitation of every Catholic youth, born in Ireland, bereft of his father almost before he knew a

father's love, battled with the world in the harvest field, learned men in a grocery store, books at the old Mountain College, in a Catholic atmosphere, law at a university, in a non-Catholic atmosphere, without his faith being tainted or his religious sentiments impaired; twice elected to Congress, declined higher political honors; a lawyer, deep-read and thorough; an orator, combining, in an unusual degree, massiveness of thought, logical development, brilliancy of antithesis, a passion of conviction sweeping everything before it; a man of gigantic intellect, united with unsurpassed skill in debate; and, over all, the simplicity of a docile and obedient child in scrupulously observing the minutest details of his religion; and, finally, "as the ripe, mellow fruit falls in due season to the ground, as the flower hangs its head and droops, as the sun, at evening's close, sinks calmly into its ocean bed, leaving tracks of glory behind, so did he quit this world with a pious prayer, which a loving mother had taught him, trembling on his lips, the Christian hope of heavenly rest in his heart, and the sweet thought of the mercy of Jesus, whom he had loved and served during his life, hovering like an angel over his departing spirit."

CHAPTER III.

GARRETT COUNTY.

GARRETT is the extreme western county of Maryland. Until the year 1872 it formed a part of Allegany. The Church of Garrett County is also, in a sense, the offspring of the Church of Allegany, because the same missionary priests that made the history of Allegany are, to a great extent, the history-makers of the Church of Garrett. But this being said, the similarity between the two counties ceases; in fact, in passing from Allegany County to Garrett, so different are the conditions confronting us that it seems like passing into an entirely different country. The resources of Allegany County have been marvelously developed, whilst Garrett is still in the primeval state, comparatively little having been done to develop its manifold resources.

"There's a dance of leaves in the aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in the beechen tree;
There's a smile on the fruit and a smile of the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea."

An honest, intelligent, hard-working yeomanry form the vast majority of Garrett's population. Few of the inhabitants are wealthy, though many of them are in comfortable circumstances. The land is of the limestone variety, rich, retentive of moisture, and well adapted to raise all kinds of farm produce. During the last twenty five years, orchards have proved paying investments. The county is rich in fire-clay, iron-ore, coal and other minerals. Every now and then, more or less excitement is raised by the assertion that precious metals have been discovered in Garrett County. It is confidently believed that both gold and silver exist along the waters of the Savage River; it may be doubted, however, as to whether they exist in paying quantities, and it is more than probable that they do not. No systematic efforts have yet been made to develop the mineral resources of Garrett County, because the timber of the forests has been found a source of great wealth; and while the county continues dotted with saw-mills, the minerals will be allowed to slumber untouched.

ARTICLE I.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BLOOMING ROSE.

The first Catholic mission of Garrett County was St. Mary's mission, of Blooming Rose. With the exception of old St. Mary's Church, of Cumberland, and the Arnold Settlement Church, Blooming Rose is the oldest Maryland mission west of Hagerstown; but the Blooming Rose mission is unique, from the fact that it alone could boast of having at least a small number of Indian communicants.

It is historically settled that the first white men that came to dwell in Garrett County were John Friend and his six sons, in the year 1760. They built a cabin somewhere along the Youghiogheny River. Two of the young men soon tired of the wilderness and enlisted in the British army. Both were killed in battle during the French and Indian war. John Friend, Jr., and his brother, Charles, moved up the river and established themselves at what is now Sang Run. Paul De Witt and William Coddington were the next settlers. It is certain that none of these were Catholics, although some of the De Witts and Coddingtons became Catholics later.

After the defeat of Gen. St. Clair by the Miami Confederated Indians, in 1791, about forty families moved to Blooming Rose; most of them were soldiers

who had grown tired of fighting Indians in Ohio. Finding themselves settled in a fertile country, they at once erected cabins and began to cultivate the soil. James McGuffin, one of the settlers, was a staunch Catholic; he married a Protestant wife, of Pennsylvania Dutch extraction. Mrs. McGuffin soon expressed a wish to become a Catholic, but, unfortunately, there was no priest nearer than Loretto, Pennsylvania, to baptize her. In 1799, tradition says James McGuffin and his wife, Wilhelmina, set out on horseback for Loretto, where Mrs. McGuffin was instructed and baptized by Rev. D. A. Galitzin. This is the first record we have of the existence of even a shadow of Catholicity in Blooming Rose.

Meshack Browning, the famous hunter, came to Garrett County towards the close of the eighteenth century. He was born in Frederick County in 1781. He was the son of an English officer, who left the British army after Braddock's defeat. Mr. Browning was not a Catholic when he came to the county, but he became a devout Catholic later in life.

Very early in the present century, the Edwards family, from Southern Maryland, settled in Blooming Rose. Mrs. Edwards' maiden name was Anna E. Mudd; she was a member of one of the oldest Catholic families of Southern Maryland. They were soon followed by the Jamison family, from near Bryantown, Maryland, and as early as 1815, a Catholic family named Bevans had been added to the little congregation. Many of the very first settlers, being

soldiers and adventurers, soon abandoned the Settlement, and Blooming Rose, as early as 1820, had taken on the appearance of a practically Catholic colony, with a peculiarly Catholic atmosphere.

The Rev. James Redmond, of St. Mary's Church, Cumberland, visited Blooming Rose regularly as early as 1819, and offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Father Redmond is probably the first priest that said Mass at Blooming Rose; he is certainly the first that attended the mission regularly. There is an erroneous notion among Western Maryland Catholics that Cumberland was once a mission of Blooming Rose. There is not even a shadow of foundation for the assertion, because there was a church in Cumberland when Blooming Rose was still a trackless wilderness.

According to the records contained in an old Missal in possession of the Edwards family, Blooming Rose was attended from 1819 to 1822 by the Dominican Fathers from St. Joseph, Perry County, Ohio. Father Young went to Cumberland, and Father Fenwick administered to the Blooming Rose Catholics.

It is worthy of note that Father Fenwick was born in St. Mary's County, Md., and, inasmuch as nearly all the Garrett County Catholics were immigrants from that section, it is probable that friendship as well as zeal had something to do with his love for the mission in the wilderness. Father Fenwick attended the little parish until he was consecrated Bishop of Cincinnati in 1822. He is not to be con-

founded with Father Fenwick, the Jesuit, who afterwards became the second Bishop of Boston.

Of our Bishop Fenwick, Dr. Shea says: "Edward D. Fenwick was born in St. Mary's County, Md., in 1768. Having been sent, at the age of sixteen, to the Dominican College, Bornheim, in Flanders, he went through his studies with distinction, and, feeling called to the religious life, entered the Order of St. Dominic as a novice. When the armies of revolutionary France overran the low countries, the convent was seized, and Father Fenwick and his brethren were thrown into prison as Englishmen. Procuring his release as an American citizen, he joined the Dominicans of his province in England; but, as he was desirous of laboring in his native land, he obtained from the Very Rev. General of the Order permission to conduct a colony of Friars Preachers to the United States. He was chosen Superior of the new mission and sailed for this country with three Fathers. Bishop Carroll welcomed them and assigned them to duty in Kentucky. Their mission soon extended to Ohio, where many scattered Catholics were found. January 13, 1822, he was consecrated the first Bishop of Cincinnati. While devotedly performing the duty of the good shepherd, he was stricken down by cholera, but rallied sufficiently to continue his journey. He was soon again seized by his old enemy, and died September 26, 1832, at Wooster, Ohio."

"He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life."

It is during the visits of Father Fenwick to Blooming Rose that a few Indians were instructed and baptized. This mission at one time numbered probably ten or fifteen Indian communicants. That we may fully understand how this occurred, we must turn for a moment to profane history. It is historically settled that "the Indians who roamed over the upper section of Maryland belonged to the Shawanese tribe, a subdivision of the Algonquin group. In 1682, when William Penn made his treaty with the Indians, in the neighborhood of the present city of Philadelphia, the Shawanese were a party to the treaty, in common with the other tribes, who composed the great nation of Algonquins."

In 1854, the remnant of the Shawanese tribe in the Indian Territory had dwindled down to about nine hundred. It may be surprising to many that the Indians were still roaming in the extreme western portion of Maryland when Cumberland and Mt. Savage had already grown to good-sized, industrial towns. The reason of this is very simple. After the close of the French and Indian war, by the treaty of Paris, in 1763, a large territory was ceded to England. On April 16, 1764, instructions were issued to the land office that the Proprietary was desirous

of having ten thousand acres of land reserved as a manor or national park, to be located west of Fort Cumberland. As a consequence of these instructions, the land was not appropriated by white men until it was divided into military lots long after the Revolutionary war. The Indians were consequently permitted to roam unmolested over this vast mountain territory. There are a few men and women still living in Garrett County who remember meeting wandering Indians in the mountains, and to them the departure of the red man seems only as of yesterday.

The Indian converts of Blooming Rose were not of the most hope-inspiring class. Tradition says that when they went to church, they were nearly always late, and, as a rule, they fell asleep during Mass. It should be said, however, in charity to the red man, that these faults are by no means confined to Indian Catholics.

In 1823, Rev. Thomas Heyden, of Bedford, Pa., paid a visit to Blooming Rose; this is to be understood as a mere friendly visit to the Edwards family, to whom he was related. Father Heyden baptized a number of children; tradition says that one evening he baptized ten, ranging from three days to three years old. He preached nearly every evening during his visit, his pulpit being the steps of the Edwards farm-house; the men, in the meantime, made themselves comfortable lying on the grass, and they showed their appreciation of the eloquence of the

young preacher by frequent shouts of uproarious applause.

Father Heyden was ordained priest at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Conwell, of Philadelphia, in 1821. He was looked upon as one of the leading priests of his day in Western Pennsylvania. He was a bosom friend of the Rev. Prince Galitzin, whose life and labor he has sketched in a graphic and charming biography. We have the authority of the learned Church historian, John Gilmary Shea, for asserting that Father Heyden was named Bishop of Natchez, but declined the honor. Tradition says he was a charming character.

Rev. Timothy Ryan visited Blooming Rose and preached a mission during the year 1824. He was pastor of Hagerstown, Cumberland, Mt. Savage and Blooming Rose. This is the only remembered visit of Father Ryan to the Garrett County mission.

In 1825, Rev. Charles Constantine Pise visited Blooming Rose, and remained probably two months or more. It was about this time that the little congregation began to arrange for the building of their new church.

Father Pise was born at Annapolis, Md., November 22, 1801. As a young man, he joined the Society of Jesus, and was sent to Rome to finish his studies of theology, but, on account of his father's death, he was compelled to return home. He soon afterwards entered St. Mary's Seminary, of Baltimore, where he was ordained priest by Archbishop Marechal in 1825.

He was appointed assistant priest at the Baltimore Cathedral, and it is while he filled this position that Father Pise visited Blooming Rose. Later he was appointed to St. Matthew's Church, Washington, where he was elected chaplain of the United States Senate. He died May 26, 1858, as pastor of St. Charles' Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Father Pise was a prolific writer, an accomplished linguist, a polished gentleman. He published an extensive essay on the *History of the Church in This Country.* He was a notoriously ardent American, and has given lasting expression to his patriotism in a number of poems, the best known of which is as follows:

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

"They say I do not love thee,
Flag of my native land,
Whose meteor-folds above me
To the free breeze expand;
Thy broad stripes proudly streaming,
And thy stars so brightly gleaming.

They say I would forsake thee
Should some dark crisis lower;
That, recreant, I should make thee
Crouch to a foreign power;
Seduced by license ample,
On thee, blest flag, to trample.

False are the words they utter,
  Ungenerous their brand,
And rash the oaths they mutter,
  Flag of my native land;
While still, in hope, above me,
Thou wavest, and I love thee!

They say that bolts of thunder,
  Hurled by the Pontiff's hand,
May rive and bring thee under,
  Flag of my native land,
And with one blow dissever
My heart from thee forever.

God's is my first love's duty,
  To whose eternal Name
Be praise for all thy beauty,
  Thy grandeur and thy fame;
But ever have I reckoned
Thine, native flag, its second.

Woe to the foe or stranger
  Whose sacrilegious hand
Would touch thee or endanger,
  Flag of my native land!
Though some would fain discard me,
Mine should be raised to guard thee.

Then wave, thou first of banners,
  And in thy genial shade
Let creeds, opinions, manners,
  In love and peace be laid;
And there, all discord ended,
Our hearts and souls be blended."

During the year 1826, the people were visited by the Rev. Father Francis Roloff, who seems to have given much of his time to the Blooming Rose mission. He spent nearly all the summer months with the Edwards family. From Garrett County he was moved to Wheeling, W. Va., and thus became the first priest attending the mission, which has since become the Wheeling Cathedral parish.

During the five years following, Rev. Francis X. Marshall attended the missions. Father Marshall has the honor of building the first Catholic church erected in Garrett County. The church was finished in the autumn of 1827. There is no record of the laying of the corner-stone, no record of the dedication, no record of the sermon, no word of the music; tradition simply says "that the people were glad that they had at last a decent church." But this much we know, without a written record, that the little church of Blooming Rose nestled amid nature's rarest beauty, amid a variety of autumnal colors defying the brush of painter. Ruby-tinted and sombre-leafed vines, grand old maples, plumed in sunset glow, grouped in relief against the deep-shaded, green pines, were the frame for this first little Catholic chapel. We are certain, too, that the good priest and his little congregation had *no* opportunity to have their picture taken, because the daguerreotype was not known until ten years later, and photographs were not printed until twenty years afterwards. The music, probably, was not grand, because, at that time, there was not an

organ or piano in the county. There were few, if any, letters written to describe the opening of the new church, because nearly all the congregation were illiterate and goose-quills were the only pens known. The newspapers said nothing about the great event, because the salutatory of the *Glades Star*, Garrett County's first journal, was not written until forty years afterwards; and yet everything Catholic was there in the modest-looking little church. The candles glimmered at the altar; the shadow of the sanctuary lamp fell, night after night, on the rough walls; the autumn breezes wafted the incense of the dying flowers; the faithful people said the same old fervent prayers that apostles had recited amid the rattle of their chains and martyrs had sung above burning fire; and when Father Marshall's voice was heard in the sweet old language of Church, "*Domine, non sum dignus*," the few adorers approached the rude wooden altar to receive Holy Communion, making up, by redoubled fervor, for the absence of ceremony and splendor.

In the summer of 1828, the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered at Blooming Rose for the first time, and the confirming pontiff was the illustrious, self-sacrificing, pioneer bishop of the West, Rt. Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget, of Bardstown, Ky. The visit of Bishop Flaget is well remembered; he baptized Israel Garlitz, of Avilton, Garrett County, and Father Marshall stood as godfather. Mr. Garlitz was very proud of the circumstances in which he was engrafted on Christ, and he was, of course, fond of speaking of

"Bishop" *Fla-gette*, "the first bishop." There is a tradition among the people that the holy bishop blessed the boiling spring near McHenry. It does not seem at all strange that Bishop Flaget should have confirmed at Blooming Rose during the summer of 1828, because he made two journeys over the National Pike when he was going to Baltimore to consecrate Archbishop Whitfield, and when returning to his diocese of Bardstown. Bishop Flaget was sixty-five years of age. The journey from Baltimore to Bardstown in a stage-coach was at best a tiresome one, and a short stop at Blooming Rose was both rest and recreation for the grand old missionary. It is said that Bishop Flaget again visited the mission in 1829. It is probable that he was on his way to Baltimore to attend the First Provincial Council, or on his way home from Baltimore.

Dr. Shea says of this saintly bishop: "Benedict Joseph Flaget was born November 7, 1763, at Contournat, France, of a family of pious farmers; his father died before his birth, and his mother did not long survive. Trained by a good aunt, young Flaget entered college at Billom, and in time passed to the University of Clermont to study for the priesthood, as his elder brother had already done. The famous Seminary of St. Sulpice attracted him, and, completing a thorough course there, Benedict Joseph was ordained priest and joined the community. He was for some years professor of dogmatic and subsequently of moral theology in the Seminary of Nantes till the

French Revolution broke up all institutions of the kind. The good priest then sought refuge with his family at Billom, but he felt called to the American missions, and, with the consent of his Superior, Rev. Mr. Emery, sailed for Baltimore in 1792. Bishop Carroll welcomed the learned clergyman and sent him to Vincennes, where a French priest was needed. Journeying by wagon and flat-boat, performing missionary duty wherever he could on the route, Rev. Mr. Flaget reached Vincennes December 21, 1792. Religion had declined so that, with all his exhortations, only twelve received Holy Communion on Christmas Day. He labored earnestly to revive religion at Vincennes and other little centres of population, where the people had for years been deprived of all spiritual succor.

In 1798, he visited Cuba with the view of establishing a house of the Sulpitian body on that island, but this design being frustrated, he returned to Baltimore with a number of Cubans who desired to enter St. Mary's College. The next eight years were spent as professor in the college or in mission duties connected with the church and parish attached to it. The arrival of the Trappists in America awakened in his heart a desire to fly from the world and all its vicissitudes and seek peace in the silent cloisters of that austere Order, but he never attained his wish. When the diocese of Baltimore, which originally embraced all the thirteen United States, was divided in 1807, and new Sees erected, Bishop Carroll recommended the Rev. Mr. Flaget for the See of Bards-

town, Kentucky. The good priest at once begged Archbishop Carroll to obtain his release from the dreadful burden, and, failing to do so, went to Europe for the same object. Yielding at last to the will of the Sovereign Pontiff, he was consecrated in the Cathedral, Baltimore, by Archbishop Carroll, assisted by Bishops Cheverus and Egan, on November 4, 1810. Friends made up means to enable the Bishop, apostolic in his poverty, to reach the diocese for which he had been consecrated. It comprised the State of Kentucky, then containing a thousand Catholics, with ten churches and three priests; Indiana and Michigan, with Tennessee, were also confided to his care. He took up his residence in a log-cabin sixteen feet square, and began his labors. The congregations in the diocese were frequently visited, a seminary was begun, Confirmation given.

On the night of February 10, 1850, he became restless and slightly delirious. At noon the next day, Bishop Spalding, attended by the eleven priests of the city, administered the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction to the venerable prelate, who was in full possession of his faculties. He followed the profession of faith, read by his secretary, and, after a few words expressing his ardent attachment to his clergy, religious and people, he gave his last solemn episcopal benediction. After this his lips moved in prayer, he pressed the crucifix to his lips, and, at half-past five in the evening of the 11th, calmly expired without a struggle.

"He died as he had lived," says Bishop Spalding—"a saint, and the last day was perhaps the most interesting and impressive of his whole life. Tranquilly and without a groan did he 'fall asleep in the Lord,' like an infant gently sinking to his rest."

No bishop in this country has ever been regarded as surpassing Bishop Flaget in sanctity, in the spirit of prayer, in the ardor of his devotion, his firmness, patience and constant devotion to all the duties of his state.

In 1831, the mission of Blooming Rose had grown in numbers sufficiently large to support a resident pastor, and His Grace, Archbishop Whitfield, appointed Rev. Henry Myers, who thus became the first resident priest of Garrett County. Father Myers was born at Conewago, Pa., in 1806. He was ordained priest from St. Mary's Seminary, 1831, and Blooming Rose was his first mission. He remained here five years, leading the quiet life of a hidden, backwoods priest, but, nevertheless, a very happy priest. His congregation were kind and exceedingly docile, and the good priest could see the effect of his labors, and found, no doubt, great consolation in the inner consciousness of achieving something for God's glory and His children's eternal salvation.

Where, we might ask, is the ideal habitation of the studious priest? Where should he live, in solitude or society? Longfellow asked the question: "Where should the scholar live? In the green stillness of the country, where he can hear the heart of nature beat,

or in the dark, gray city, where he can hear and feel the throbbing heart of man?" Each has its advantages. Some priests love country life, with its solitude, its harvest fields, and all its sights and sounds; others like the city, the tumultuous stream of humanity, where they come in contact with strong human passions, throbbing hearts, great ambitions and ruined characters. Father Myers was a priest who loved the country. He was young and strong when he went to Blooming Rose. His parish embraced nearly all of Garrett County, including souls too often overlooked—those who are "not of the household of the faith." He labored earnestly to make converts to the Church. He rode around on horseback to the different farm-houses, became well acquainted with all his far and near neighbors; in this way he succeeded in adding many fervent converts to his congregation. Father Myers is still well remembered all over Garrett County; the old people remember having seen him, the younger, having heard of him. Besides being a good priest, he is remembered as a devoted disciple of Isaac Walton, spending some of his time fishing for fish, but most of it fishing for men. He was also a hunter, and occasionally went out with his old flint-lock gun in search of wild turkeys, and even big game. His life was simple and contented.

"At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed."

Father Myers died in Baltimore in 1872; at the time of his death he was pastor of St. Vincent's Church.

In 1836, the Rev. Bertrand S. Piot became pastor of Blooming Rose, and remained in charge until 1838, when he was transferred, by order of Archbishop Eccleston, to Cumberland, as assistant to Father Myers, who had been Father Piot's predecessor at Blooming Rose.

Father Piot was ordained priest from St. Mary's Seminary in the year 1833. He was a Frenchman by birth, a cultured gentleman, a pious and learned priest. He was very much admired during his missionary career in Western Maryland, although he is remembered as a very sensitive man, nervous, and at times apt to be severe and censorious. Tradition relates that, during his pastorate at Blooming Rose, he suffered from insomnia—not on account of any inherent tendency to sleeplessness—but from the continual quacking of ducks, probably too numerous in the locality, and of course too noisy, as ducks always are. Father Piot, being a just man, agreed to buy all the ducks in the vicinity, and, when he had paid the contract price, "he laconically ordered a boy to chop off their heads." He is well remembered as "the priest who made war on ducks," or "the little man who didn't like ducks."

Father Piot was fond of music, but not music of the barnyard order; the low grunt of one class of domestic animals was disagreeable to him, while the

high bray of another class was positively unbearable. It is said that he was very fond of cats, and a rather pathetic story is told of one of his pets. Among all the proud and more or less beautiful Blooming Rose felines was an Angora, on which Father Piot is said to have lavished a great deal of affection. When the good Father was absent, the cat sat looking homesick and dejected until his return, when the forlorn look disappeared, and the little animal at once began to purr. The people thought that the cat understood French, and that its homesickness disappeared as soon as it was spoken to in its own language.

Father Piot faithfully administered to the spiritual needs of his scattered congregation. During his pastorate, the people began to settle in what is now the Johnstown district; as a consequence, he spent much of his time at what afterwards became the Flatwoods mission. He practically attended both missions until 1840, when he was moved to Ellicott's Mills.

Father Piot was strictly opposed to negro slavery, and he deplored and censured the rapidity with which it was spreading in Garrett County. He was zealous in instructing the slaves in his parish, and always exceedingly kind in his treatment of them. On one occasion, he was pained at the heartlessness manifested by a Garrett County farmer, who wished to get possession of a saddle horse owned by Father Piot. The farmer coldly informed the good priest that he had "an able-bodied negro not addicted to running away," which he would gladly trade for the

good priest's horse. Father Piot reprimanded the slave-driver with appropriate indignation.

He was also an ardent temperance advocate, and often preached strong sermons against the excessive use of "apple jack," the most prevalent intoxicating drink then in use in Western Maryland. When Father Matthew, the apostle of temperance, visited America, Father Piot entertained him at Ellicott City, and accompanied him to Washington, where the great priest received high honors. The facts are about as follows:

On an urgent invitation, Father Matthew, whose renown as a temperance advocate had spread throughout Europe and America, in 1849 sailed for the United States. Arriving in New York on July 2, he was presented with an address by the Common Council. He afterward traveled through the principal cities of the Union, everywhere receiving a cordial welcome, and giving the pledge to thousands of citizens of all creeds.

One of the most important events of Father Matthew's American tour was his impressive reception in the Capitol by the nation's representatives. He arrived in Washington December 18, 1849, and immediately there was a motion made in the House of Representatives to admit him to the floor. It was carried unanimously, and Father Matthew made the most of his opportunity to advance the great cause he had at heart. In the United States Senate, Mr. Walker, of Wisconsin, proposed the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That Rev. Theobald Matthew be allowed a seat within the Bar of the United States Senate during the period of his sojourn in Washington."

The resolution was carried by thirty-three to eighteen, the dissenters being Southerners, who were offended by Father Matthew's pronouncements in Ireland against negro slavery.

Thus the great Irish apostle of temperance was accorded an honor never granted to a foreigner up to that time except Lafayette. On December 20, President Fillmore entertained Father Matthew at a great dinner, to which were invited fifty prominent Americans. Father Piot was one of the prominent ecclesiastics invited by President Fillmore to dine with Father Matthew.

Perhaps Father Piot is the best remembered of all the pioneer priests of Maryland; at any rate, he is remembered by all the present generation of priests who studied their classics at St. Charles' College. Towards the end of his life he resigned his pastorate of Ellicott City into the hands of a younger and stronger man, and retired to the college to prepare himself in solitude and silence for death. The last years of his life were spent in retreat, occupying his time in prayer and meditation. To the two hundred students who, day after day, noticed the emaciated, little old priest, with a few straggling white hairs, sunken eyes, and wasted frame, slowly moving from the chapel to his room, or quietly walking in sunny weather on the upper portico, there was the same appearance of mys-

tery that we feel when brought in contact with relics of the past. Every one wondered and felt curious enough to inquire who is the old man that moves along as noiselessly as Hamlet's ghost? Where did he come from? Where did he work in the dim and dreamy past? As the spring days of 1882 were lengthening to summer, the word was passed from one student to another that poor old Father Piot was dying. At spiritual reading one bright Sunday evening the prayers of the community were asked for the good old priest, who had that afternoon received the last rites of the Church. Before receiving Holy Viaticum, Father Piot, with that humility which characterizes true sanctity, asked pardon for all the scandal he had given to the professors and students during his sojourn at the college, and requested all to ask for him the grace of perseverance. There was scarcely a dry eye among the little band of priests kneeling by his bedside. The Very Rev. Father Dennis, president of the college, administered Holy Viaticum, and then the Sacrament of extreme Unction. He anointed the tired old feet, which nearly fifty years before had gone on many a long journey to prepare for death the dying; he anointed the old shrunken hands, so often lifted in fervent prayer; and the poor old eyes, so often dazzled by the midnight lightning flash on the mountains. And last of all, he repeated that sweet prayer of the ritual: "Depart, Christian soul, in the name of God, the Father, who created thee; in the sweet name of Jesus Christ, His Son, who redeemed thee; in the name of God, the Holy Ghost, who sanctified

thee; and may thy habitation be in peace and thy abode in Sion, and may the angels receive thee at thy coming."

Father Piot's funeral took place from the chapel of St. Charles' College, thence to Ellicott City, where his remains were buried. An unusual circumstance of the funeral was the attendance of nearly two hundred young students, all candidates for the holy priesthood. The procession moved slowly down the old National Pike; when it reached the little stone bridge the students separated into two lines on either side of the road, whilst the clergy and remains of Father Piot moved on. As the students turned their faces homeward, the thought flashed into the minds of many: "This is the parting between the old and young priesthood of America."

Father Piot's life was a great success; his whole priesthood was laborious and hidden from the eyes of the world; this may account to some extent for the high degree of sanctity which he attained. He was never in a position requiring brilliant display of talents; nevertheless, he was blessed with mental and moral endowments of no ordinary degree. It has been well said, "that there is the same kind of similarity between virtue shaded by private life and shining forth in a public one, as there is between a candle carried aloft in the open air and one enclosed in a lantern; in the former place it gives more light, but in the latter it is in less danger of being blown out."

From 1841 to 1845 the mission was honored by an occasional visit from Rev. Leonard Obermeyer, of St.

Patrick's Church, Cumberland; but after Mt. Savage was separated from the Cumberland mission, Blooming Rose became an outlying station, attended by Rev. Charles Brennan, of Mt. Savage. It was during his pastorate that the Blooming Rose began to wither. The people commenced to move away. The railroad craze had taken possession of the young men, many of whom abandoned their farms and took employment with the contractors, who were grading the bed of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Others went west, or as they at the time expressed it, "went out back." Towards the middle of the century only a few Catholics remained at the old mission; the Catholics were going, the mission was dying. The little church, which nearly a century ago was made sacred by the Holy Sacrifice, is to-day only a reminiscence. Many a winter it stood snow-covered and neglected; it decayed and disappeared at last. The old people died; the children grew up, and have long ago ceased from play. The grave-yard alone remains, but its sacred stillness has for years been broken by the hum of industry, rumble of car wheels, and the shriek of the locomotive.

"When science from creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!"

Towards the end of 1850 Blooming Rose was dead; but the dying Queen had given birth to two Kings—St. Peter's Church, of Oakland, and St. James', of Johnstown.

ARTICLE II.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, OAKLAND.

Oakland, the county seat of Garrett County, is situated on the summit of the most charming plateau of the Allegany Mountains. The town is located nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is, consequently, a splendid stage for grand displays in winter of the storm-king's power. The atmosphere, however, even in winter, is pure, dry, healthy and invigorating; and in summer, the town is nothing less than an earthly paradise. The scenery is of the most varied and imposing character, in places attaining to grandeur almost sublime. The mountains slope gently, the rivulets flow peacefully, presenting a scene so restful and free from gloom as to recall to mind the charming lines of that gentle singer, Mrs. Hemans:

"See'st thou my home? 'Tis where yon woods are waving,
In their dark richness to the summer air;
Where yon blue stream, a thousand flower-banks laving,
Leads down the hill a vein of light,—'tis there!
'Midst those green wilds how many a fount lies gleaming,
Fringed with the violet, colored with the skies!
My boyhood's haunt, through days of summer dreaming,
Under young leaves that shook with melodies.
My home! the spirit of its love is breathing
In every wind that plays across my track;
From its white walls the very tendrils wreathing,
Seem with soft links to draw the wanderer back."

In 1848, there was not even one cultivated patch where Oakland now stands. On all sides extended an impenetrable wilderness; literally, a heavy and splendid oak land along the hillsides and a swampy and marshy land in the valley. When the railroad company made the survey for the road in 1848, Isaac McCarty owned all the ground on which the town now stands. In 1849, the town was laid out in lots; and the same year a house was built, to be used as a railroad depot. This house stood on the ground devastated by the destructive July fire of 1898. During the summer of 1849, Rev. William D. Parsons, a young priest, a lover of solitude, visited Oakland on a camping-out trip, at the invitation of Isaac McCarty, whose guest he was. He is said to have spent about two weeks in the mountains; and, having come prepared to say Mass on Sundays, he thus won the distinction of offering up in the first house built in the town the first Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in what has since become the county seat of Garrett County.

Father Parsons was of English descent. He was born in Baltimore. His paternal ancestors were among the notable English families that remained faithful to the Church, some of them sealing their devotion to it with their lives. When Lord Baltimore declared his intention to found a colony in America, where religious freedom should prevail, the ancestors of Father Parsons eagerly sought the opportunity to escape the severe laws enacted in England against Catholics. They landed at St. Mary's with Lord Baltimore, and took

a prominent part in the affairs of the new colony. When the Revolutionary war broke out, many of Father Parsons' ancestors fought bravely for the independence of the colonies, and also lent considerable financial aid to the cause. He was related to many of the leading families of the State.

At an early age, he showed an inclination for a religious life, and was entered as a student at St. Mary's Seminary, where he pursued his preparatory and theological courses. Among his classmates were the late Father Coskery, who was at one time Vicar-General of the archdiocese, and Father Dolan, who for many years was pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Baltimore. Father Parsons was ordained priest at the Cathedral by Archbishop Eccleston on August 16, 1845. There were less than twenty priests in the whole city at that time, and each one was required to perform a large amount of clerical labor. His first appointment was as assistant priest at St. Vincent's Church. There were seven thousand members of the congregation, with only two priests to administer to their spiritual welfare. It is during this time that, tired out with hard work, he came with his friends on his camping-out excursion to Oakland. He was afterwards appointed to a professorship in St. Mary's Seminary, which at that time had both secular and clerical students. There he gained a high reputation as a teacher. Many prominent Baltimoreans were his pupils, including the Hon. A. Leo Knott.

During the reign of the Know-Nothing party, when priests were the objects of riotous attacks, Father

Parsons, to the great alarm of friends, fearlessly walked the streets at all hours of the night, and on one occasion forced his way through a crowd of "Plug Uglies" to exercise his right of suffrage. It is said that on another occasion a member of the above organization proposed to attack the brave priest, but he was promptly reprimanded by a leader, who said: "Surely we cannot molest a man whose ancestors were among the first settlers of the State, and whose relatives fought in almost every battle for American independence, and spent thousands of dollars to secure liberty for their country." The rebuke was accepted by the crowd, and Father Parsons was allowed to pass on his way to vote unmolested.

In 1859, he became chaplain of Mt. De Sales Academy, on the suburbs of Baltimore now, but then located amidst a dense forest. He became deeply interested in the institution, and incessantly labored for its welfare. Here he spent the remainder of his life as chaplain of the institution. He died December 23, 1899. Shortly before his death, Father Parsons was found seated in his study, looking out of a window, which affords a beautiful view of the surrounding country. In the far distance, the blue waters of the Chesapeake could be seen, here and there dotted with the white-winged messengers of commerce. Father Parsons then bore marks of having been a remarkably handsome man in his younger days. There were a few gray hairs on his head, but he had still a bright and kindly countenance. The

old man's eyes filled with tears when reference was made to the then approaching anniversary, his golden jubilee. "Why should there be any public celebration of my anniversary?" he said. "I am only a lonely old man, who has chosen an obscure field of labor as a minister of God. For the past forty-three years I have known or seen little of the outside world. I would be a stranger in the city of my birth; all my old friends are dead. All the priests who were ordained when I was have passed away; all of the members of my immediate family, too, are gone."

Father Parsons related many interesting incidents of the early history of Baltimore. He said he had known all the archbishops of the diocese, with the exception of the first two. He had intimately known Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and stood near him when he laid the corner-stone of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. When the first horse-car was operated in Baltimore, he was among those who boarded it. Such was thought to be the advantage of a vehicle running on tracks that one horse was expected to pull as many as five could. The result was that, when the car was started, with great ceremony, the horse was unable to move a step until about two-thirds of the passengers had dismounted.

Father Parsons was a typical Maryland gentleman of the old school. As a priest, he was loved for his piety, kindness and charity; he devoted all of his private fortune to benevolent purposes. There is probably no one living in Oakland now who remem-

bers Father Parsons' visit, but all who have visited Mt. De Sales Academy remember Father Parsons.

The Cullens and Keefes were the first Catholics to settle in the Oakland parish, the former residing near Oakland, the latter in the vicinity of Deer Park. The first death recorded is that of James Keefe, who was drowned near Deer Park, in a mountain stream, still called Keefe Creek, February 1, 1856, aged sixty years.

With the building of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the closing of the Blooming Rose Church, quite a number of Catholic families moved to Oakland, and Rev. Michael Slattery, of Frostburg, began to say Mass in the little town during the summer of 1850. Two years later, the congregation was sufficiently large to require a church, and a small, frame chapel, without steeple or bell, was erected and dedicated, under the patronage of St. Peter, June 29, 1852. It is worthy of note that the Catholics were the first denomination to build a house of worship in Oakland. Father Slattery attended his little mountain congregation regularly once a month, until his Frostburg and Westernport congregations became so large as to demand all his time and attention. He was the organizer of the parish, and his memory is still held in benediction in the mountains. He was a tall—in fact, a very tall priest—thin and wiry, rugged in appearance, kindly in disposition, displaying solidity of judgment, breadth and keenness of mind, fervor, piety, and unbounded zeal for the salvation of souls.

Towards the latter part of Father Slattery's pastorate a great many Germans moved to the vicinity of Oakland; these included five Shaffer families, Hessens, Finks, Helbigs, Claymeyers, Smithmans, Rasches and, later, Fleckensteins. These immigrants gave a decidedly German air to the congregation; the parish was turned over to the good Redemptorist fathers of Cumberland, and we begin to notice the names of Fathers Van de Braak and Wayrich inscribed in the church records.

In 1858 Rev. Richard Brown, of Mt. Savage, took charge of Oakland. From the inquiries which we have been able to make, we must look upon Father Brown as a kind of free lance. He was a Pittsburg priest, holding faculties in the Baltimore diocese, and he used his faculties and energies to their full capacity. He went on periodic excursions through the western portion of Allegany County and the eastern portion of West Virginia, teaching catechism and baptizing, but principally baptizing. He is remembered as a good-hearted, stalwart priest, whom every one admired. Father Carney, of Mt. Savage, also visited Oakland for a while. It was only a short while, as he found that his visits were being considered raids on the domains of Father O'Reilly, of Frostburg. Father O'Reilly was a born fighter, and as soon as he became pastor of Frostburg he settled the boundary lines of the parishes, claiming for himself everything in the State west of Frostburg. Father O'Reilly held that "the pastor who is not ready and willing at all times to fight for his rights will shortly

have no rights worth fighting for." He attended Oakland until the summer of 1863, paying only occasional visits. The war was raging; trains running without regularity; bridges being burned or threatened, now by one side then by the other. The men were enlisted in the home-guard militia, and the women were afraid to venture out to hear Mass. Father O'Reilly soon got tired of Oakland, and, to the great consternation of his little congregation, announced one Sunday that Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, had "turned over the parish to the Sour-Krout Redemptorists of Cumberland." This was his farewell to Oakland.

After the departure of Father O'Reilly the good Redemptorist Fathers took charge of St. Peter's little congregation, and, it must be said to their credit, they ministered to the spiritual needs of the people with commendable charity. The best remembered of these good priests are Fathers Eberhardt, Weist, and Gerdemann. Father Eberhardt, who is so well known in the George's Creek Valley, because he always said, "Let us *bray*," instead of "Let us *pray*," is remembered in Oakland on account of a famous instruction which he delivered on "Atonement." He pronounced the word "*At-one-ment*," and explained the *at-one-ment* doctrine as "a proxy righteousness," applied to individual souls through the sacraments. But the most fault-finding critic could see nothing objectionable in Father Gerdemann's English. He was a man of great talents. John Gerdemann was born in Cumberland January 5, 1840. He made his vows at the monastery January 6, 1857, was ordained

priest March 21, 1863, and Oakland was his first field of labor. He is remembered as a brilliant, strong, kind-hearted, young man. He was drowned near Annapolis, July 9, 1866. The news of the young priest's death came with an awful shock to his Oakland friends—a shock accompanied with wonder that God, whose mercy had blessed the world with so beautiful a life, saw fit, in His mysterious wisdom, to recall the precious gift so suddenly and so soon.

Archbishop Spalding visited Oakland and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in 1865.

Towards the end of 1866 the Carmelite Fathers succeeded the Redemptorists in Cumberland, and they naturally fell heirs to the outlying Redemptorist missions. The best remembered Carmelite priests are Fathers Lewis, McDonald, and Elias. These good Fathers faithfully attended the congregation until 1868, when Oakland became a mission of Westernport. Up to this time the town was quite small and comparatively insignificant; but it had begun to assume some importance as a summer resort of health-seekers. The surrounding region had become known as possessing wonderful beauty; the pure, cool, salubrious air was being talked about by the many travellers journeying over the new railroad. Here it was said, "both the robust and delicate enjoy sound sleep under blankets, when those who live in the cities are sweltering from excessive heat." The town had been incorporated in 1861, and it had continued to enjoy a slow but steady and healthy growth.

This was the state of affairs when Father D. C. De Wulf, of Westernport, became pastor of Oakland. Father De Wulf was the first diocesan priest that had charge of the parish since Father O'Reilly. He visited the congregation more frequently than the regulars had done. He enlarged the church and beautified it as far as his limited income would permit. Summer visitors were flocking to the "Glades," as the Oakland region was at that time called. Many of the visitors were Catholics, and their presence contributed numerically and financially to the growth of the congregation.

In 1869 the Rev. Jeremiah O'Sullivan paid his first visit to Oakland. He was then assistant to Father De Wulf at Westernport. The congregation at once began to clamor for Father O'Sullivan as resident pastor of Oakland. The young priest was approached by different delegations; his views were asked on the subject, and he gave the congregation every reason to hope that they would finally be successful in getting their man. He told them from the altar that "he had no fear whatever of failing to get a good living among them if His Grace, Archbishop Spalding, would accede to their request." From that time, the Oakland Catholics kept on petitioning for a resident pastor. Father O'Sullivan soon became pastor of Westernport, and as he always had a special fondness for Oakland, he arranged to have Mass there every second and fourth Sunday of the month. During Lent and other seasons of special devotion, he arranged to have sermons every Sunday evening. He built the school-house and established a

parochial school under charge of a lay teacher, and did all in his power to promote the spiritual interests of his mountain flock.

In 1871 affairs began to take on a new aspect in and around Oakland, a certain Mr. Zevely came to the mountains and began the publication of a newspaper called the *Glades Star*. The paper was only short lived. It died a natural death through lack of support; but its few months of vigorous and aggressive existence had given birth to a very strong sentiment in favor of a new county. The ideas spread far and wide through this pioneer venture in mountain journalism, were caught up by the people—meetings were held in different sections of the projected new county, orators traversed the mountains and valleys dilating on the manifold benefits to be derived from home rule, and haranguing the people to break the chains which so long had bound them to Cumberland fifty miles away. "We are paying twenty-eight thousand dollars taxes every year," they declared, "and receiving only eighteen thousand dollars. What becomes of the other ten thousand? It enters the pockets of the office holders of Cumberland!"

In January, 1872, petitions were presented before the Legislature praying for a new county, dividing Allegany County where the Savage River empties into the Potomac, thence north to Savage Mountain and the boundary of Pennsylvania. The Legislature, by an Act, dated April 1, 1872, created Garrett County, named after John W. Garrett, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. November 5, 1872, the

Act of the Legislature was ratified by the people, the proposition to create the new county being carried by a vote of 1,297 yeas to 405 nays. At the same election, Oakland was selected as the "shire town," and thus became the county seat of the mountain county.

FATHER WILLIAM MAHONY.

All these events had at least an indirect bearing on the growth of St. Peter's parish, because the fixing of the county seat at Oakland guaranteed the permanence of the town; the erection of the Court House and other public buildings improved the town very materially; and the construction of the grand Baltimore and Ohio hotel gave the mountain village all the dignity of a mountain city. The parish kept pace with the growth of the town, under the care of Rev. Father O'Sullivan and his able assistants, Fathers J. L. Andreis and William Mahony.

The year 1874 is a memorable one in the history of St. Peter's parish on account of a famous public controversy, which took place in the Deer Park village, between Father Mahony and a certain Rev. Mr. Thatcher, a Methodist minister of Oakland. Father

Mahony, whose fame as an orator had spread far and wide through the mountain regions, was most cordially invited to lecture in a small Protestant church at Deer Park. He accepted the kind invitation, and, on the second Sunday of November, drove over, accompanied by a couple of dozen able-bodied witnesses. In the evening, he went to the little church and delivered a plain instruction to a very much mixed congregation on "What Catholics Do Not Believe."

He began by calling attention to what was an unusual occurrence—"a priest in a Protestant pulpit." He then went on to show that Catholic doctrine has been misunderstood in America, because "English history, for the last three hundred years, has been a conspiracy against the truth." To put his points as strong as possible, he quoted Judge Gaston, in his famous speech against the thirty-second article of the first Constitution of North Carolina.

"A friend of mine, with whom, in early life, I spent many pleasant hours, and whom the tide of emigration has carried to the West, was accustomed to relate an incident which had actually occurred to him, as illustration of the ignorance and prejudice of a portion of the people in relation to Federalism. He had represented one of the counties of this State for several years in the General Assembly, and, after quitting public life, had occasion to pass through his old home on an election day. Stopping at a public house, he met with some old acquaintances, well-meaning but uninformed men, who soon entered into

conversation on the subject of the business of the day. 'Of course,' said my friend, addressing himself to one of them, 'you all go for Major A. here; you used to support him, tooth and nail, in old times.' 'Why, no, sir,' answered the good man, 'we are not so mighty much for him as we used to be.' 'And how has that happened? What has occasioned such a change?' 'Why, haven't you heard, sir? Why, they say he's turned a *featheral!*' 'Turned a *featheral!*' exclaimed my friend; 'is it possible! and, pray, what is a "featheral?"' 'I don't exactly know, sir,' he rejoined, 'but I allow it ain't *human!*'

"Such, surely, must be the conjecture, which the querists entertain of the strange animal called a papist. If quite candid, they will admit that the first time they saw one they peered in his face for the horns which should decorate his brow, then turned their eyes down to examine his cloven feet."

He next denied and explained the old, old, oft-refuted charges that "Catholics adore the Blessed Virgin," "pay the priest to forgive their sins;" and placed briefly but clearly before his auditors the teaching of Catholic faith in regard to the Church and the means of salvation. All had heard the great preacher. Every one seemed pleased. The sermon was the talk of the town. Father Mahony went home, and his able-bodied witnesses returned to Oakland. It seemed that all was over. But it happened that what seemed the end was really only the beginning. On Thanksgiving day, while Father Mahony was enjoying his thanksgiving dinner, he re-

ceived a very polite note from Rev. Mr. Thatcher, stating that the reverend gentleman had decided to answer his recent lecture; telling Father Mahony that his explanations did not explain; that the good people of Deer Park would be pleased to have him come back and explain his explanations. This was taken up by Father Mahony as a challenge for a public discussion of the claims of the Catholic Church against Protestantism, and he determined to accept the challenge thrown down, and to fight the battle with all the energy of his soul.

The news of the coming debate was welcome on all sides. The Catholics had the utmost confidence in the ability of their champion. Father Mahony was an able debater, naturally gifted with strong reasoning powers; he was a master in the art of word-painting, with a few touches drawing a picture graphic, vivid and true to life; he was a scriptural scholar, whose retentive memory could locate in a moment any controversial text; he was a thorough historian, particularly well-informed on all questions apt to arise in religious controversy; all these were united with robust common sense, a tinge of pathos and inexhaustible and pointed wit. In person Father Mahony was commanding. He was tall, but a little heavy—weighing nearly two hundred pounds; his features, though coarse, had an intellectual stamp; his eyes were brilliant; his voice strong, but sweet; his manner showed intensity of purpose, emotion and extraordinary elocutionary power.

Rev. Mr. Thatcher, on the other side, was a man of little education, very little natural ability, and no

presence worth speaking of. When he came forward to draw his strictures on Father Mahony's first lecture, he appeared with a bundle of manuscripts, quoting the "Litany of the Blessed Virgin" to prove that Catholics adore the "Virgin Mary." Every one was disappointed in him from the very beginning; and what had promised to be an interesting debate, dwindled down to a mass of incoherent unconnected assertions on the part of Rev. Mr. Thatcher, and their immediate denial and refutation on the part of his opponent. These discourses continued off and on until Christmas. But the Rev. Mr. Thatcher finally concluded that the state of his health and pressing duties in other fields would not permit him to pursue the subjects further. Father Mahony ended the debate by stating that "he was perfectly willing to continue night after night as long as his reverend opponent had even a shadow of a charge to make against the Church; but that Mr. Thatcher had probably learned a lesson, which it is well for all mountaineers to know, that hunting is all one-sided sport as long as the hunter is chasing the bear; but it becomes the other-sided as soon as the bear begins to chase the hunter."

It is a well known fact that Father O'Sullivan, the pastor of the parish, was from the beginning opposed to the controversy; but Father Mahony, the assistant, who had been challenged to the combat, felt that he could not, in honor to himself, allow the opportunity to pass without making use of it for the advancement, as he thought, of truth and religion. The whole congre-

gation, too, it must be admitted, were on the side of Father Mahony. But looking back now, after twenty-five years have passed away, we ask, "Did the controversy do any good? Did it do any harm?" We must answer as professors of philosophy sometimes do: "*Videbitur infra.*" It is probable that the majority of the auditors attended through the natural desire of seeing a fight; and the enthusiasm so boisterously manifested was about as sincere as the Athenian enthusiasm of old, which was willing to encourage both sides by shouting: "Go it, Socrates! Go it, Zantippe!"

Towards the end of Father O'Sullivan's pastorate in Oakland, he purchased the new cemetery, which is located a little more conveniently than the old "Shaffer Hill" cemetery. The late Henry Rasche was of great assistance to the good pastor in raising funds to buy the new ground. The blessing of the cemetery was Father O'Sullivan's last official act in Oakland.

On the 16th day of May, 1878, Rev. Joseph A. Gallen came to Oakland, having been appointed the first resident pastor by His Grace, Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore. The enthusiasm of the parishioners, which had long been on the wane through that "hope deferred which maketh the heart sad," now began to glow again in all its first fervor. Nearly ten years had elapsed from the time the congregation sent the first petition to Archbishop Spalding until it was answered by Archbishop Gibbons. The one thought in the minds of all was: "Now that we have a resident pastor, what are we going to do to support him?" A meeting was called by

Father Gallen, which was attended by nearly all the heads of families. It was admitted by everyone that the church was too small to get sufficient revenue from renting the pews; and, accordingly, it was determined at the meeting, over which Father Gallen himself presided, that every family should contribute a settled sum monthly for the support of the church. The contributions volunteered aggregated one hundred dollars a month. Father Gallen was satisfied, and the members of the congregation felt jubilant. Father Gallen became very popular with his little congregation at once. He organized a sodality of the Blessed Virgin, reëstablished the parochial school under charge of an able lay teacher, built the new sacristy, and embellished the church exteriorly and interiorly. Father Gallen rented a house, and furnished it, with the expectation of erecting a pastoral residence as soon as convenient. In this he was doomed to disappointment, as the high altitude of Oakland soon proved detrimental to his health, and he was called away January 1, 1879.

Rev. Joseph A. Gallen was born in Ireland. He came to America before he was out of his teens, and entered St. Charles' College, where he graduated, after a classical course of three years, in 1866. He studied philosophy and theology in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and was ordained priest by Rt. Rev. Bishop Foley, of Chicago, in 1870. He had been pastor of Hickory and Deer Creek, in Harford County, before his coming to Oakland. He was for many years in charge of the Laurel Mission, in Prince George's County, after leaving

Oakland. He died as pastor of St. Paul's parish, Baltimore. This last parish he organized, built the church and pastoral residence, and established a parochial school under the care of the good Franciscan Sisters.

Father Gallen was in the eighth year of his priesthood when he came to Oakland, and a comparatively young man. He is remembered as a handsome man; a gentleman in every respect; but his gentleness would be more likely to impress than his manliness. He had a good face; mild, kind and cheerful; but his cheerfulness had a little more gayety than the usual clerical character manifests. He made many friends, and was much sought after socially. He was an excellent financier, as is evident from the fact that, though during his life he was a generous giver of alms to every worthy charity, he, nevertheless, died a rich man

"As creeping tendrils shudder from the stone,
The vines of love avoid the frigid heart,
The work men do is not their test alone,
The love they win is far the better chart."

Rev. Joseph M. Trueschler was appointed to Oakland January 1, 1879, and arrived on the mountain top during the coldest blizzard of an extremely cold winter. Being a young man, fresh from his seminary studies, he contracted a severe cold, which developed into pulmonary consumption, and carried him to the grave a few years after his ordination.

Father Trueschler was born in Baltimore. He made his classical course of studies with the intention of

becoming a Redemptorist; but finally deciding to become a diocesan priest, entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and was ordained by Archbishop Gibbons at the Christmas ordinations of 1878. He is remembered as a very delicate little man; prayerful and pious, but knowing almost nothing of the ways of the world. To him to see the truth meant to follow it; and he was disappointed—very much disappointed—when he found, to his utter astonishment, that there are men in the world who are not so well disposed. It was an insoluble mystery to him that a man could believe in God and still not endeavor to lead a good life. As a natural consequence of this innocence, in his character there was a little too much of the "simplicity of the dove," and as he was totally devoid of "the cunning of the serpent," his ability would never amount to much.

Rev. Joseph M. Trueschler.

Rev. Caspar Schmitt came to Oakland in 1880 and remained head of the parish two years. He was a Bavarian by birth. He studied philosophy and theology in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, where he was

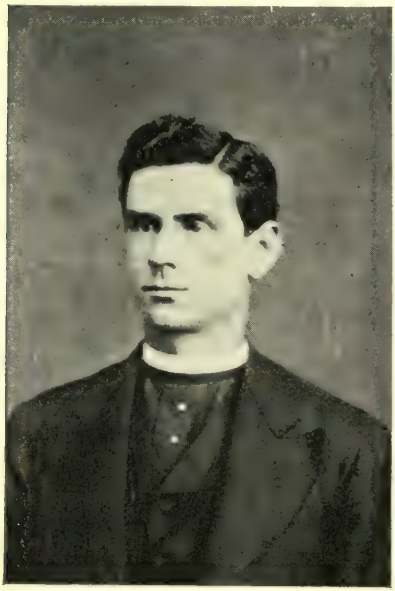
ordained priest by Rt. Rev. Bishop Becker, of Wilmington, in 1872. Father Schmitt was very well known at Oakland before he became pastor, as he had formerly been assistant to Father O'Sullivan, of Westernport; and in that capacity he had frequently visited Oakland.

He was a man of considerable ability; but impulsive and headstrong. He found life in the mountains—especially during the long and dreary winter, dull and monotonous—and he finally abandoned the hills of Maryland for the more exhilarating atmosphere of the ~~far~~ West.

September 10, 1882, Rev. Romanus Mattingly arrived at Oakland to take charge of the parish. He quickly discovered that although three resident pastors had preceded him, practically nothing had been done in the way of building up the parish; furthermore, that the congregation had grown tired hearing of plans, which never materialized. He accordingly determined to make a start, and at least see what could be done. He purchased a piece of ground, drew up his plans, and erected a large, comfortable pastoral residence. He not only built, but built judiciously, realizing what his congregation could do without being overburdened; and, best of all, he paid off nearly the whole of his church debt before leaving to work in other fields.

Father Mattingly is a member of one of the oldest Western Maryland Catholic families; a family, which has given to the Church scores of priests and religious; a family, too, noticeably tenacious of their Catholic faith.

He was born at Mt. Savage, studied classics, philosophy and theology, at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Emmitsburg, Md. He was stationed for a short time at St. Patrick's Church, Baltimore; afterwards at St. Patrick's, Cumberland, whence he was promoted to Oakland. Here he labored with success for fifteen years.



Rev. Romanus Mattingly.

Father Mattingly is blest with a good mind and a great deal of natural ability; as a parish administrator, he is quite successful; as a financier, he is conservative and safe; in the pursuit of knowledge he has a laudable stick-to-it-iveness not often met with. With a rifle he is considered one of the most expert marksmen in the State, and he is nearly as enthusiastic a musician as rifleman.

Father Mattingly is at present pastor of St. Peter's Church, Hancock, Washington County.

In September, 1897, His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, appointed Rev. Francis A. Wunnenberg to the pastorate of Oakland. Father Wunnenberg is a Baltimorean by birth. He studied classics under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers, philosophy and theology under the

Sulpicians, in St. Mary's Seminary. He had exercised the ministry in the capacity of assistant at St. Mary's Church, Washington, and as pastor of Hancock, Md., before coming to Oakland. During his short stay in Oakland he made many friends. But as the severity of the mountain winters threatened to impair his health, His Eminence, the Cardinal, deemed it wise to recall him to his native climate.

Rev. James E. Connell.

Father Wunnenberg is at present working with signal success as pastor of St. Joseph's Church, on the suburbs of Baltimore.

The century closes with Rev. James E. Connell in charge of St. Peter's Church. Father Connell was born in Pittsburg, Pa., but grew up in Cumberland. He acquired his primary education in the parochial schools attached to St. Patrick's Church; his classical course of studies he pursued at St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Md. At College he was so highly esteemed for his gentlemanly deportment, piety and intellectual attainments that he was elected prefect of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality, the most honorable

office held by a student in the College. His studies of philosophy and theology he made with success at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. He was ordained priest by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, at the Christmas ordinations of 1898. His first appointment was as assistant pastor at Newport, Charles County, where he worked successfully for one year. His Eminence, the Cardinal, recognizing the worth of the young priest, elevated him to the pastorate of St. Peter's in January, 1900. Father Connell, as was to be expected, became a universal favorite at once. His success was immediate and marvelous. He has already freed his church from a debt of nine hundred dollars; and has begun a fund for the erection of a new and in every way up-to-date church, which, in his praiseworthy ambition, he hopes to have dedicated as the crowning glory of the golden jubilee of his parish, June 29, 1902. All who know Father Connell well enough to fully appreciate his energy need no prophet's eye to foresee that he will succeed.

Fast-falling old church, farewell! Tottering altar, good-bye! The sweetest joys and saddest sorrows of many a humble life are in thy keeping! Within thy sacred walls the zealous Slattery knelt, the sweet-souled Gerdemann sang, the thousand-thundered Mahony preached, the modest, but mitred O'Sullivan prayed! Their lips have long been dust, their voices have long been silent!

"O Future, speak! In mystic song declare
The laurels that our Mother's brow shall wear!"

ARTICLE III.

OUTLYING MISSIONS.

Garrett County has five or six outlying Missions without resident pastors, the oldest of which is

St. James' Church, Johnstown.

This mission has been known under different names. It was first called the Flatwoods Mission; then the Cross Roads Mission; afterwards the Johnstown Mission. At present it is generally called the Hoyes' Mission. This little parish is one of the twin sons of dying Blooming Rose. As far back as the year 1840 there were Catholic families living in what is now the Johnstown district, but they went to old St. Mary's to hear Mass. About the year 1850, Meshack Browning, Dominic Mattingly and William Browning were appointed a committee to collect donations and build a church

Rev. William Lambert.

at the Flatwoods. They succeeded well, and the old St. James' Church was built and dedicated in 1853 under the zealous pastorate of Rev. William Lambert, who died recently as pastor of Mason City, W. Va. This mission, since the departure of Father Lambert, has been attended from Oakland. It was for many years very prosperous, being supported by dozens of farmers, nearly all of whom were in comfortable circumstances. In 1875 the income of the mission amounted to one thousand dollars. Father O'Sullivan began to say Mass there one Sunday each month; and the congregation contributed annually twenty-five dollars a family towards his support. He suggested to His Grace, Archbishop Bayley, of Baltimore, the propriety of establishing a resident pastor at Johnstown. Many Catholic families have since moved to other localities.

In 1890 the present church was built under the pastorate of Rev. Romanus Mattingly. The name of the patron saint was at the same time changed from St. James to St. Dominic. Dr. Chapelle, at that time pastor of St. Matthew's Church, Washington City, and Bishop-Elect of Santa Fé, dedicated the church and preached the dedication sermon. He is at present Archbishop of New Orleans, and Apostolic delegate to the Philippine Islands. The mission can still boast of many fervent souls and generous supporters. Father Connell, of Oakland, is the present zealous pastor.

Forty Water Station,

on the seventeen mile grade, was a mission of some prominence from 1860 to 1875. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated in private houses by the Westernport priests. The people have all moved away from this old mission.

Hutton's Switch

has been a little Catholic settlement since about 1862. The people have generally attended Mass at Oakland. In 1870 Father O'Sullivan began to visit the town and say Mass at the home of Mathias Flaherty. The house in which Mass was first celebrated at Hutton's was situated at the East end of what was called Fifty-eight Cut. Mr. Flaherty was a one-armed railroad watchman. He was quite intelligent, and very fervent. Father O'Sullivan had great admiration for him. Since 1882 Mass has been celebrated at the beautiful home of Martin Hughes and family.

St. Ann's Church, New Germany,

This beautiful little church is situated three miles from the National Pike and twelve miles from Frostburg. It was built by Rev. Valentine F. Schmitt, of Frostburg. The congregation is mostly composed of well-to-do farmers and numbers about three hundred souls.

The dedication of St. Ann's Church took place August 29, 1874. A procession was formed at St. Michael's Church, Frostburg, and moved down the National Road, a distance of twelve miles. The ceremony of dedication was conducted by ~~Very~~ Rev. Dean Edward Brennan, of Cumberland, in the presence of a vast assembly from Allegany and Garrett Counties, and Somerset, Pa. Solemn High Mass was sung by Father Anselm, O. M. C., with Father Schmitt, deacon, Father M. J. Brennan, sub-deacon, and Father McKenzie, master of ceremonies.

This church is at present attended by Rev. Father Clark, of Frostburg.

Deer Park

is a summer mission. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered up in the picturesque little chapel near the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad hotel. This church was built by the railroad company for the accommodation of summer visitors. It is owned by the Company, and used by all denominations. It is attended from Oakland.

Grantsville

is the youngest mission in Garrett County. The church was built in 1890, and has been attended as a station of Frostburg. It is located near St. Ann's, of New Germany, and the future, no doubt, will see these missions united in one grand parish, under charge of a resident pastor.

ARTICLE IV.

MESHACK BROWNING.

A nation's boast is a nation's bone,
As well as its might of mind;
And the culture of either of these alone,
Is the doom of a nation signed.—*O'Reilly.*

Meshack Browning is a character of rare interest. He is a splendid example of nature's noblest sons. Giant though he was, he was as tender-hearted as a woman. Hardship was his life-long companion. Danger could not intimidate him; fear was unknown to him. He stands out the most striking and most romantic figure in the history of Garrett County; and his manly character has impressed itself boldly, but attractively, on the history of the Western Maryland Church.

The facts, which follow, are taken substantially from his graphic autobiography entitled, "Forty-four Years of a Hunter's Life, roughly written down by himself." The original manuscript of these charming reminiscences is in the possession of his grandson, Ex-Senator Browning, of Oakland.

Meshack tells us: "I was born in Frederick County, Maryland, in the year of our Lord, 1781. My mother became a widow when I was an infant two weeks old, and after the business of the estate was settled, there was but a trifle left for the support of the family,

and she was obliged to maintain herself and children as best she could. But it does not seem to me that when persons are left in such distress that kind Providence has always something in store to supply their necessities, as was the case in this instance. Mother managed by dint of industry and economy to keep us as well as other poor children."

Very soon the little family found it necessary to move westward to be near Mrs. Browning's friends. Here is how Meshack tells of their moving to Flinstone, Allegany County: "In a few days Mr. Jacob's driver, a large negro, called on us to go to the backwoods, then so called. Having all our property in the wagon, off went the horses, with whip cracking, mother crying, negro cursing and swearing, until we were on the main road to Frederick." They reach Old Town after many mishaps and hardships and find themselves "much fatigued, worn down, in low spirits, alone in a strange country." Within a year, with the assistance of friends, they had a small piece of ground under fence and raised a hundred bushels of corn. Then came the turning point in Meshack's young life. We must let him tell it himself: "At this time I had an aunt living near, who was always teasing mother to let me stay with her for company for her, as she had no children. And at last mother yielded, and let me go with her and her husband. He was a good-natured, kind man, but neglectful, lazy, and unlearned: they made it their aim to seduce me from my mother's love and from my home, and take up my home with

them; but took good care not to let mother get the least knowledge of their interested design.

"They had me so well into their scheme, that I was ready for any movement they might wish me to undertake. So, in September, they had all things in readiness, and a young man to assist in driving their cattle and horses: they then proposed to me to go with them into the prettiest country in the world; and that I should be their adopted son, and all the cattle and horses we could raise should be mine; and that I could stand in the door and see the pretty deer sporting and playing in the glades; and as soon as I was big enough to shoot, I should have a nice rifle to shoot those deer.

"Fired with such prospects of sport, I was ready and willing to undertake the journey forthwith. I was put to bed, and told to go to sleep, and they would wake me before day and take an early start, so that my mother should have no chance of stopping me. Sure enough, I was awakened a long time before daylight; all was ready for a move, with three horses loaded; and the young man soon had the cattle ready to follow the horses. I was put on one horse, my aunt on another, and uncle drove the third—aunt in the lead. Off we went, as still as possible, that our movements should not be known to my mother until we would be sufficiently out of her power. On we went, without noise, over the mountains towards Cumberland; and, as the sun began to show its beautiful reflection on the high top of the Dan Mountain, westward of the town, we

arrived in sight of the valley in which the town was situated. Here was a new scene to me. The whole valley was covered with a dense fog—nothing was to be seen but the high tops of the western mountains, with here and there stripes of sunlight; whilst all around was in uproar, with cows bellowing, calves bleating, dogs barking, cocks crowing, and, in short, all sorts of noises. The fog was so heavy that I could not see any object until within a few paces of it. Here we halted for our breakfast. By that time the sun had driven away all the misty clouds, and the town was in plain view; and I think that there were not more than twenty or thirty houses, and they mostly cabins surrounded by large corn fields containing heavy crops of corn."

They finally reach Blooming Rose in the year 1791, when Meshack is but ten years old. He describes it: "Here we were in the place I had so long been looking for with so much anxiety; and I must say that what my uncle had told me as a truth was fully realized; for the country abounded with deer, bears, panthers, wolves, wild cats, catamounts, wild turkeys, foxes, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, wild bees, and in all the streams, trout without number.

"October being the beginning of the hunting season, my uncle commenced his task of laying in the winter's provisions. Some days he would hunt for deer, other days for bees; and, as he was most successful in bee-hunting, he spent more of his time in hunting bees than he did in pursuing the deer. Soon our table was abundantly supplied with venison and honey; and the

high, fresh, tame grass caused our cows to give large quantities of milk, from which aunt, who was a very industrious woman, made plenty of butter; and frequently a fat turkey being added to our table store, we began to think that there was not such another place to be found in all creation."

Two years later, when Meshack is twelve years old, according to his reminiscences, he has noticed that their nearest neighbor is an Irishman, named James McMullen, and he has a daughter named Mary, who happens to be only six months younger than Meshach himself. A school is started, and he tells us: "My uncle signed me for three months; and, to my great pleasure, Mr. McMullen signed Mary and Hugh. This was just as I wished it to be, for they had to pass by our house on their way to and from school. In a short time they came, and off we went together, all merry and playful. All was as it should be until the school broke up, for which I was very sorry. I was convinced that my kind attentions to her had made an impression on her young heart. Her father had some idea that our friendship was getting stronger than he wished to see it, and he took care to keep us at a distance as much as he could. Mary and myself were at this time about fifteen years old."

He is treated harshly by his aunt, and goes to Wheeling, Virginia; visits his mother; finally returns to Blooming Rose, and by this time being convinced that Mary is "the loveliest creature in all creation," marries her in 1799, when they are eighteen years old. This is

how he tells it: "Thursday, the 30th day of April, 1799, was appointed for our marriage. Our friends assembled to ride with us into Pennsylvania, to get a magistrate to perform the marriage ceremony, which in those days was the only way open to young people to become joined in wedlock. Everything being ready, we all set off in great spirits, and at a rattling pace; for all the girls in the company could ride like show-masters. In a few hours we found ourselves at the magistrate's office, and were soon called upon to stand up before that sagacious officer, who professed great piety. He gave us such a lengthy exhortation that I became tired of his noise; but at last, putting the necessary questions and getting the proper answers, he pronounced us man and wife. 'Thank you, Mr. Squire,' said I, 'that is what I have wanted to be a long time.'"

When they got home, the old gentleman, Mary's father, turned them out of doors, and then began in earnest their battle with the world. Meshack commenced to philosophize: "I began to consider what I should do to make Mary happy. I had previously thought that if I only had her, I would want nothing else in the world, but now, that I had her, I saw that I wanted everything else but her." He trades a horse for a small squatter's-farm and becomes a hunter. He first shot a wild turkey and next trapped a bear. "While we were cutting up our meat and securing it, Mary said to me: 'Meshack, how truly your words have come to pass, "That if we trust in God, He will not forsake us."'" Here we see that

admirable disposition of reliance on Providence, that high degree of natural virtue, which so well prepared this exemplary young couple to become devout Catholics in God's own chosen time. Meshack Browning was of English descent and his young wife was of Irish descent, but her father was a North-of-Ireland man, and none of them were Catholics.

Mr. Browning was a hunter for forty-four years. He killed his first game in 1795 and his last in 1839. During this time he killed upwards of two thousand deer, more than three hundred bears, fifty panthers and catamounts, and scores of wolves and wild cats. He had six sons and five daughters; fourty-four grandsons, thirty-two granddaughters, seventeen great grandsons and eighteen great granddaughters, in all one hundred and twenty two descendants before his death. In our second war with England, the old mountaineer joined the army to fight for the stars and stripes. In 1826 Meshack paid a visit to Annapolis, and although he had been a Marylander all his life, he tasted there for the first time oysters, which, of course, he ever afterwards heartily detested. When he was well up in years, he became a justice of the peace, and was regarded with unbounded respect for his integrity and manly traits. Meshack and his wife were both instructed and baptized by Father Marshall and confirmed by Bishop Flaget.

Their life was peaceful and happy, notwithstanding their hard battle with the world, until January 29, 1839, when Meshack tells us: "The dearest friend

of my bosom, the earliest love of my boyhood, the kind and affectionate mother of my eleven children, was taken from us forever." Mrs. Browning had been visiting her daughter—and when returning home was thrown from a wild horse—and so seriously injured, that after a long continued illness borne with true Christian resignation, she breathed her last.

Meshack composed the following verses in memory of his beloved Mary:

"I've heard that first and early love
Outlives all after dreams;
But memory of my first great grief
To me more lasting seems.

How oft my mind recalls the day,
When to my peaceful home,
Death came a dread unwelcome guest,
And beckoned to the tomb.

I knew not if 'twas summer then,
I knew not when 'twas spring;
And if the birds sang in the trees,
I did not hear them sing.

If flowers came forth to deck the earth,
Their bloom I did not see;
I thought of one lone withered flower,
The last that bloomed for me."

We can hardly fail to notice a similarity of feeling between the kind-hearted old hunter, the ancestor of one hundred and twenty-two descendants, and Abraham,

the Father of the Hebrew people. We read in Genesis: "And Sara lived a hundred and twenty-seven years, and she died. And Abraham came to mourn and weep for her. And so Abraham buried Sara, his wife, in a double cave of the field, that looked towards Mambre—this is Hebron in the land of Canaan." But how short lived is human affection! We are brought back with a flash from the grave of Sara by the startling announcement: "And Abraham married another wife named Cetura." And Meshack married another wife named Smith.

He found it absolutely necessary to have a housekeeper, and soon married "a little widow, Mrs. Mary Smith." His second wife died September 8, 1857, and Meshack dedicated the following lines to her memory:

"The last look that I gave, she lay
With hands crossed on her breast;
I kissed the lovely placid face,
Which spoke her spirit's rest.
And now she dwells beyond the sun
And I am left below,
To mourn for her I've loved so well
Since eighteen years ago."

"Thus," says the autobiography, "was I a second time left alone in gloom, and almost despair, to wander from place to place in search of comfort and to find but little. That little, however, I hope will be the means of keeping my feet in the paths of rectitude, that when I am called to meet the common destiny of all flesh, I may

be able to do so in the full hope of a glorious immortality."

He died in November, 1859. His remains rest in the shadow of the new St. Dominic's Church, Johnstown, Md. When the storms of summer prepare to depart towards evening, it is not unusual to see a radiant rainbow resting on the humble grave, arching resplendently skyward until almost touching the heavens, and gracefully sloping earthward again to rest above the old graveyard of Blooming Rose.

"As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.
For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds the span;
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man."

Rogers 17-18-86-229-258-259-260

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